

No 2

FEB.-MAR.

# MOON MULLINS

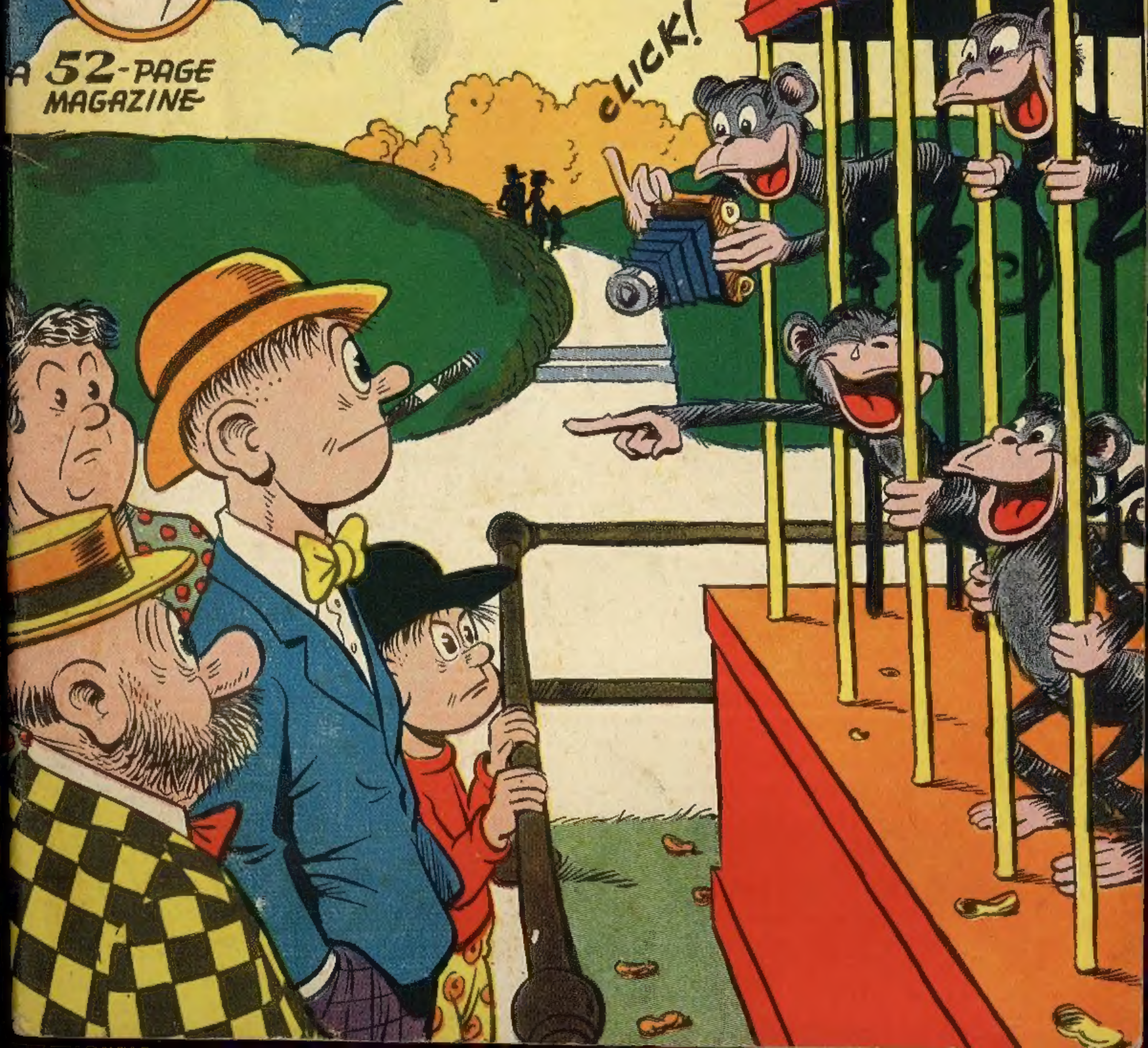
The  
COMIC  
CHARACTER  
READ BY OVER  
50 MILLION  
WEEKLY!

10¢

by Frank Willard

A 52-PAGE  
MAGAZINE

click!







**WEB COMIC**  
**UNIVERSE.COM**



# FLASH!

# GOOD NEWS!

**EXTRA!** "THE KILROYS"  
NOW PUBLISHED  
**EVERY MONTH!**

Extra Daily News  
**KILROY GOES MONTHLY**

... AND EFFECTIVE  
IMMEDIATELY, THAT  
GREAT COMIC,  
**"THE KILROYS,"**  
WILL APPEAR  
**EVERY MONTH!**

"THE KILROYS," FOLKS...  
GREATEST COMICS  
MAGAZINE SHOW ON  
EARTH! PRESENTED EACH  
MONTH FROM NOW ON!

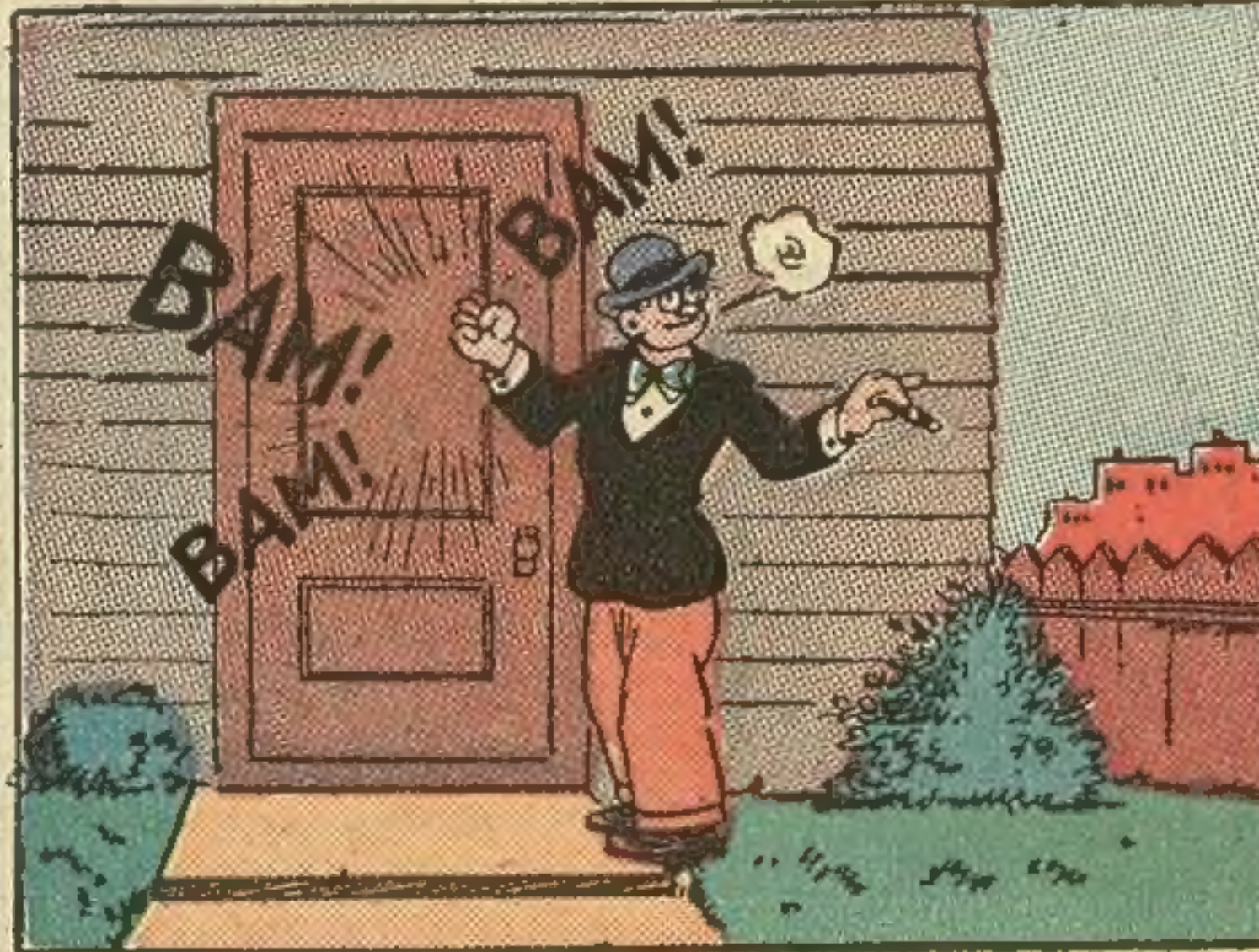
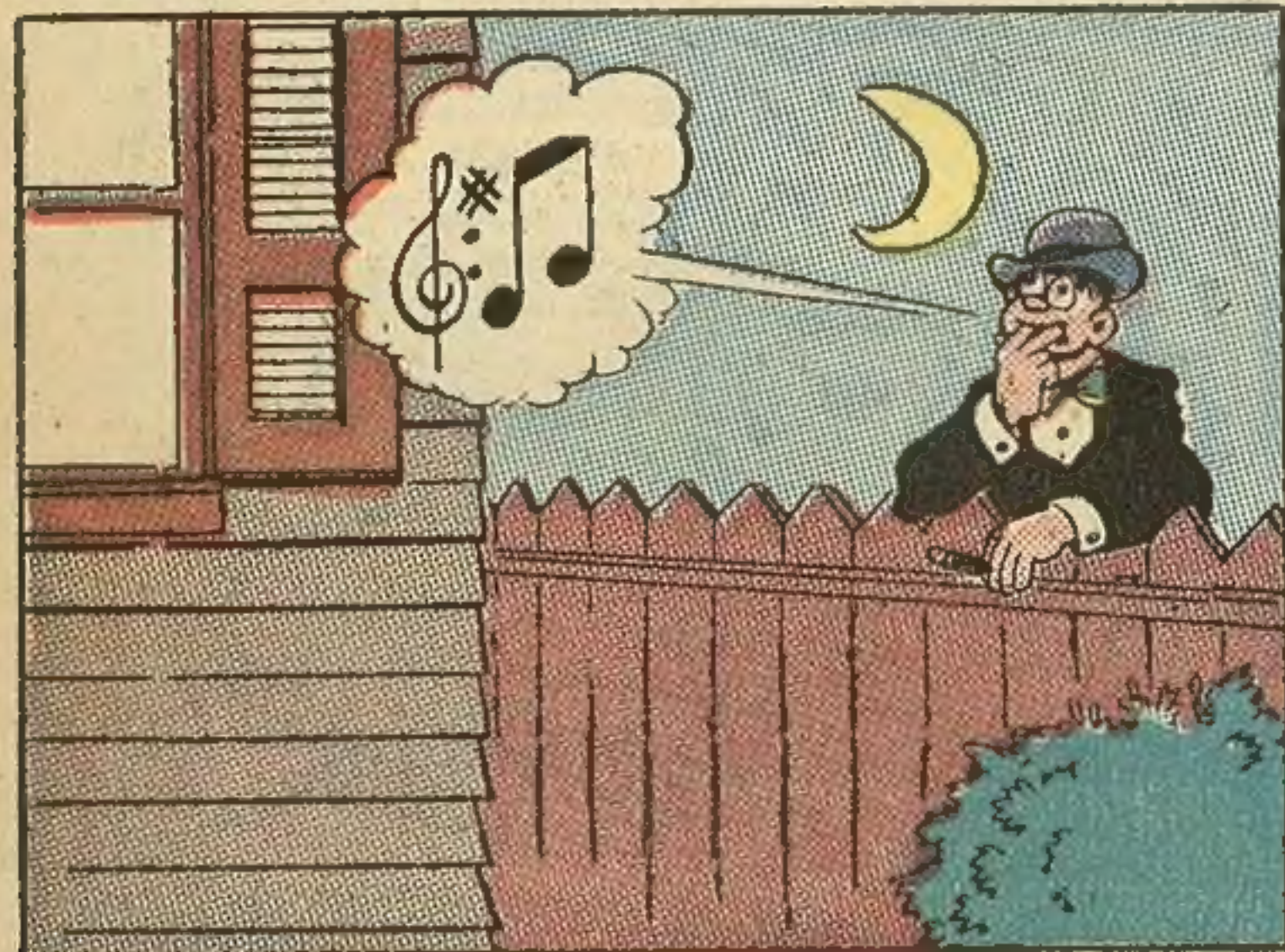
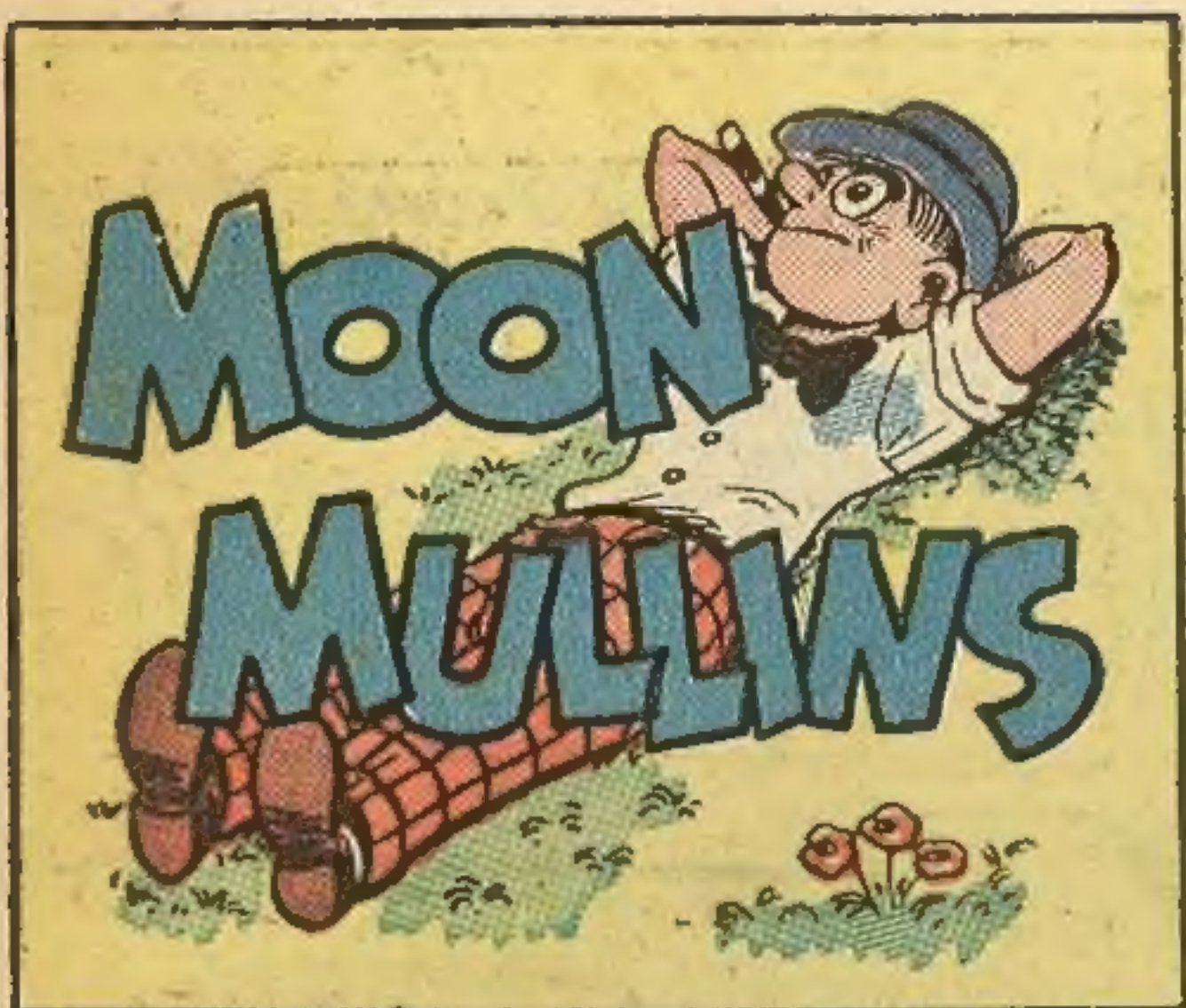
Yes, YOU ASKED FOR IT, BOYS  
AND GIRLS... **SO WE'RE BRINGING IT  
TO YOU!** IN RESPONSE TO **NATIONWIDE  
DEMAND,** YOUR FAVORITE FUN MAGAZINE GOES  
ON SALE **EACH AND EVERY MONTH FROM NOW ON!**

*So...twice as many laughs as before!*

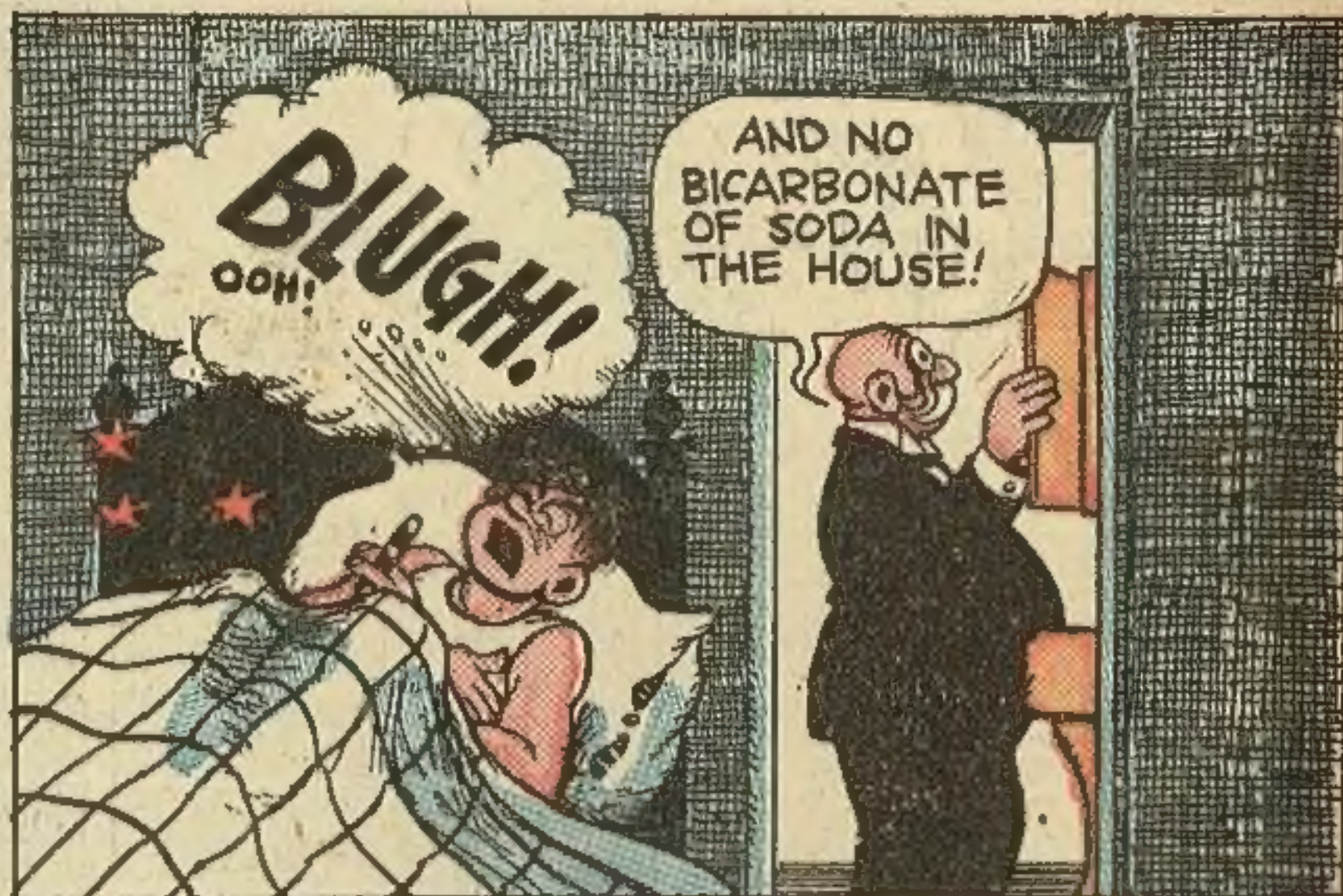
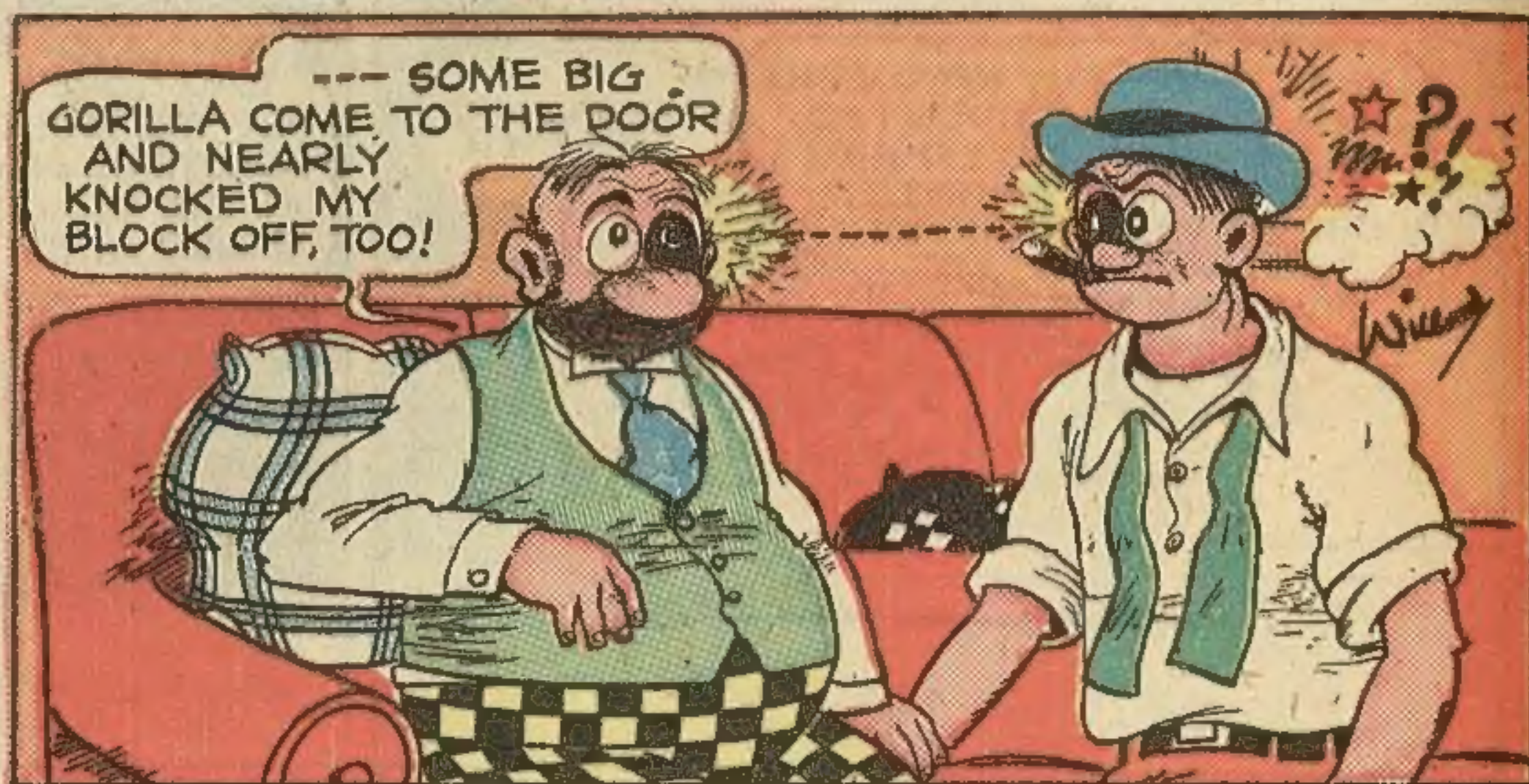
TWICE AS MUCH JOY AND MERRIMENT! FOR THE TEEN-AGE TIME  
OF YOUR LIFE, LATCH ON TO **NATCH, JUDY, JACKSON AND KATIE...THE  
KEENEST TEENS YOU'VE SEEN!** MAKE A HA-HA HABIT OF  
AMERICA'S **FUNNIEST FAMILY**  
...**THE KILROYS!** IT'S A BIG  
PARADE OF BELLY-LAFFS...ALL  
IN THAT GREAT COMICS MAGAZINE  
NOW APPEARING **EVERY MONTH!**

*g's* **The KILROYS**  
America's Funniest Family!  
...THE MOST WANTED COMIC  
IN HISTORY!

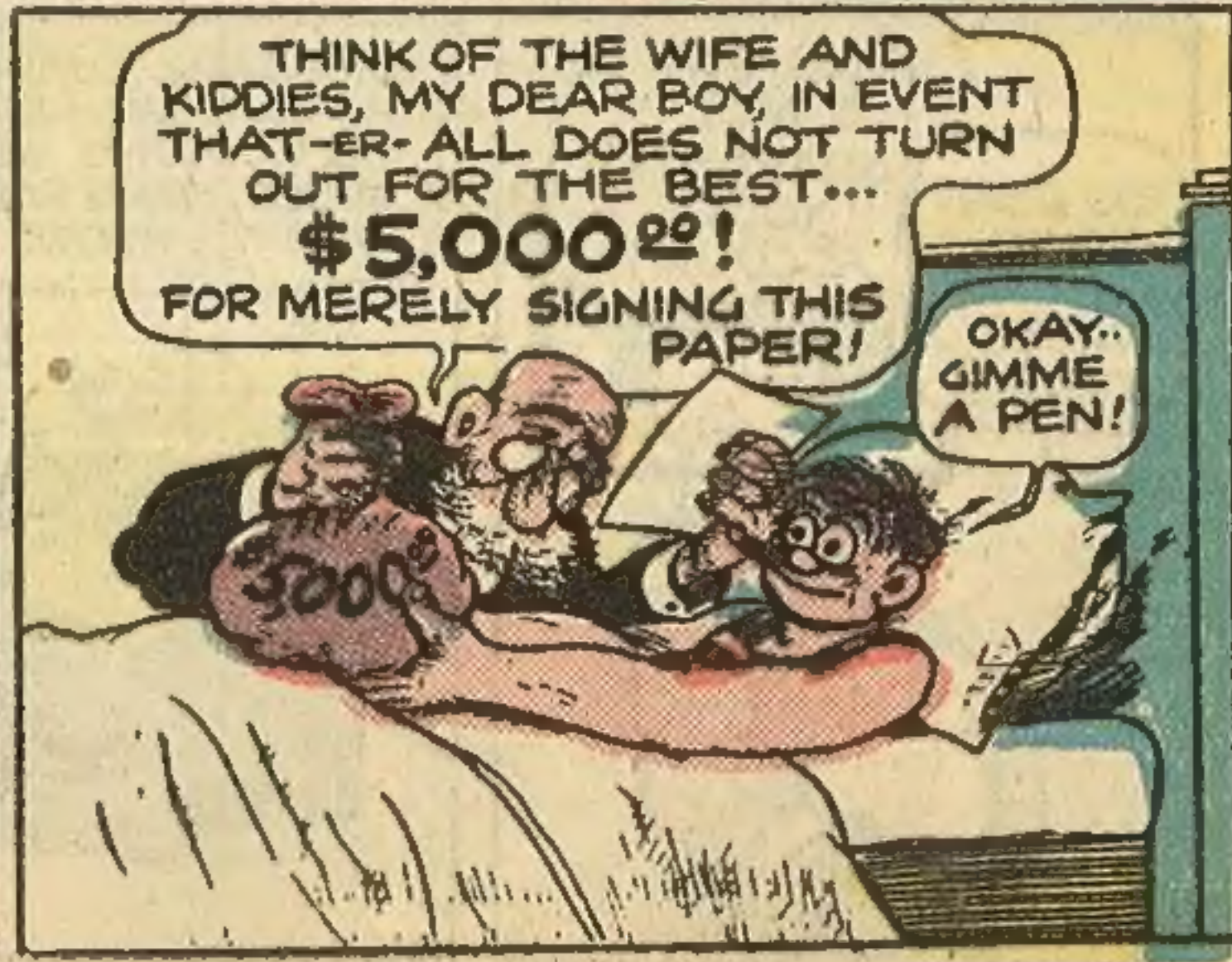
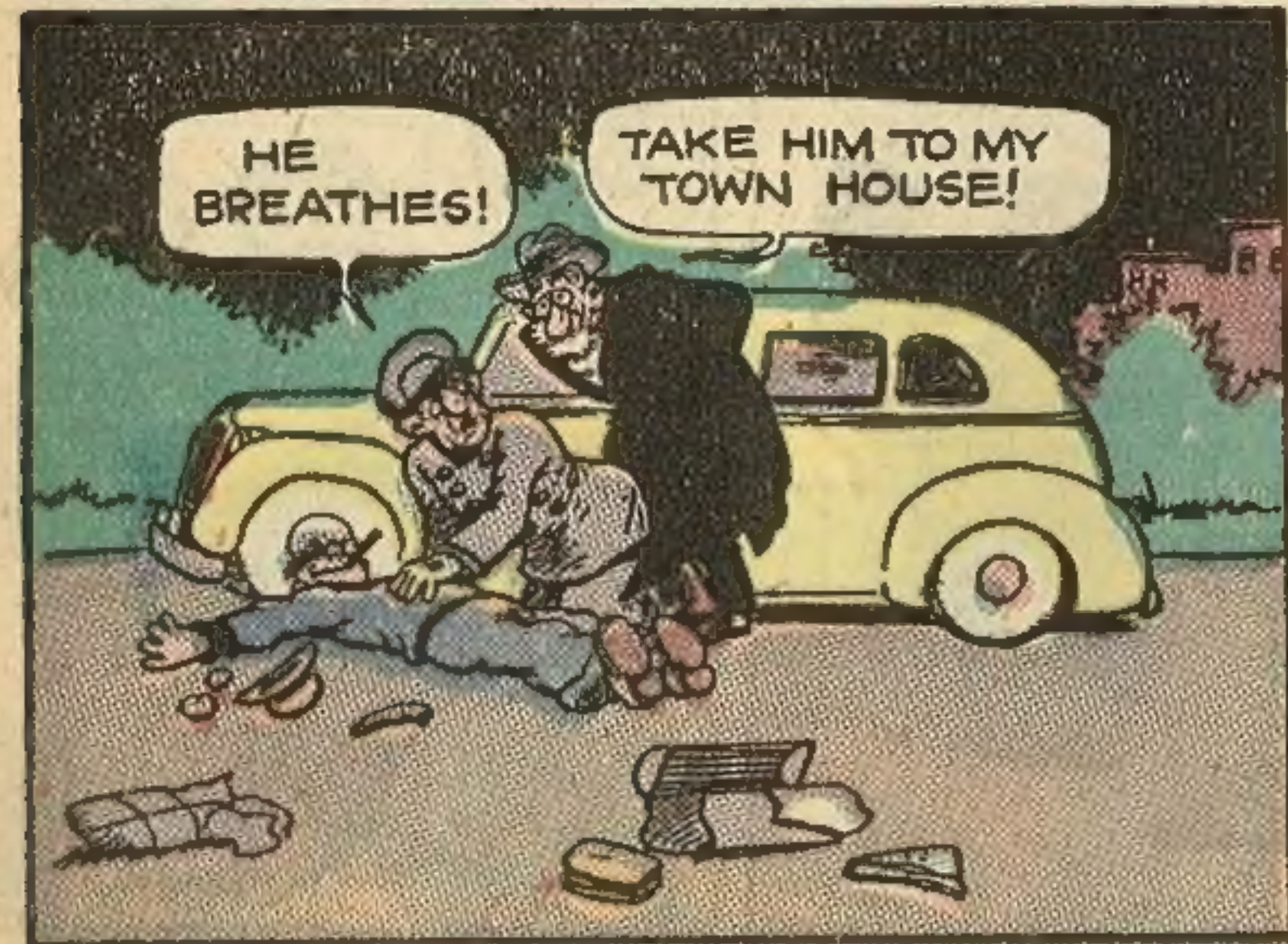
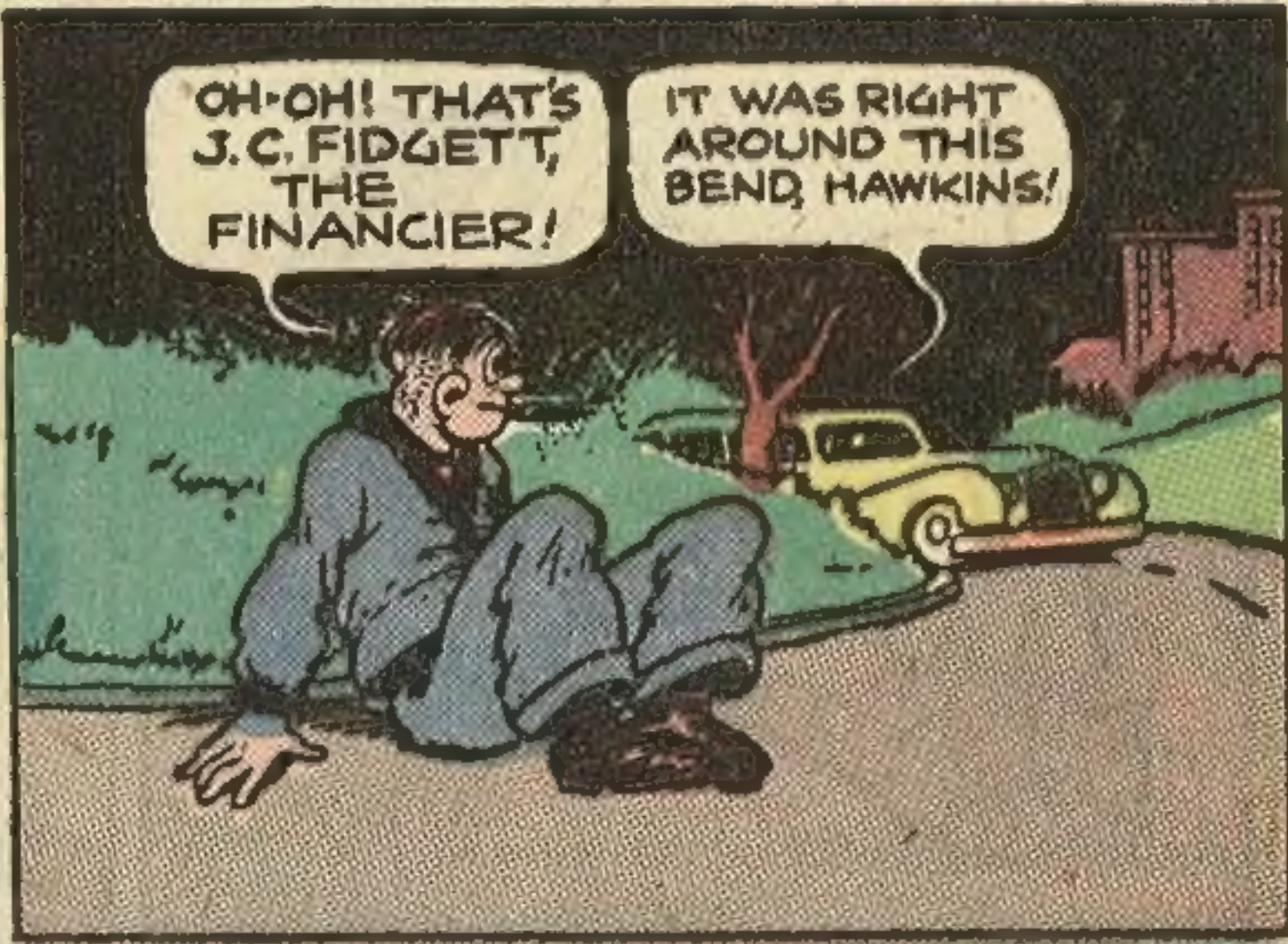




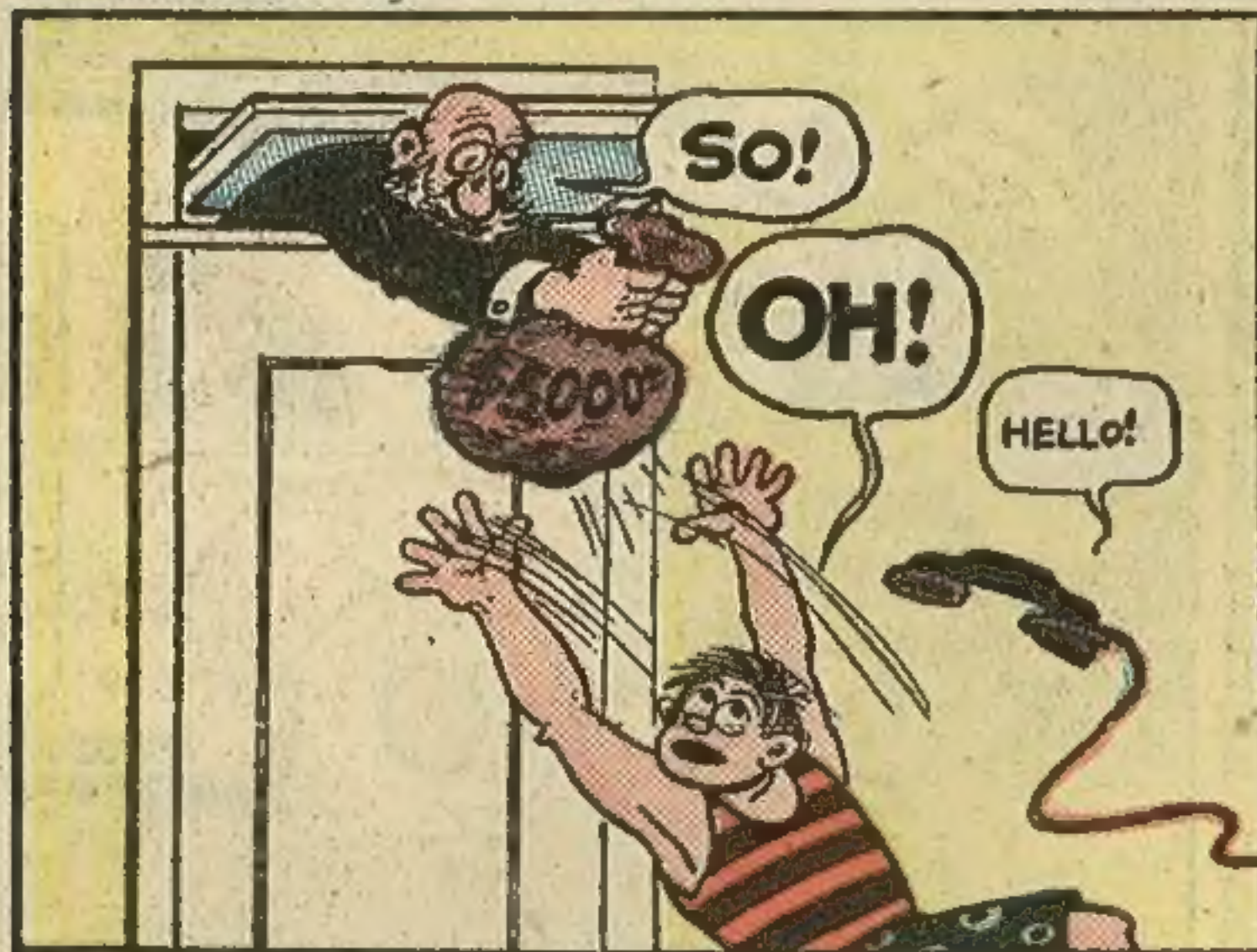














# MOON MULLINS

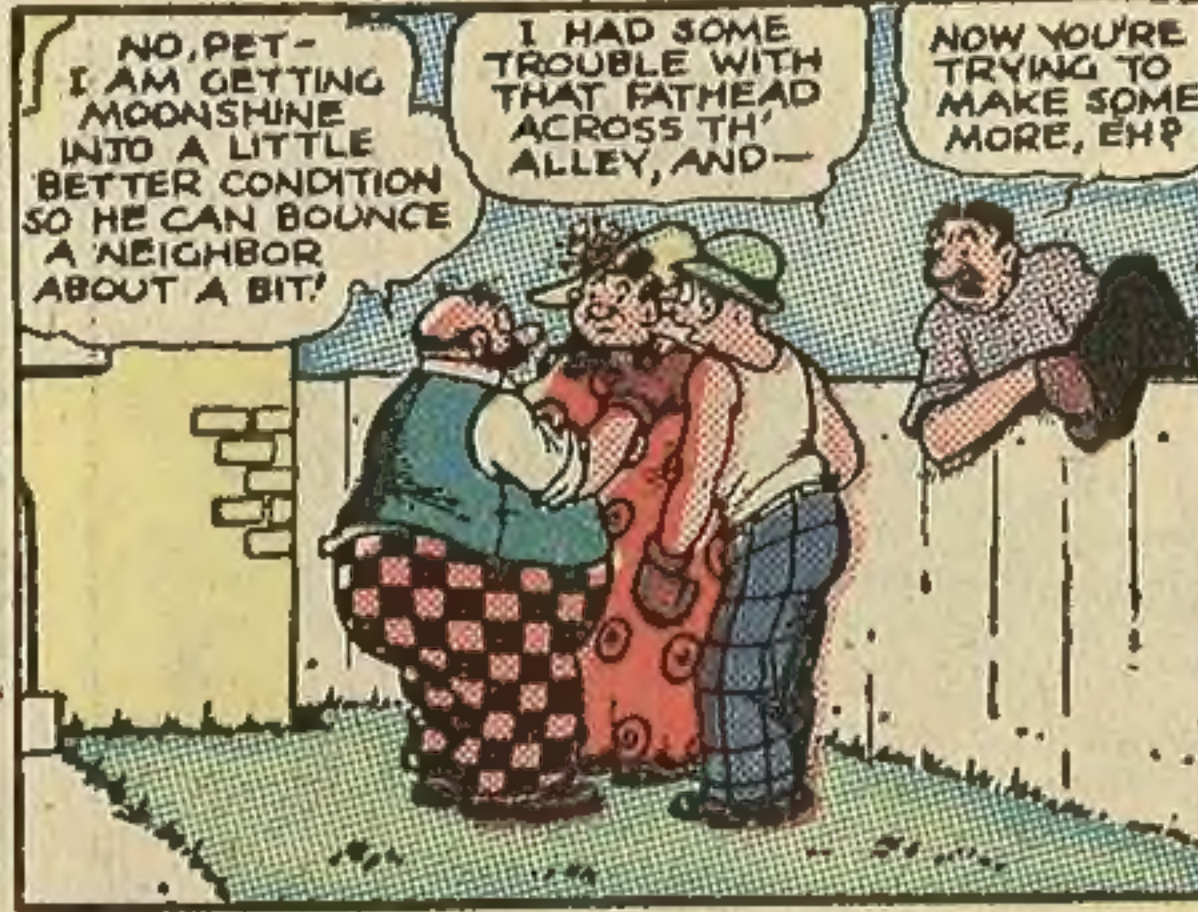
by Frank Willard



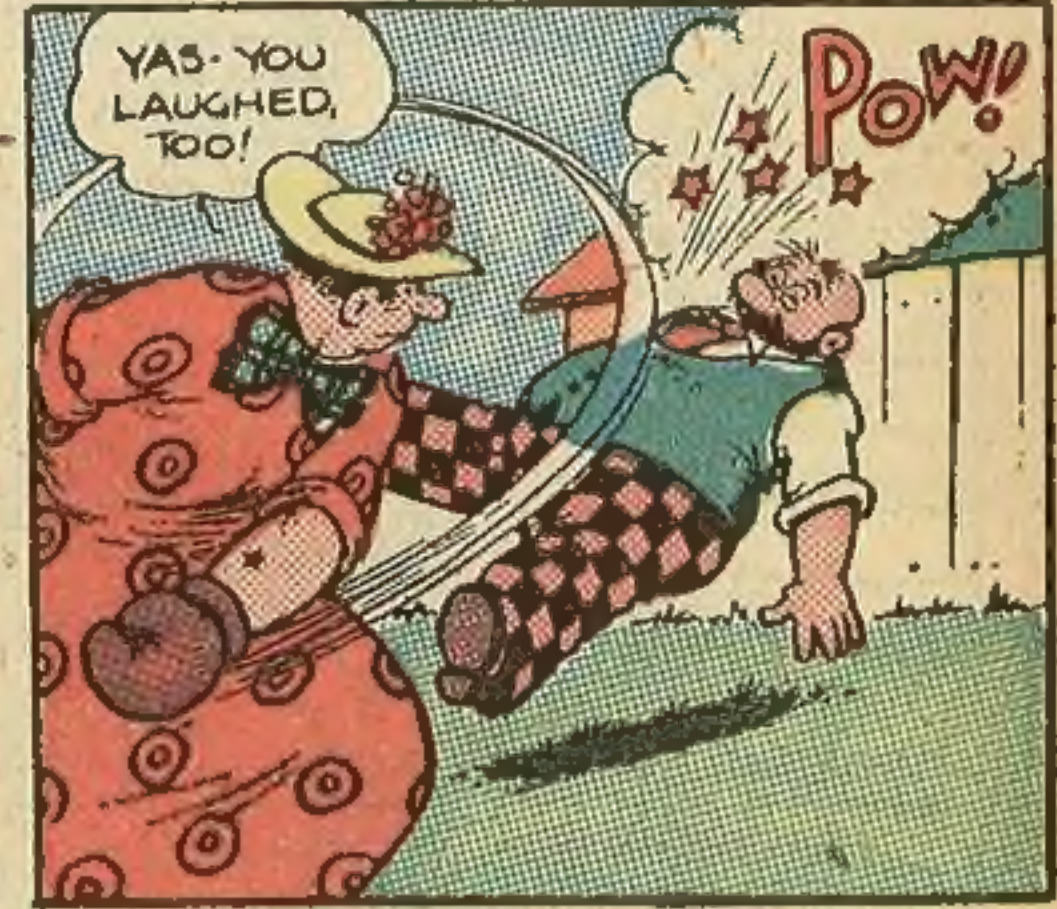


# MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard



YESSIR... CASTING REFLECTIONS ON MAMIE'S AGE IS **BAD BUSINESS!** AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT... **JUST WATCH WHAT GIVES WITH MOON AND UNCLE WILLIE!**





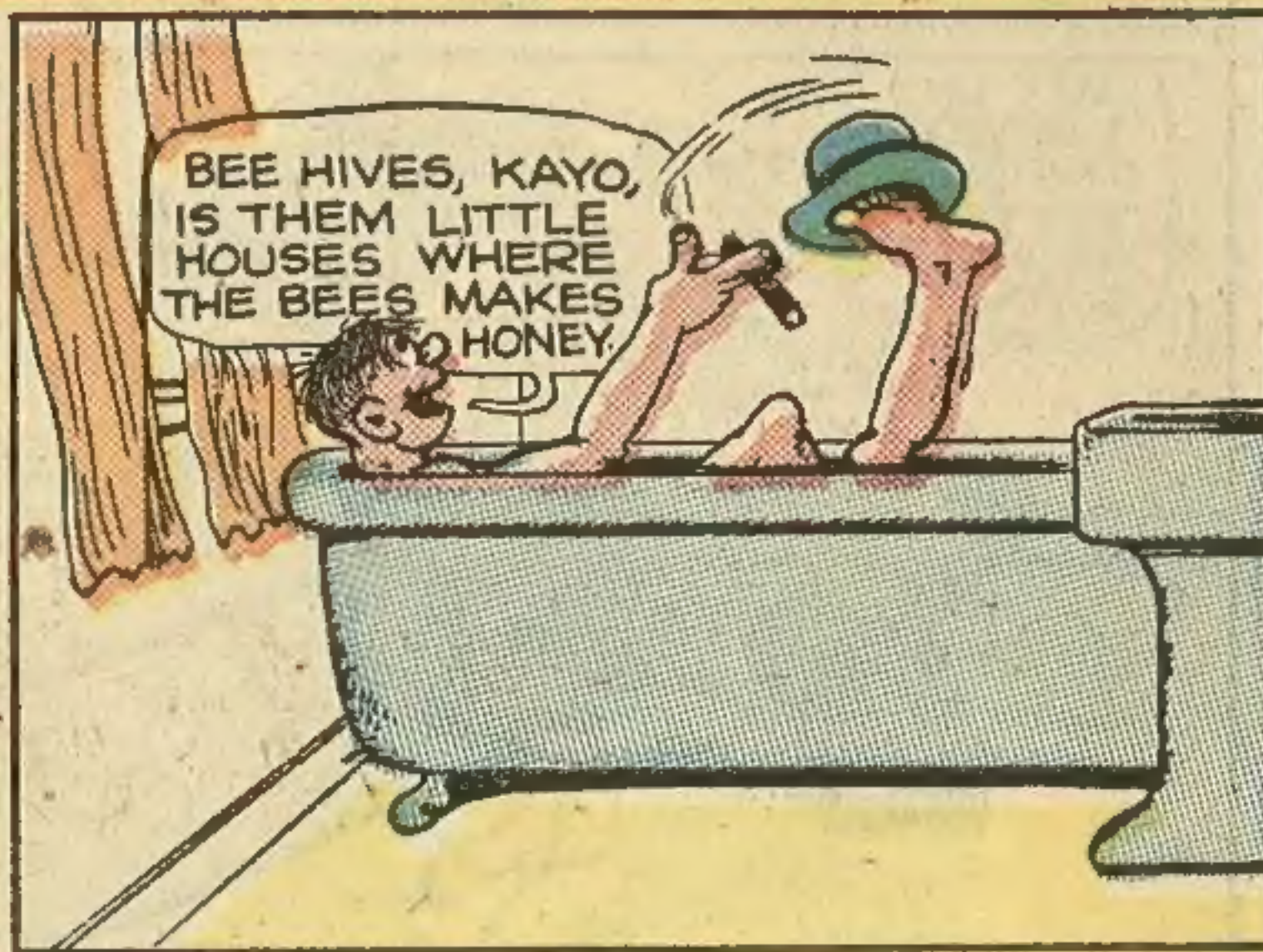


KAYO,  
KEEP AWAY  
FROM THEM  
BEE HIVES!

ARE YOU  
TRYIN' TO  
KID ME,  
MOON?



I'VE HAD HIVES  
ENOUGH MYSELF  
TO KNOW YOU  
CAN'T SEE IF  
A LITTLE THING  
LIKE A BEE'S  
GOT 'EM FROM  
THERE!



BEE HIVES, KAYO,  
IS THEM LITTLE  
HOUSES WHERE  
THE BEES MAKES  
HONEY.



GEE! THE BEE'S  
MAKE THE HONEY  
AND I'LL MAKE  
THE MONEY!  
THAT'S  
THE KIND OF A  
BUSINESS  
FOR ME!



HOW MANY  
BEES WOULD  
I NEED  
TO START,  
MOON?

JUST ONE!  
YOU GET A  
QUEEN BEE FIRST,  
AND THE REST WILL  
FOLLER HER WHERE  
EVER  
SHE  
GOES!



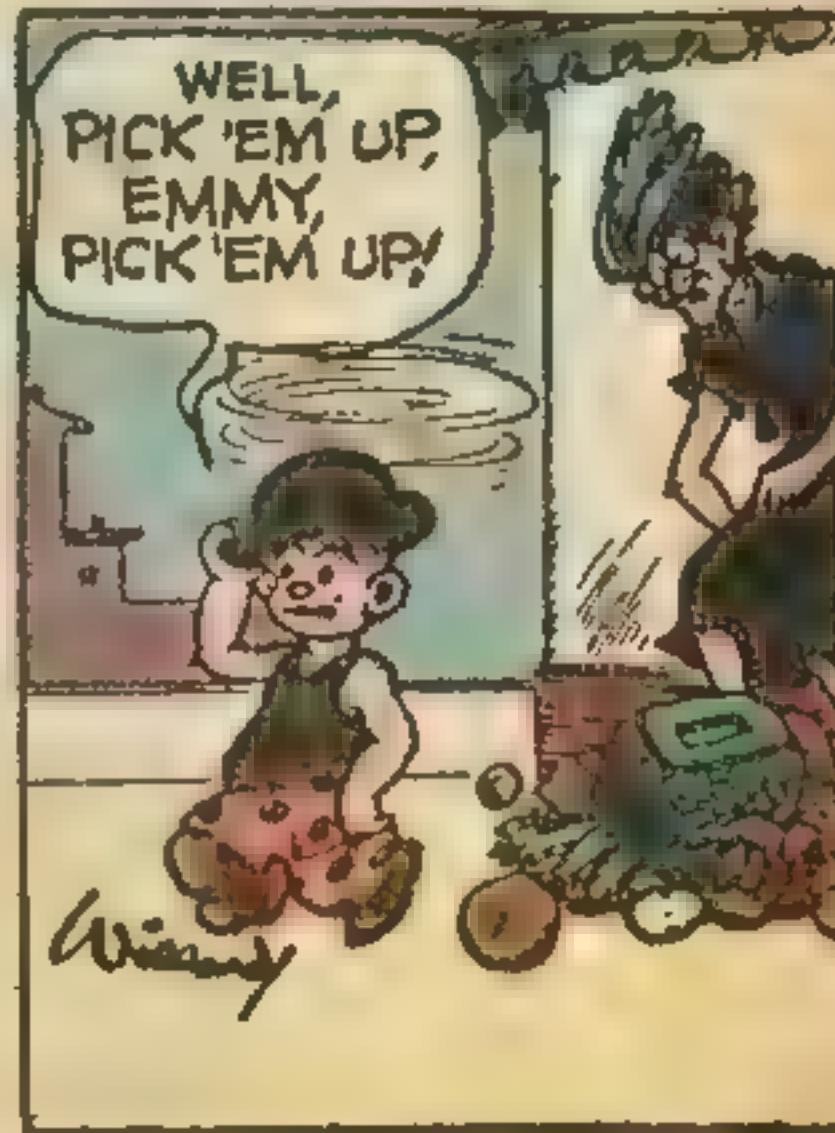
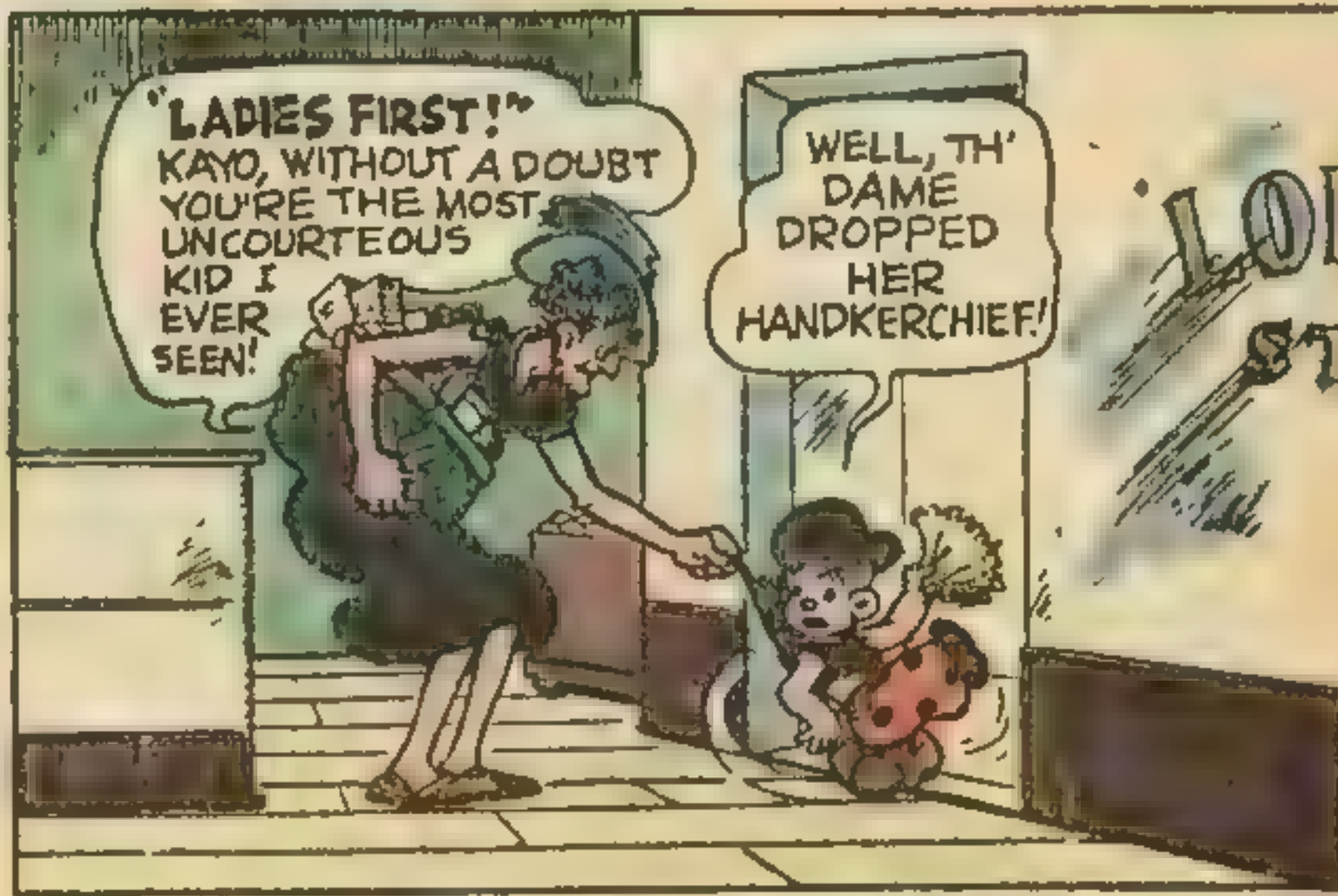
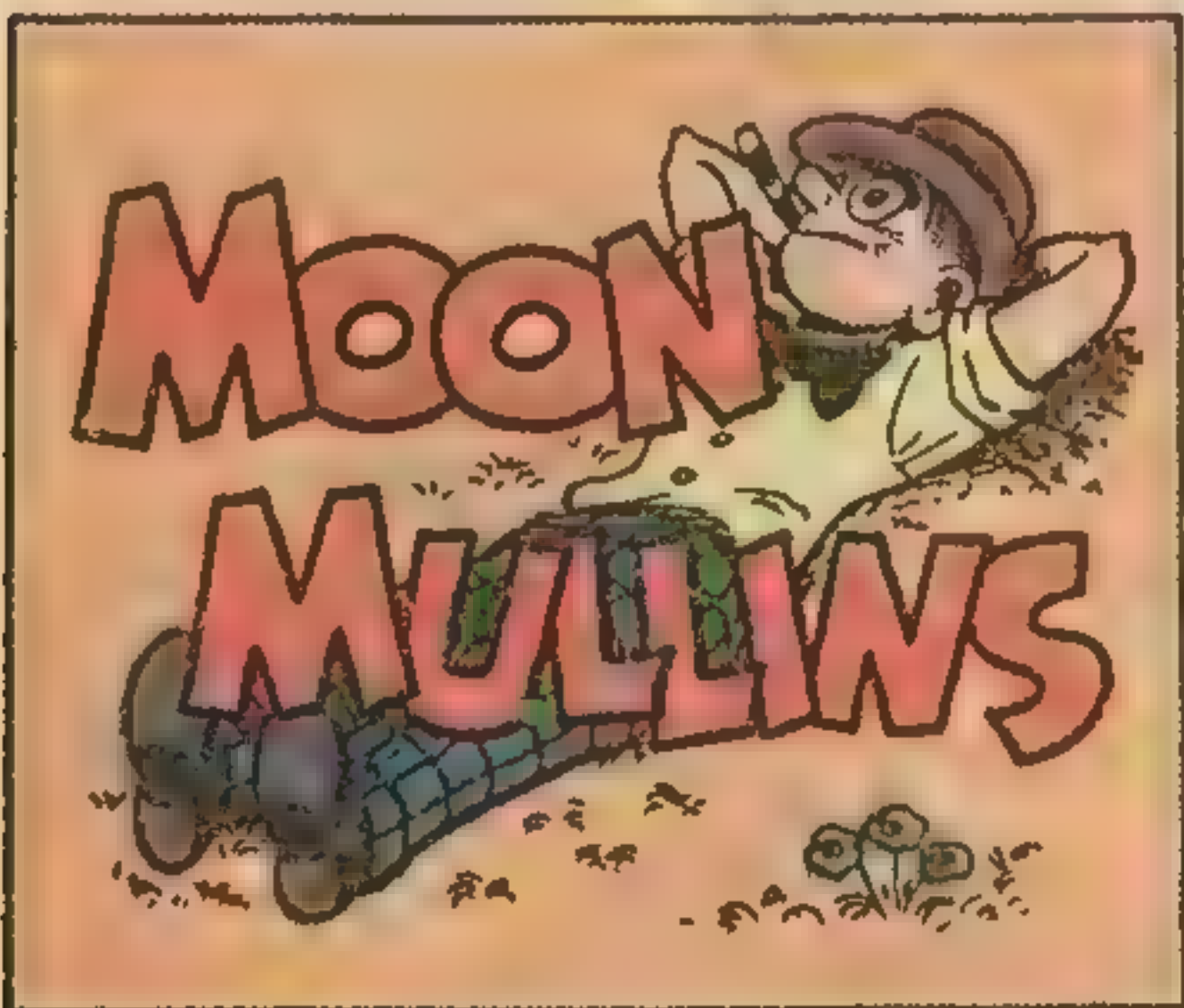
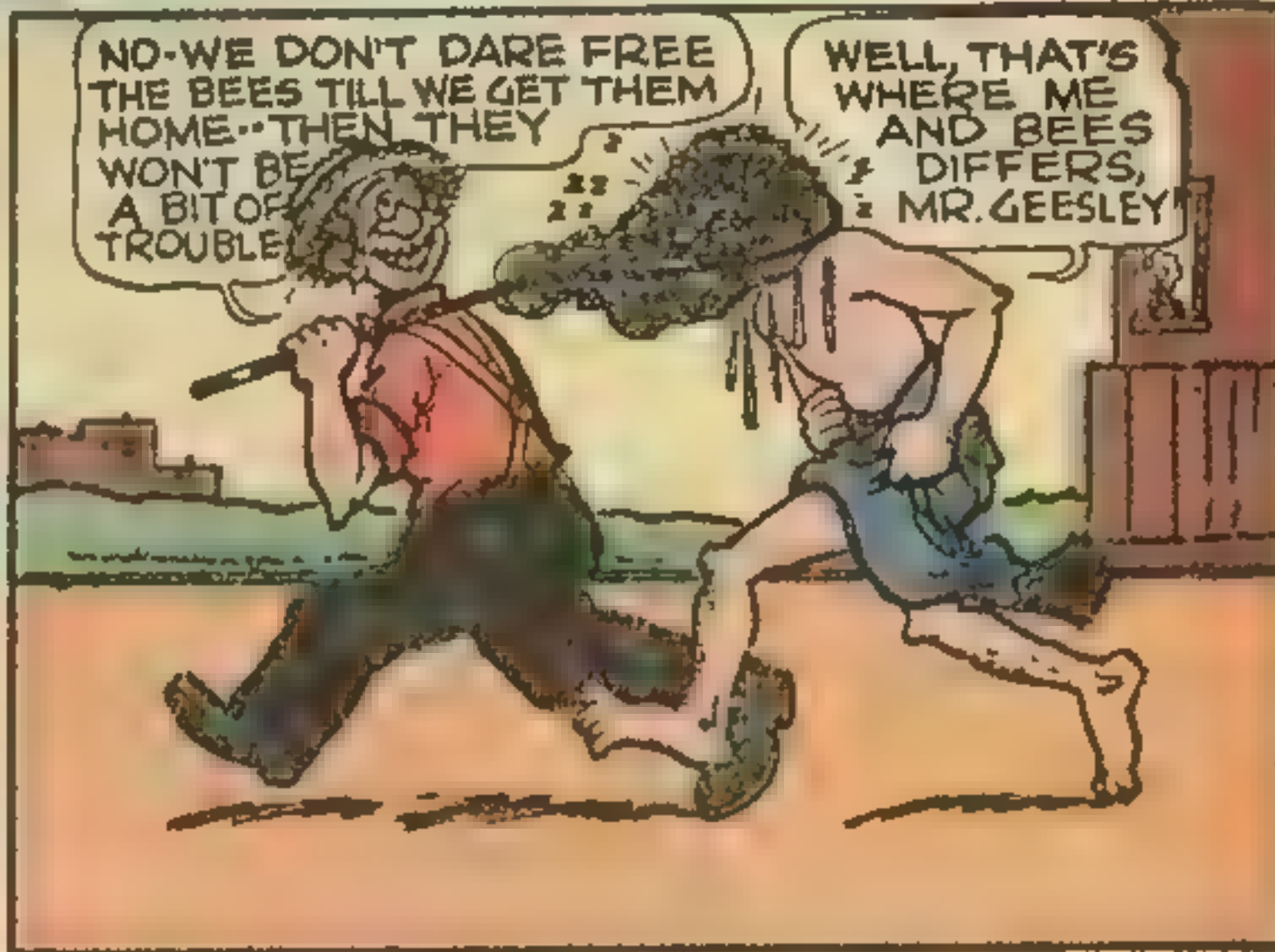
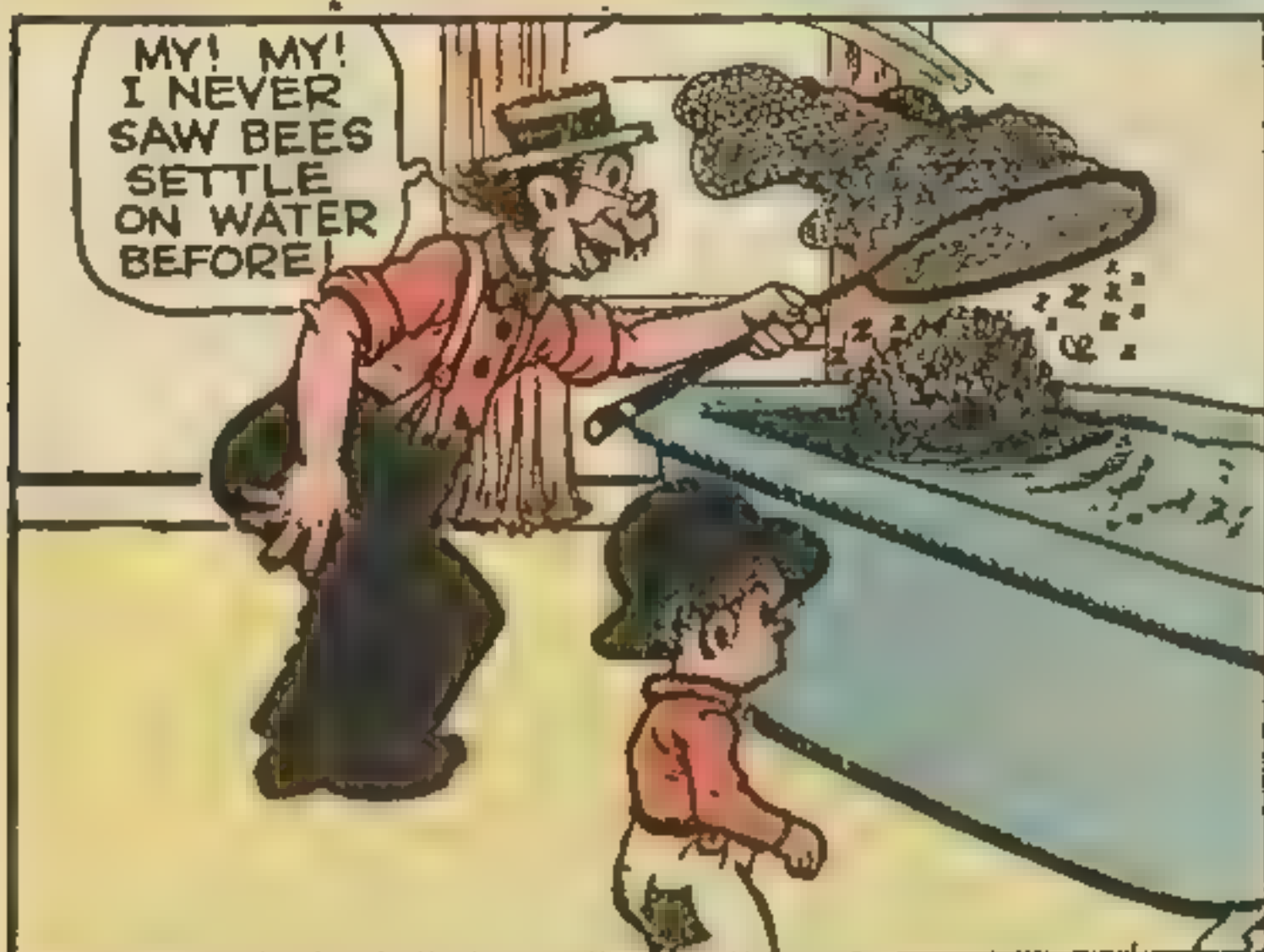
THEY'S ABOUT  
A MILLION  
PILED UP  
IN THERE!  
WHICH  
ONE'S  
THE  
QUEEN?



OW!

WOT  
TH?



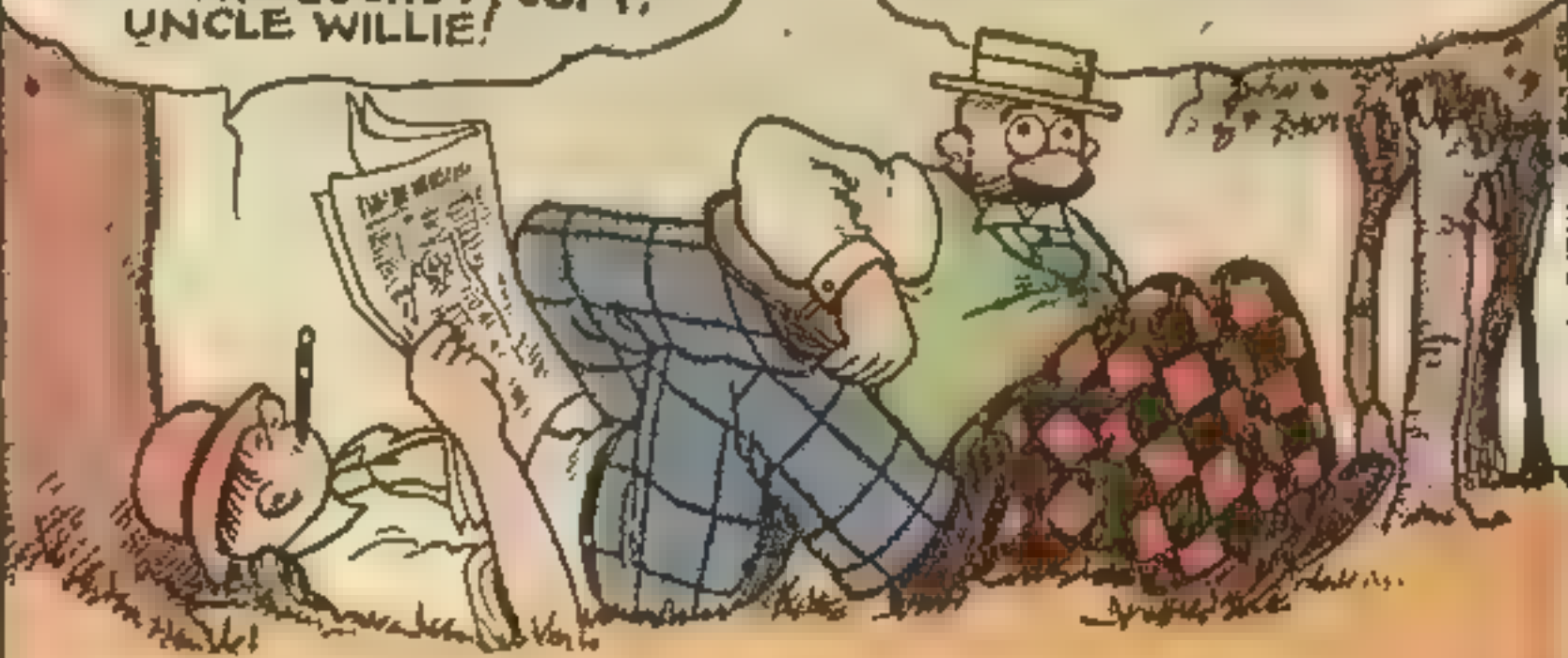




# MOON MULLINS

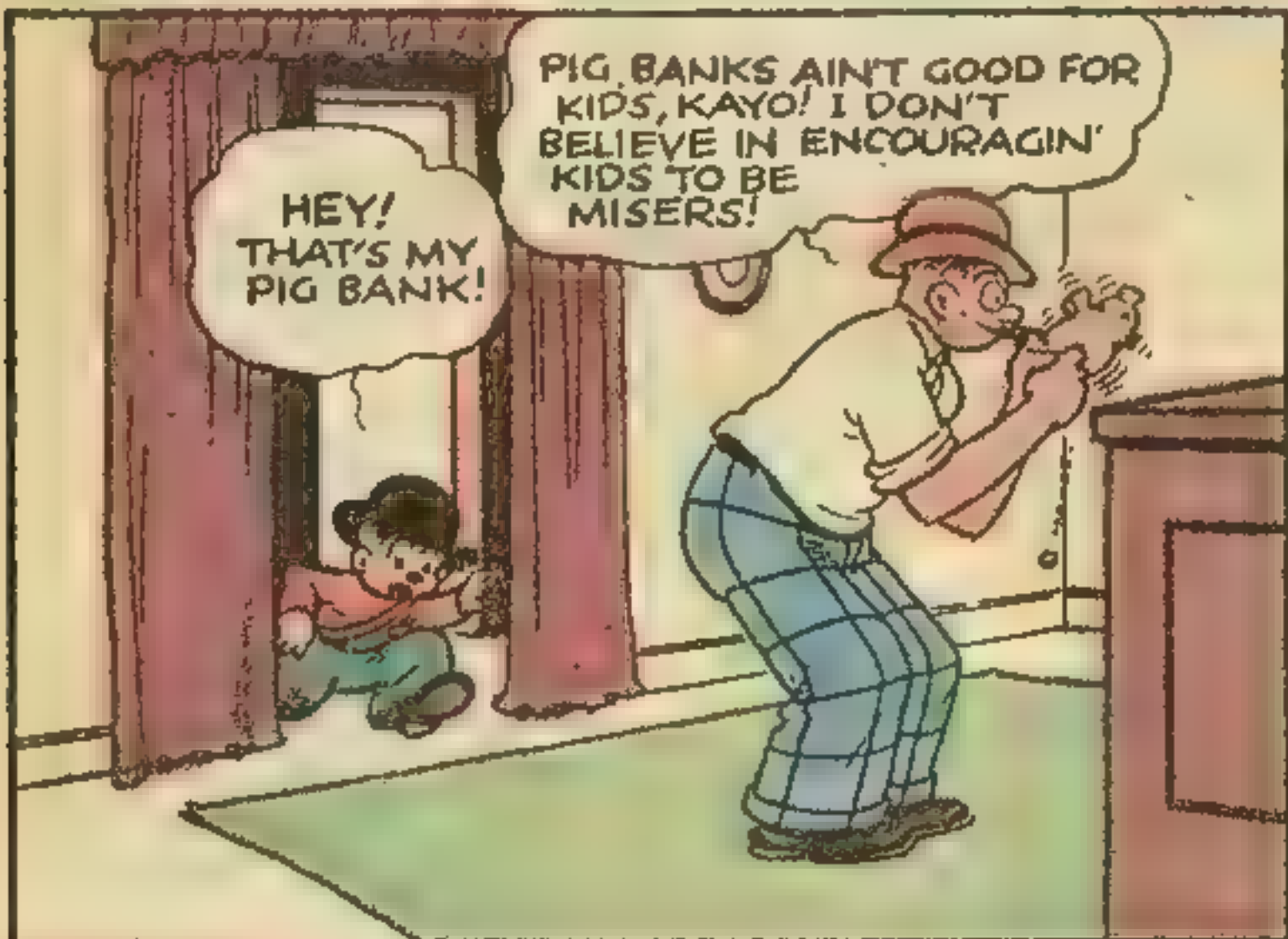
TH' FOURTH WARD VOTERS' CLUB IS THROWIN' A STAG TONIGHT! FREE EATS, DRINKS AND ENTERTAINMENT, ALL FOR ONLY TWO BUCKS A COPY, UNCLE WILLIE!

WELL, I HAVE GOT EXACTLY FOUR BUCKS WHICH COULD GET US TWO TICKETS, IF I COULD ONLY FIGURE A WAY TO GET OUT TONIGHT!



HEY! THAT'S MY PIG BANK!

PIG BANKS AIN'T GOOD FOR KIDS, KAYO! I DON'T BELIEVE IN ENCOURAGIN' KIDS TO BE MISERS!



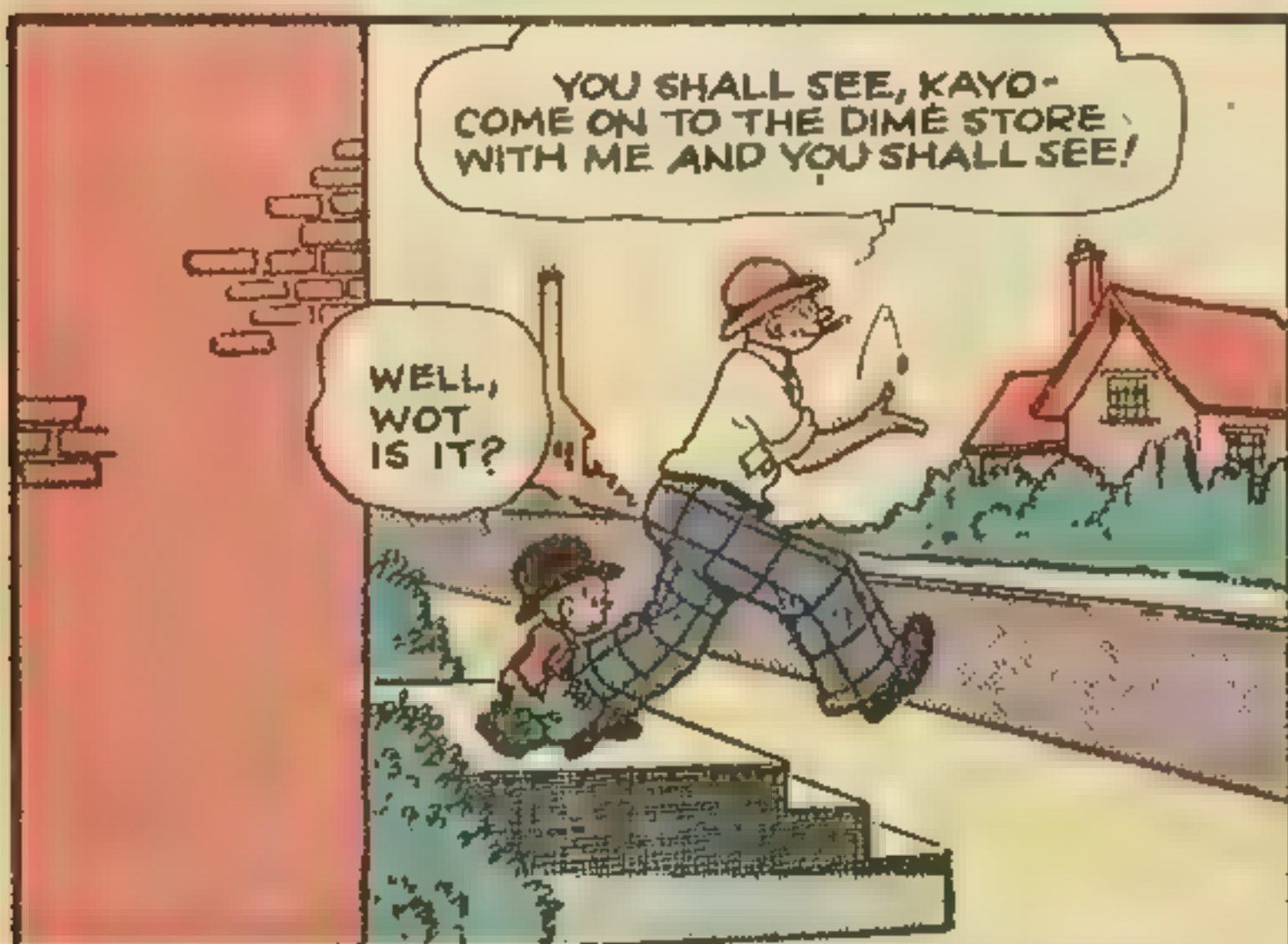
AND I DON'T BELIEVE IN ENCOURAGIN' GROWN-UPS TO BE BANK-ROBBERS!

ANY WAY, ALL I WANTED WAS TO BORRY A DIME TO BUY YOU A PRESENT!

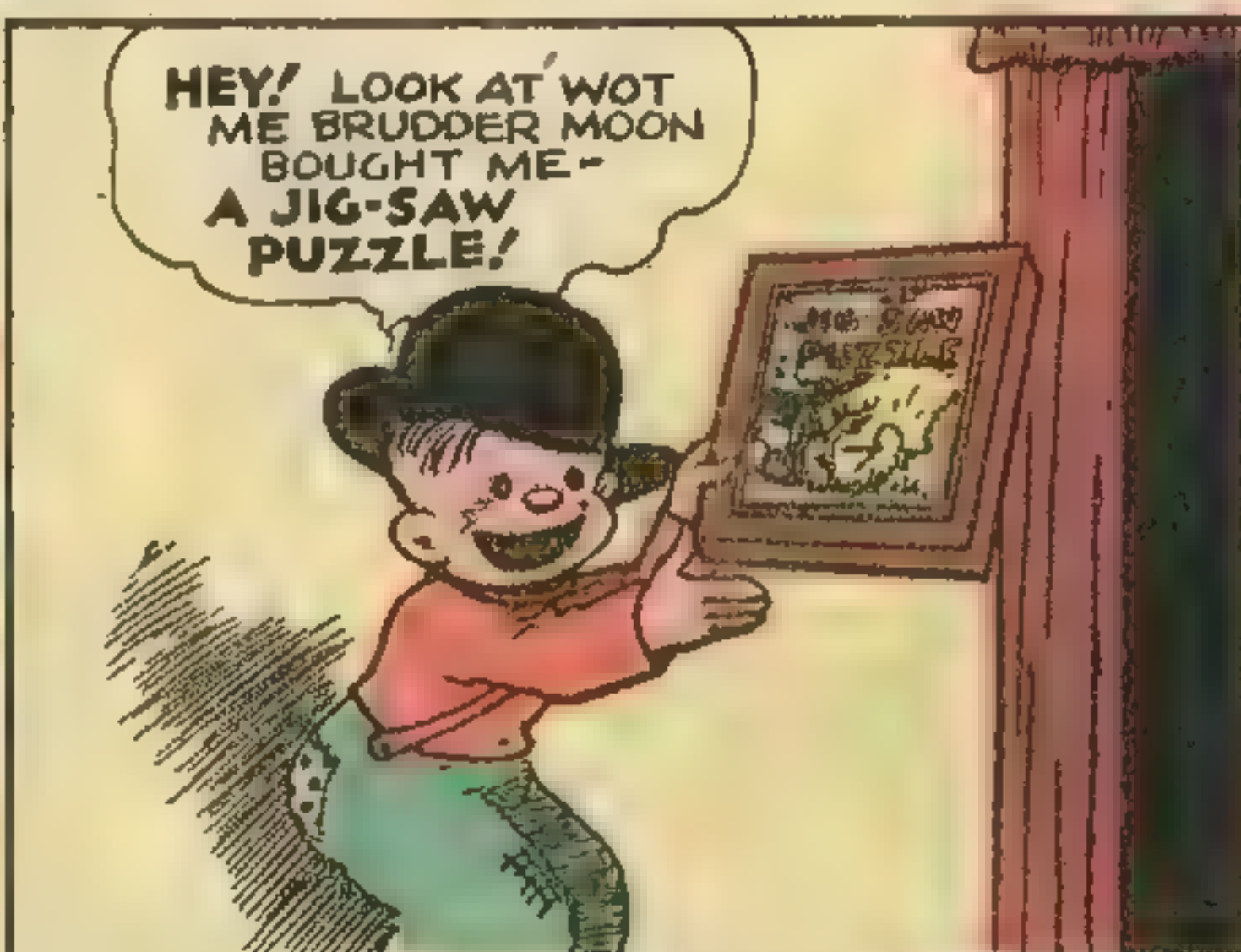


YOU SHALL SEE, KAYO - COME ON TO THE DIME STORE WITH ME AND YOU SHALL SEE!

WELL, WOT IS IT?



HEY! LOOK AT WOT ME BRUDDER MOON BOUGHT ME - A JIG-SAW PUZZLE!



YES, SIR! AND I PERSONALLY OFFERS A CASH PRIZE OF TWO BUCKS TO TH' FIRST ONE WHICH WORKS IT!

OUTTA MY WAY, WILLIE!

AW-I SAW IT FIRST!



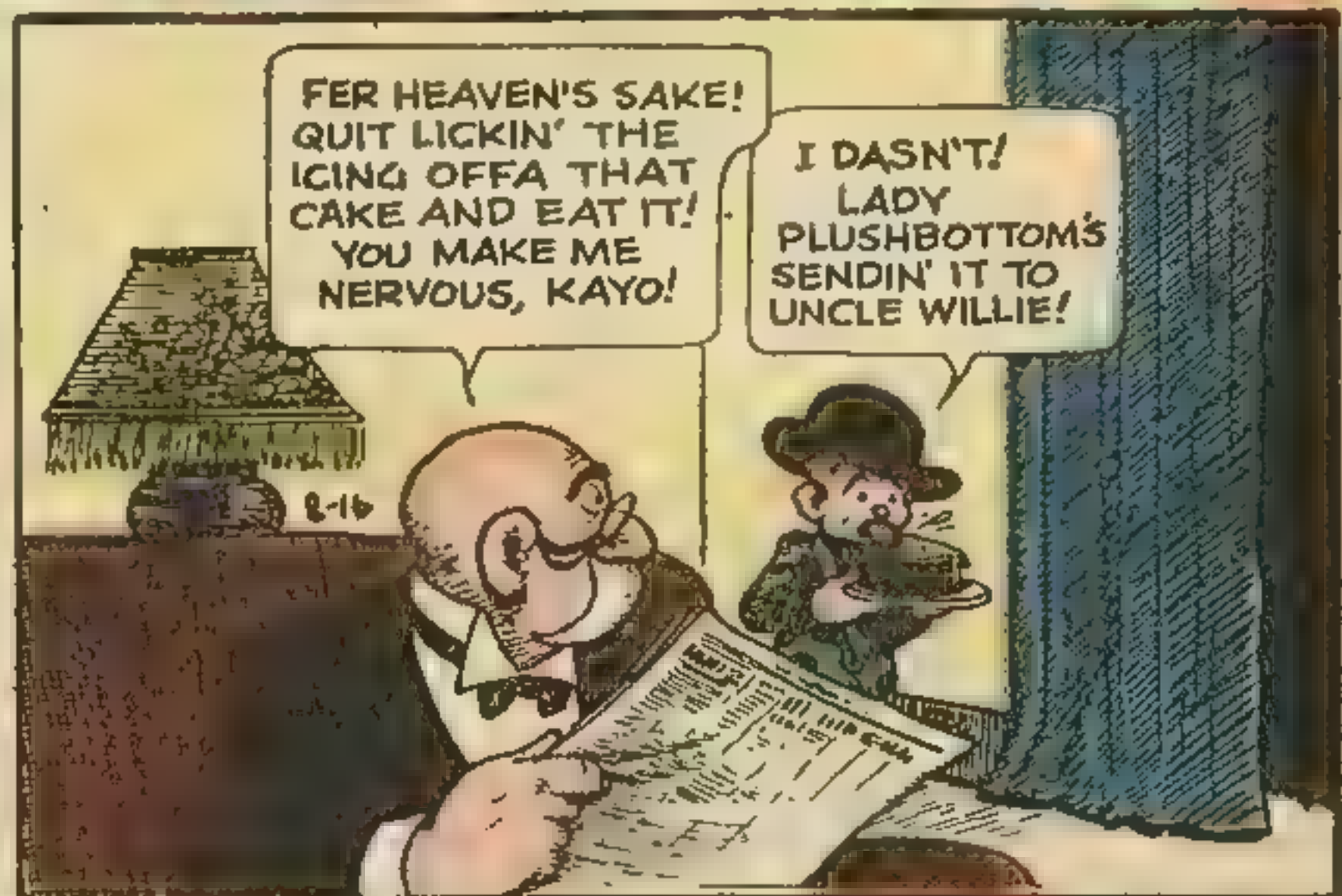
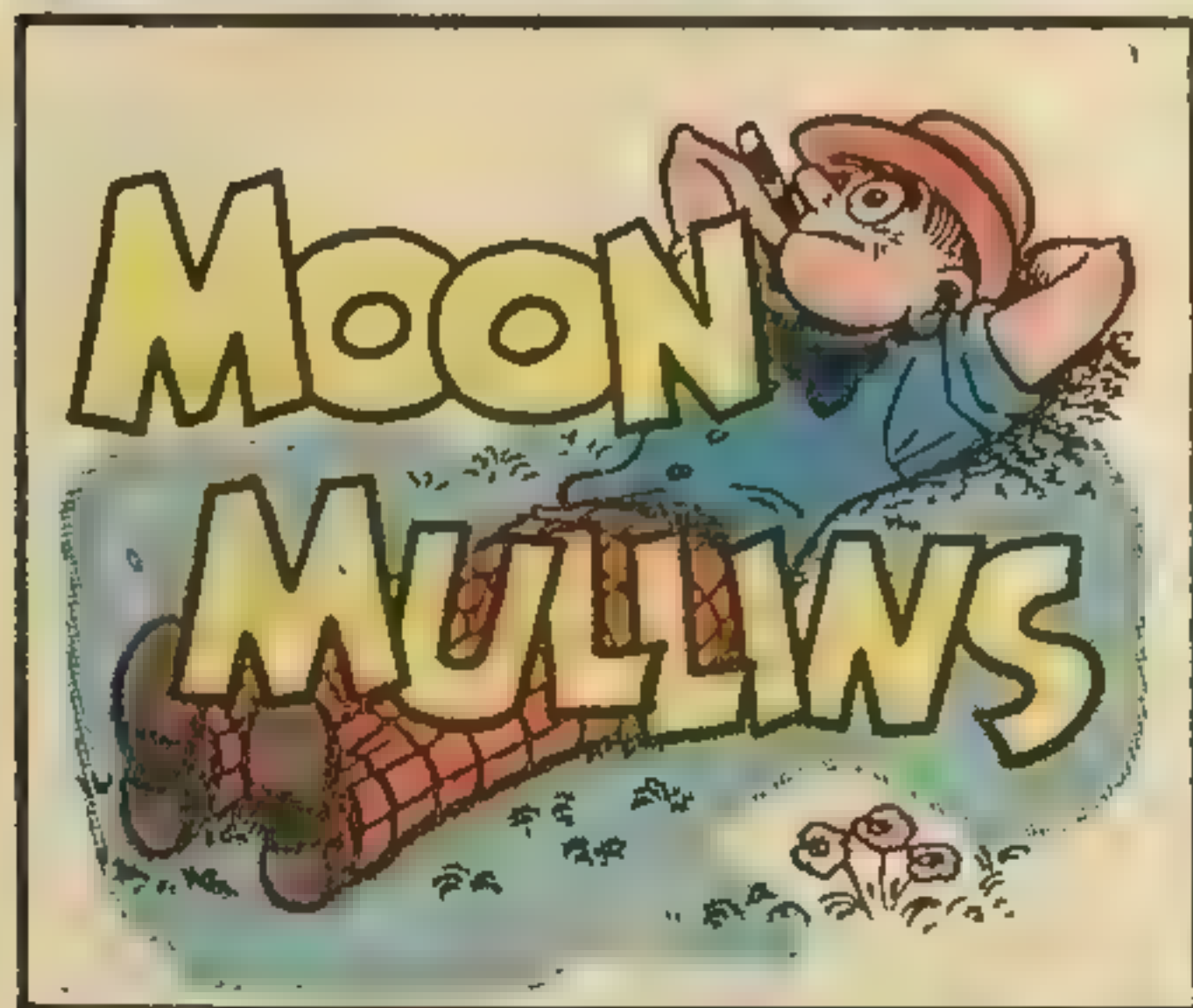
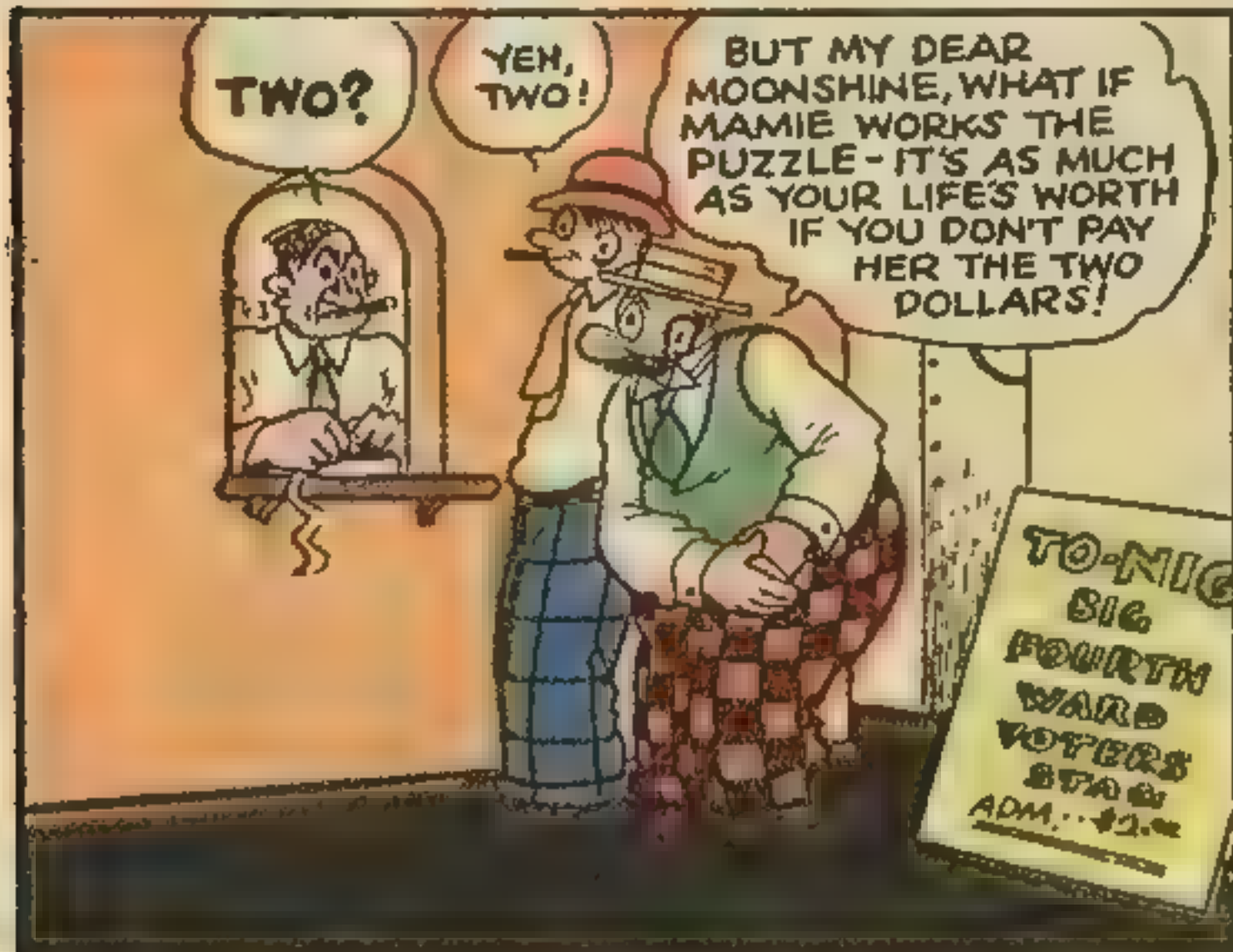
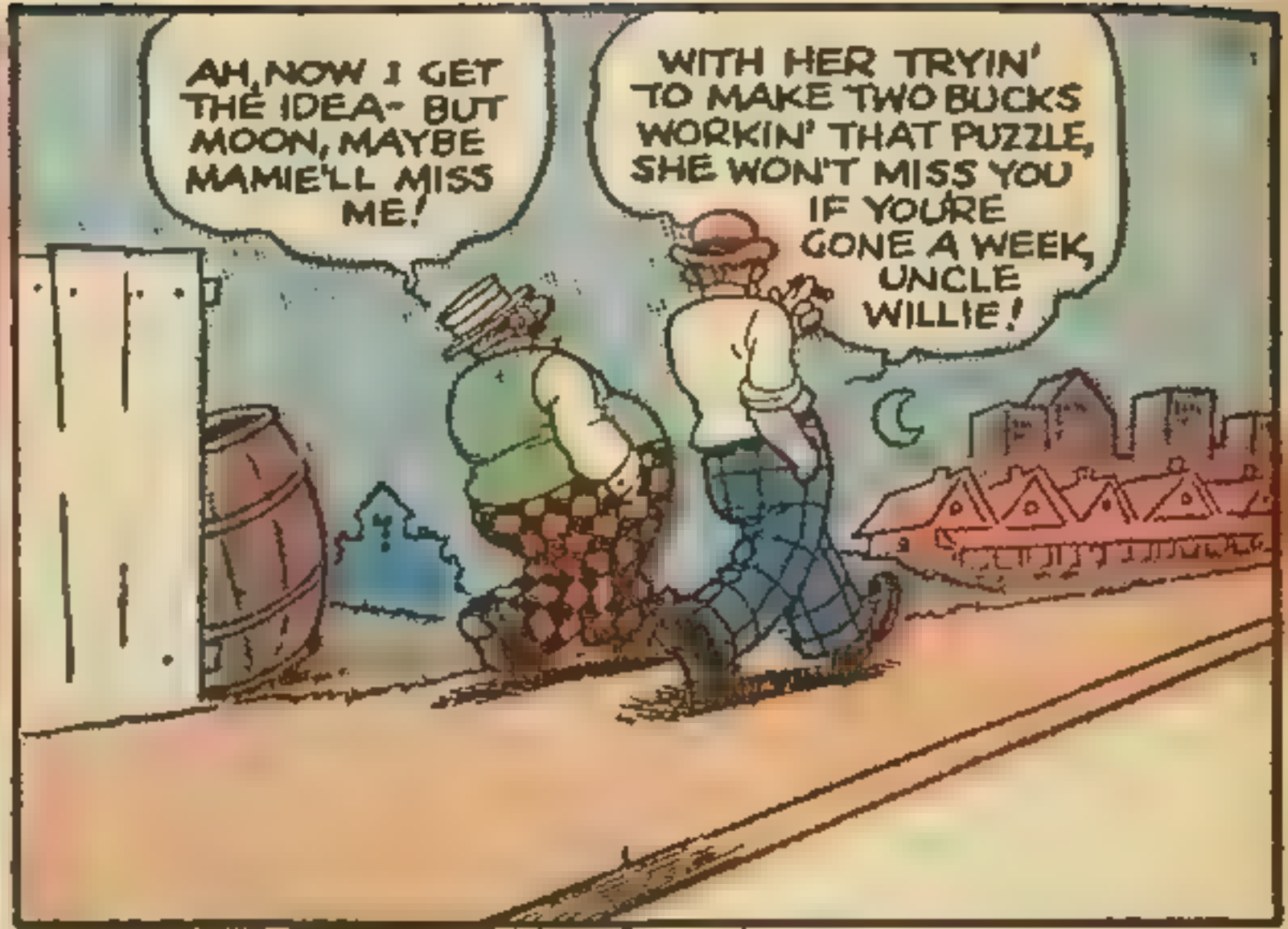
THIS PIECE GOES THERE!

AND THIS ONE GOES HERE!

NO, PET - IT GOES THERE!



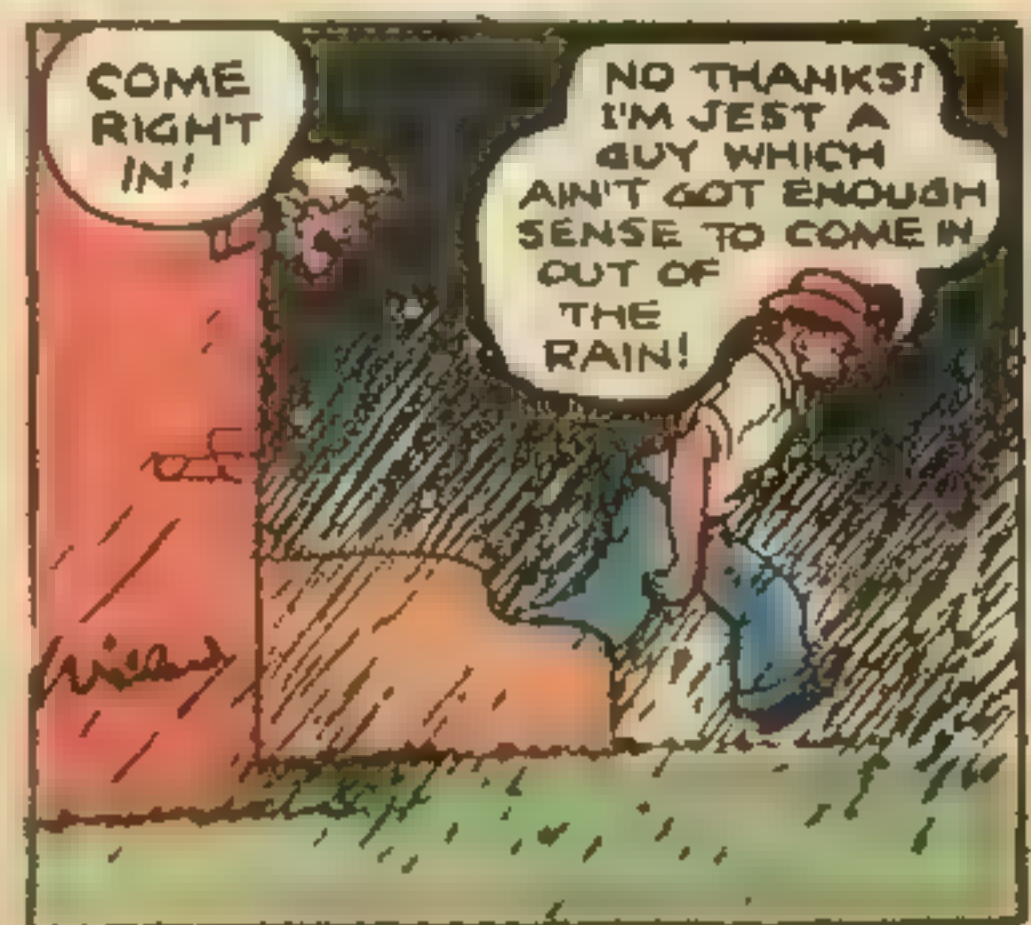
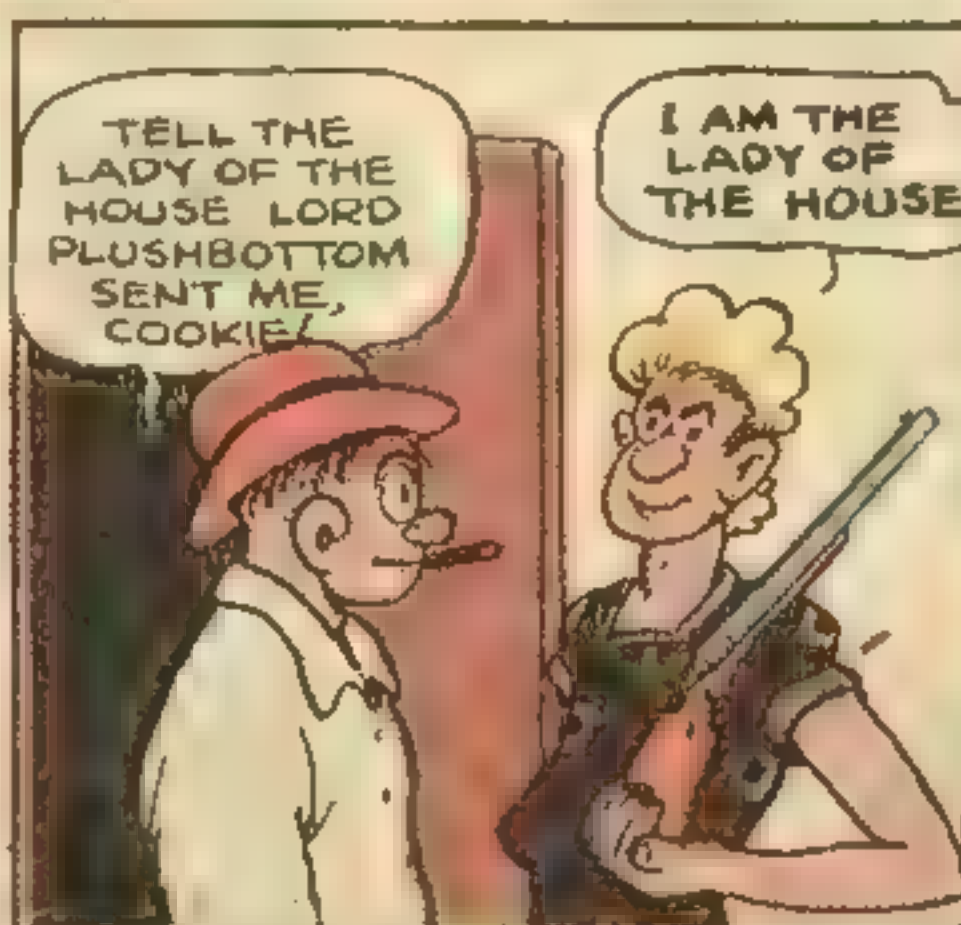
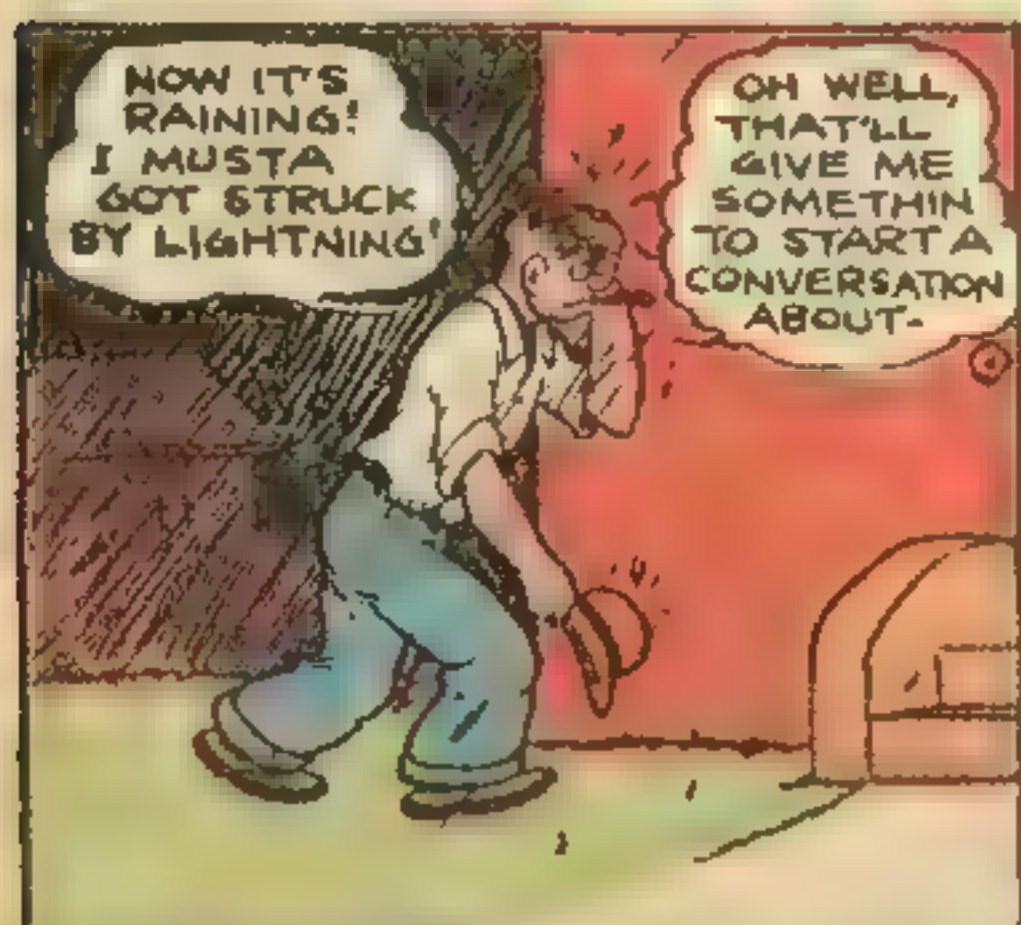
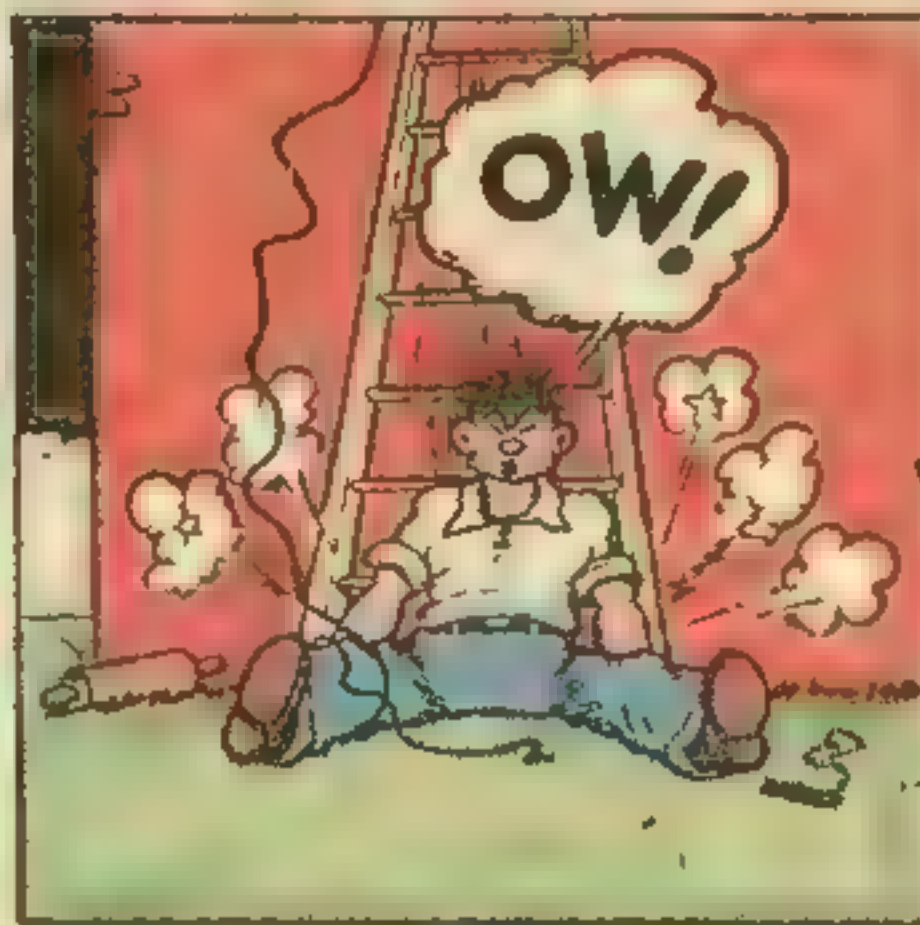
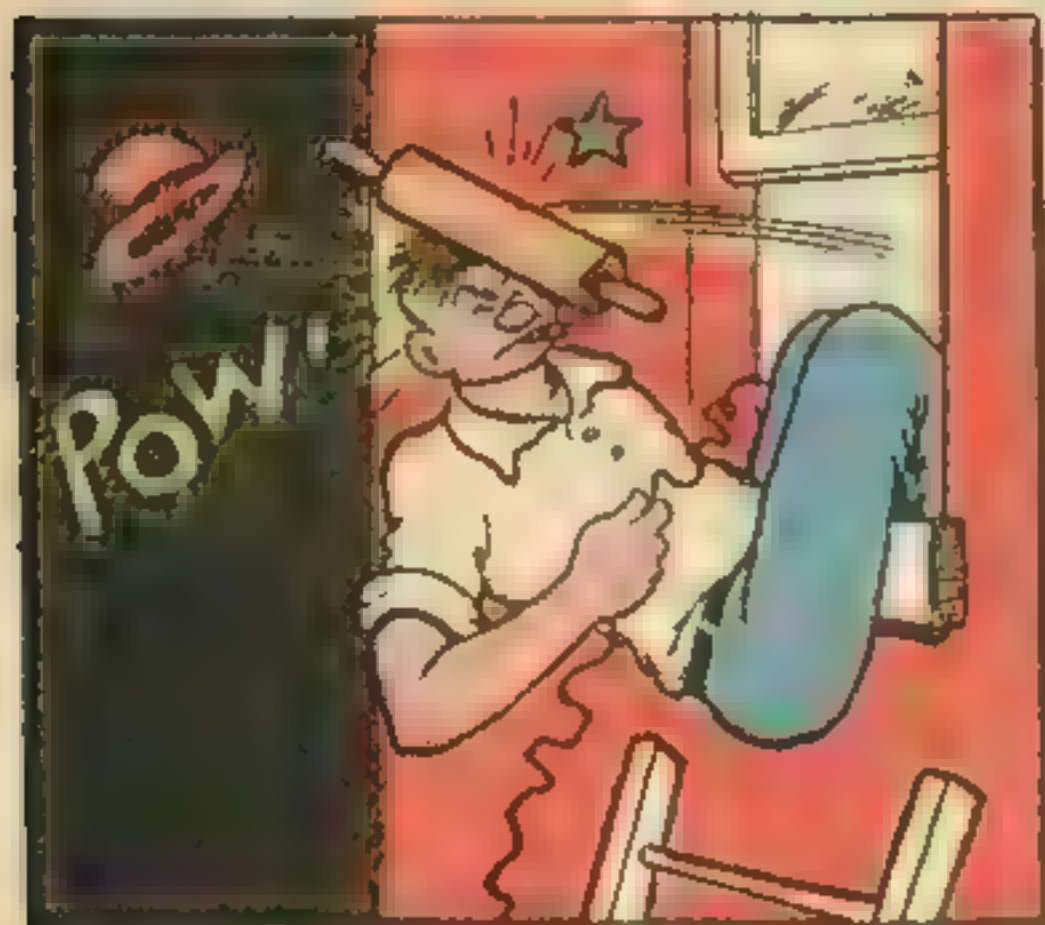
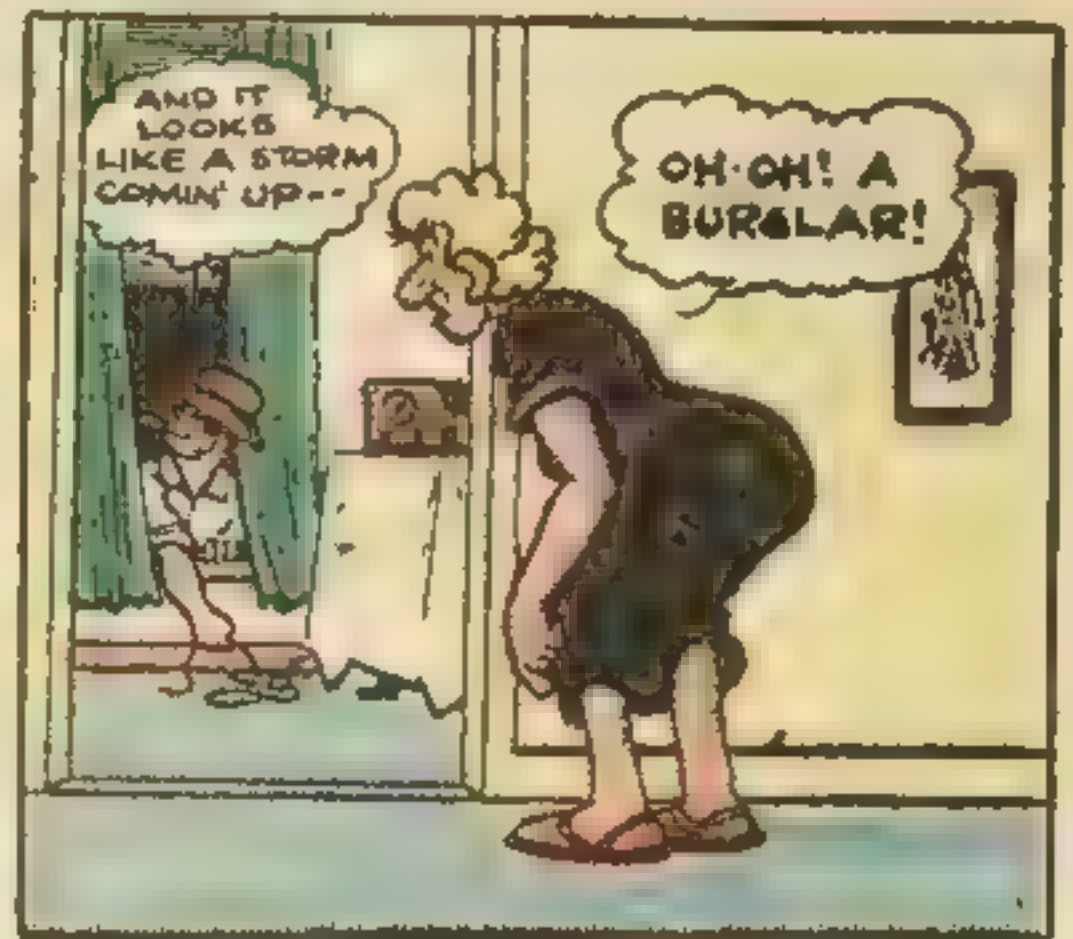
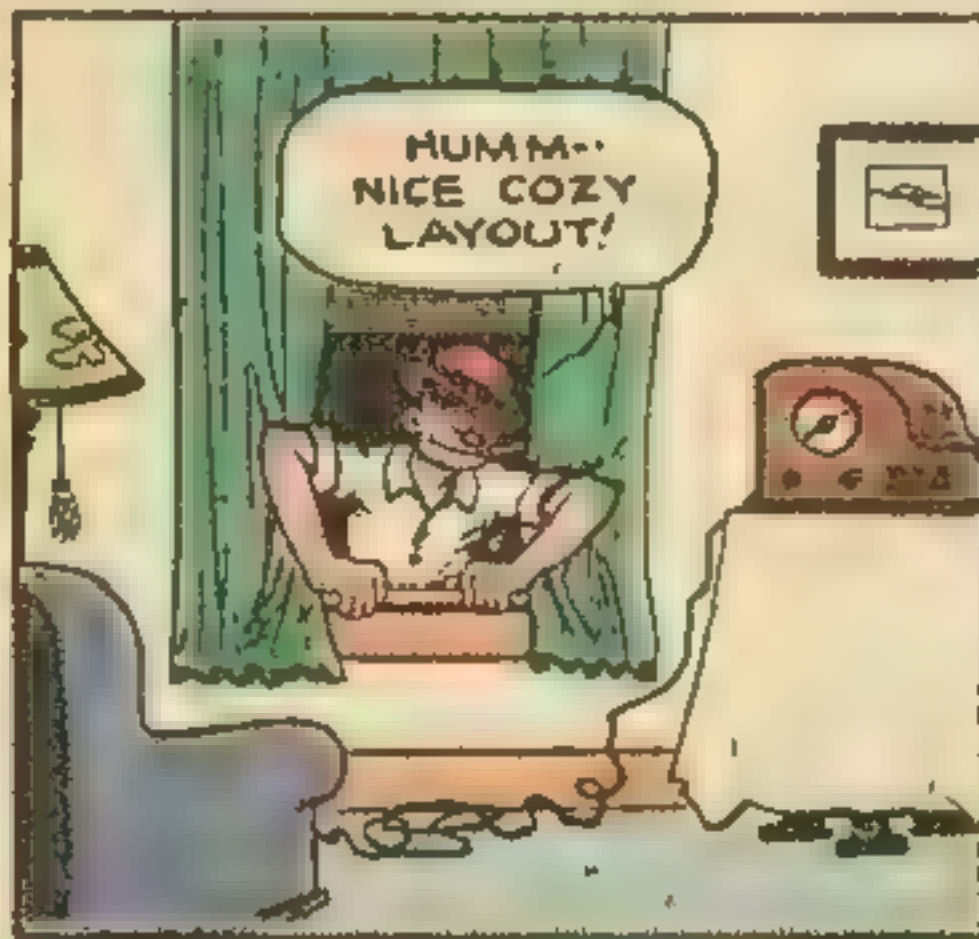
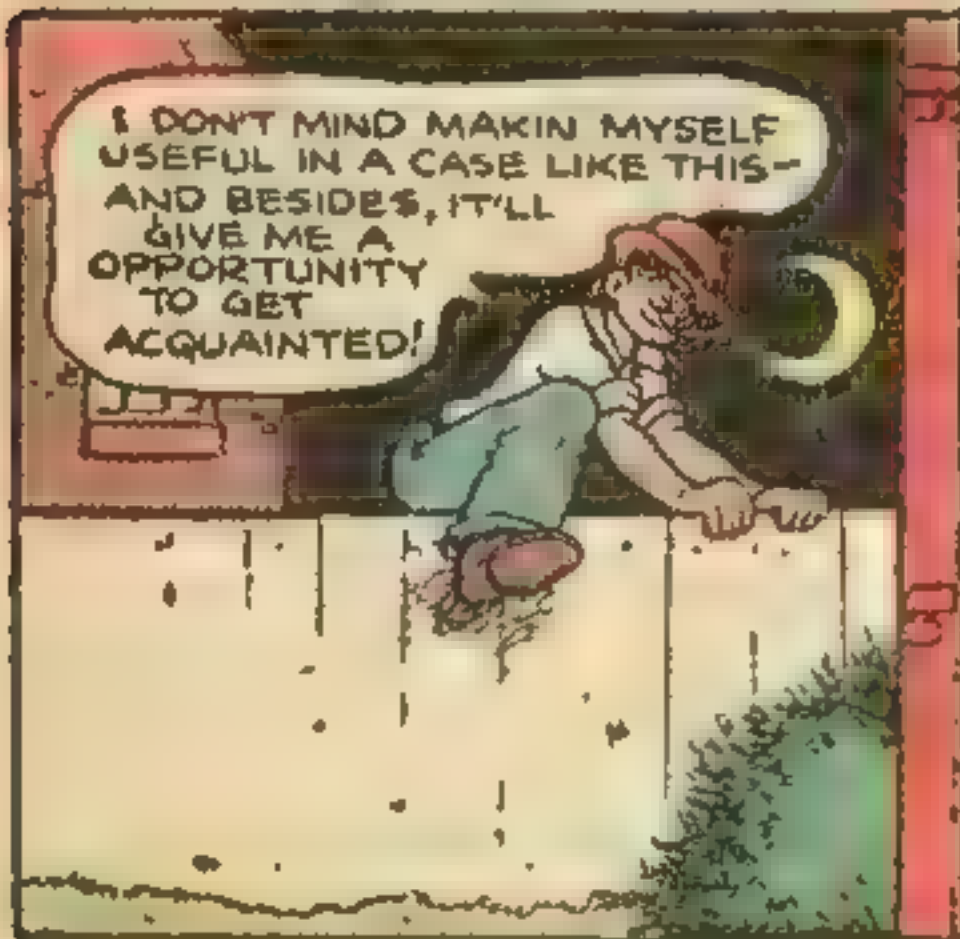
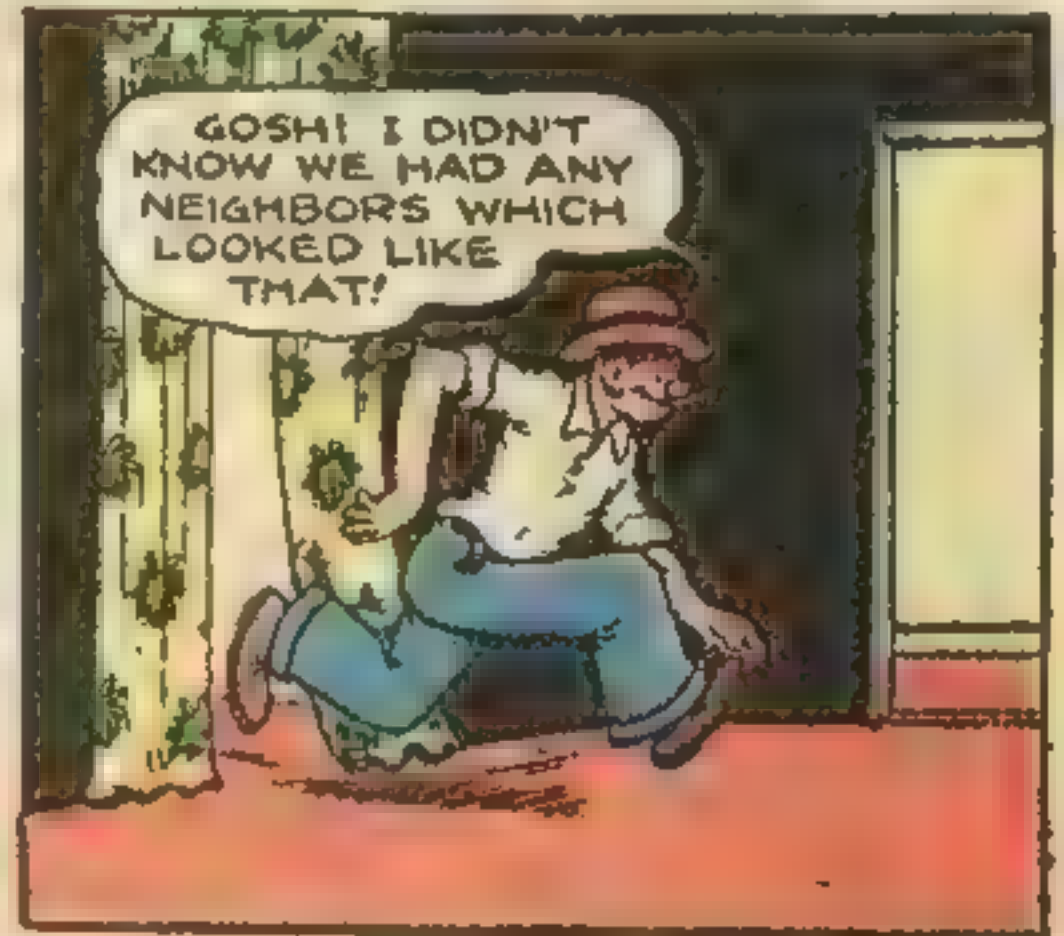
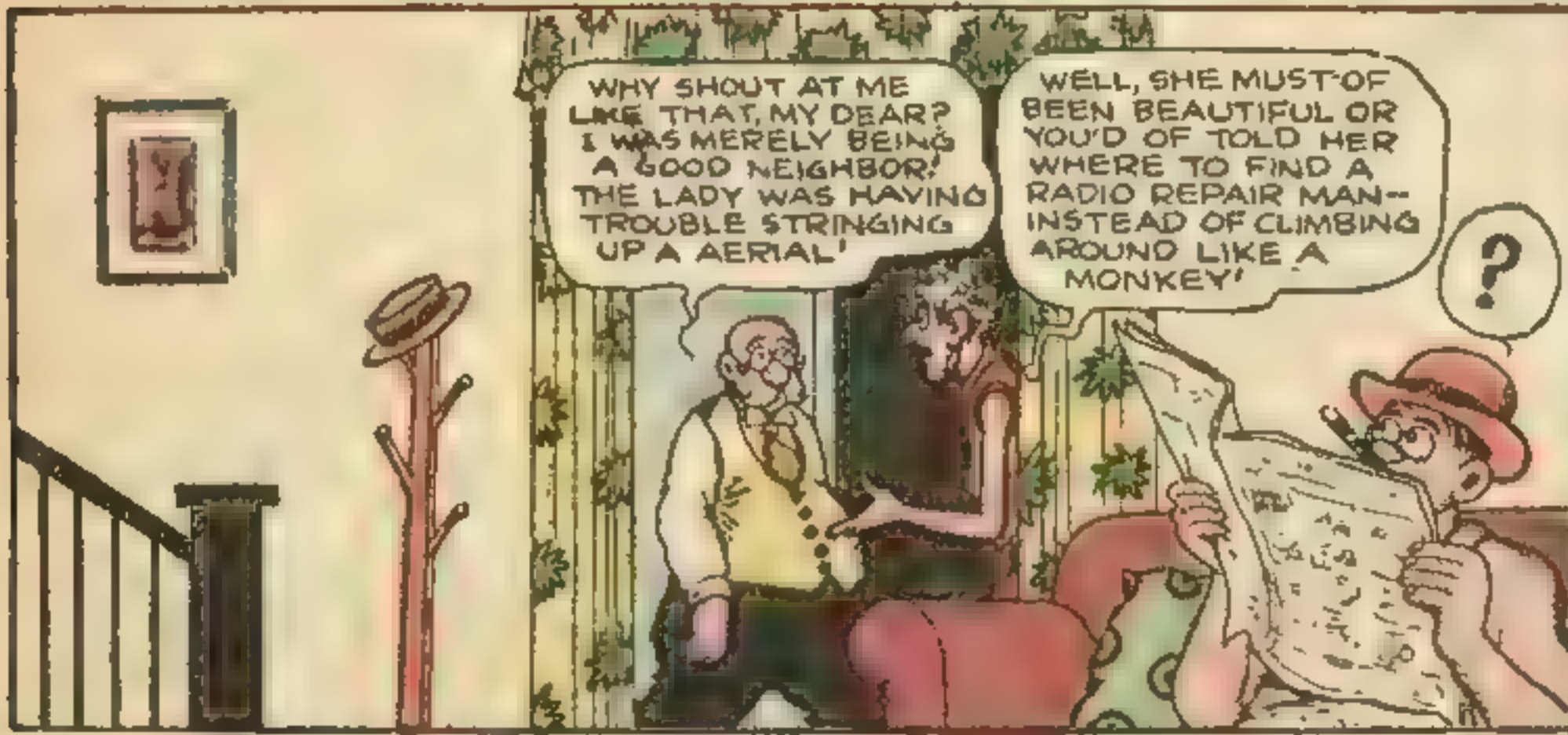
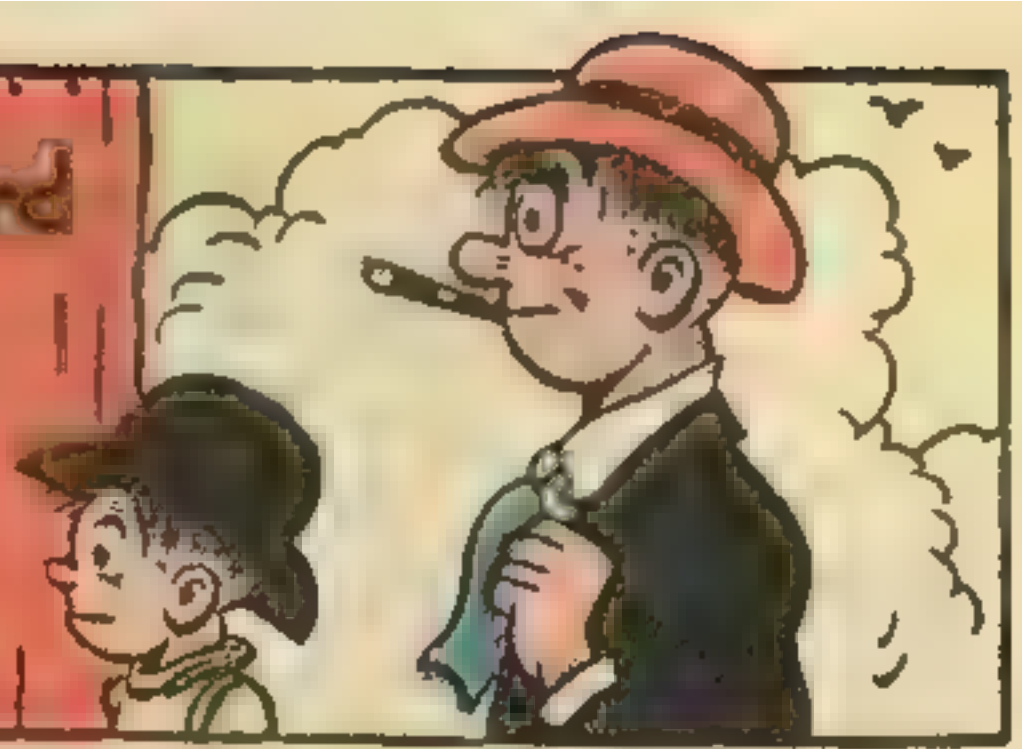






# MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard





# *The Brudder* MOON

**K**AYO had been in a fight . . . on the losing end! He looked rueful as he gave Moon a blow-by-blow account.

"Then Warty says to me, 'Yeah?' So I says to him, 'Yeah!' Then Warty says, 'Iz-zatso?' So I says, 'Yeah!' So he slugs me!"

Moon tilted his derby to a belligerent angle. "Then what?" he asked Kayo.

"I throw a fast right . . . but not far enough. Warty slugs me again. I throw a left. He slugs me again. By this time, I'm gettin' sore, so I warns him!"

"Whaddaya mean?" Moon demanded.

"I told 'im about you! I says, 'Me brudder, Moon, is a terror—an' I take after him!' He says, 'Me big brudder Monk kin lick yer brudder, Moon!' I says . . ."

"All right, I get it," Moon interrupted, rising. He thrust his chest out, took a fighting stance and pranced about the room for an instant, shadow-boxing. "Okay, I'm in good shape," he decided. "Where is he? Just show me where he lives. I'll *kill* 'im!"

Affection lit Kayo's good eye as he pointed out of the window towards the alley. "There," he said. He watched Moon start out of the house as a fighter leaves his corner when the bell sounds. "Me brudder, Moon," he said lovingly.

Just five minutes later, the door burst open again, and Moon sped into the house. His derby was mashed in and he had a face to match. "Arnica! Smellin' salts! Iodine!" he shouted to Kayo. "Don't just sit there . . . do somethin'!"

"Gee, Moon, yer sure banged up," Kayo said tenderly. "I'd like ta see what you did to the other guy!"

"I couldn't get close enough ta see the color of the guy's shirt," Moon winced as he applied iodine to his wounded chin. "Uppercuts, roundhouses, haymakers an' a couple I never even heard of! That guy's a killer! Why din'tcha tell me he was so tough? I never wanna tangle wid him again, believe . . . answer the door, Kayo!"

When Kayo opened the door at the insistent demand of the buzzer, his good eye widened. "Hey," he said weakly, "what're you doin' here? I thought . . . I mean . . ."

The new visitor didn't stop for conversation. He simply launched about two hundred pounds of muscle at Moon, demanding, "Are you this kid's big brudder which I'm supposed to beat up?"

Moon staggered back, as he surveyed the powerful shoulders looming above him. He staggered more violently as a horrible suspicion came to him.

"Who . . . who're you, bud?" he choked.

"Me name's Monk," answered the visitor, cracking his knuckles.

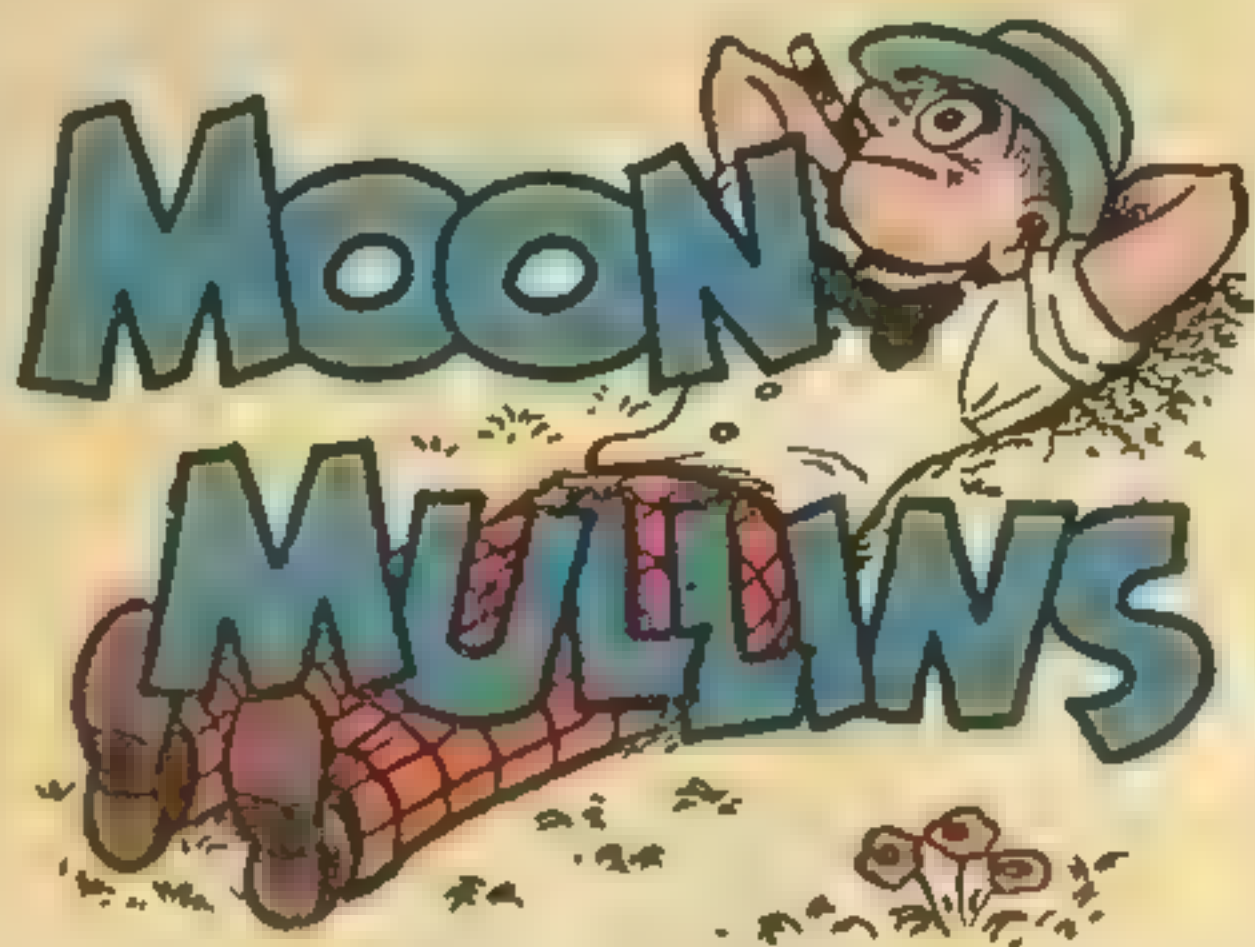
"Then . . . then who was the guy I just . . ."

"Oh, him? That was me *kid* brudder, Warty. And I'm his *big* brudder, Monk. Get it?"

Moon got it!



# MOON MULLINS

The title 'MOON MULLINS' is written in a large, stylized, blue-outlined font. Above the letters 'MULLINS', there is a small illustration of a boy with a large nose, wearing a green hat and a white shirt, looking upwards.

GEE! LADY PLUSHBOTTOM'S ENTERTAININ' HER LADIES' CLUB WITH "PRESTO, THE MAGICIAN" AND ICE CREAM AND CAKE, KITTY!

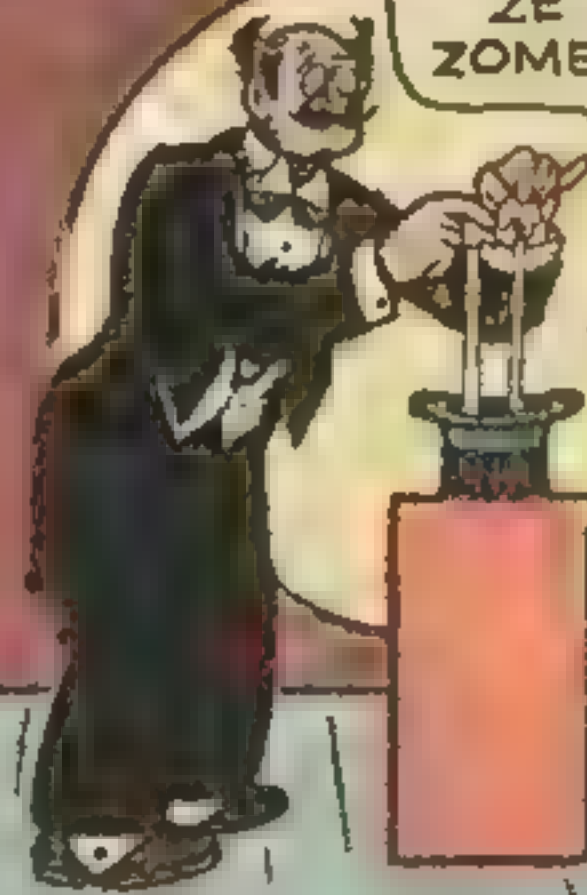
THE HECK WITH THE LADIES AND "PRESTO"! SHOW ME THE ICE CREAM AND CAKE!



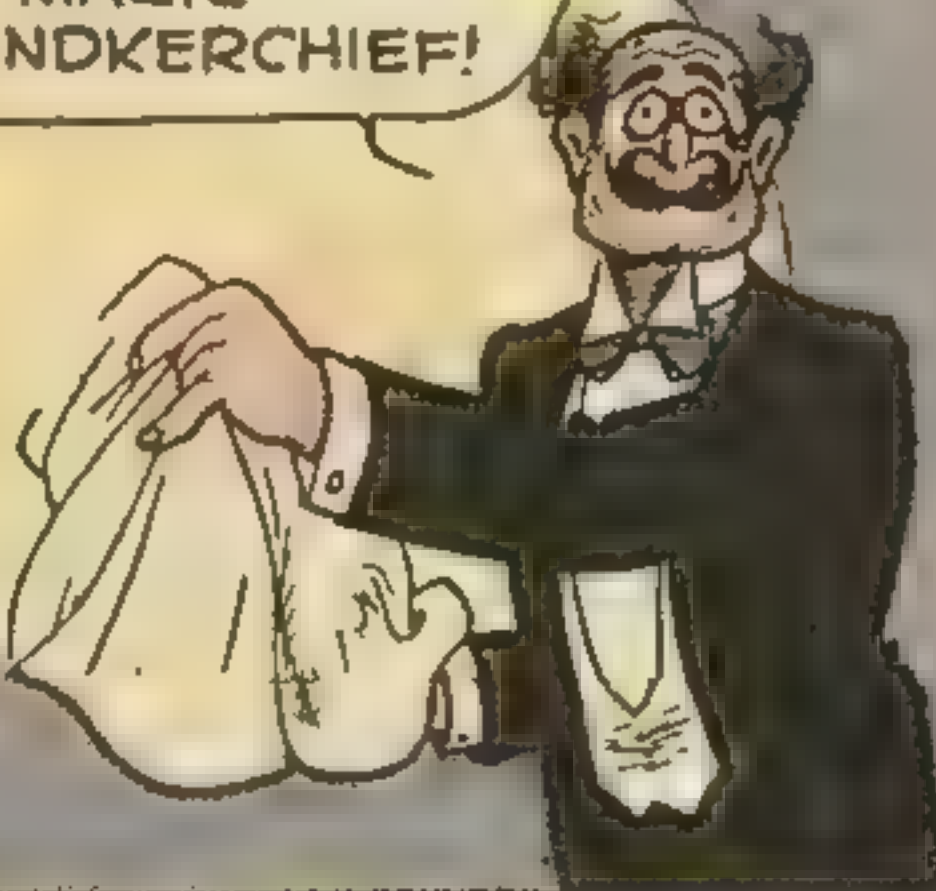
MY FIRST WONDERFUL TRICK, MY DEAR FRIENDS, IS HOW TO MAKE ZE CHICKEN!



FIRST BREAK ZE EGG INTO ZOMETHEENING! YOUR HUSBON'S HAT WILL DO!



ZEN COVER ZE HAT WEETH ZE MAGIC HANDKERCHIEF!



WHAT? OH, YOU WORRY ABOUT ZE EGG?

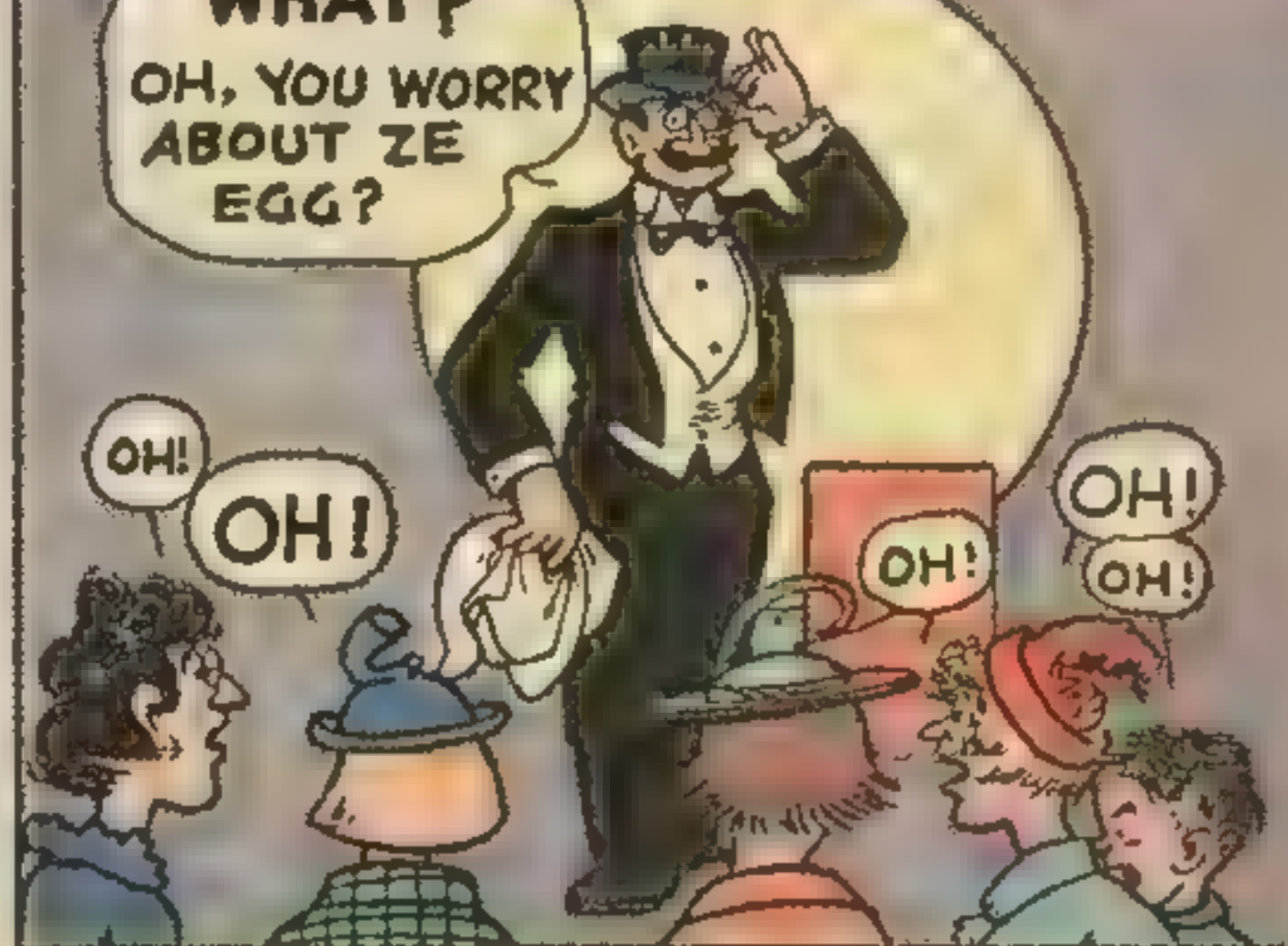
OH!

OH!

OH!

OH!

OH!



PRESTO! EET IS A CHICKEN!

AH!

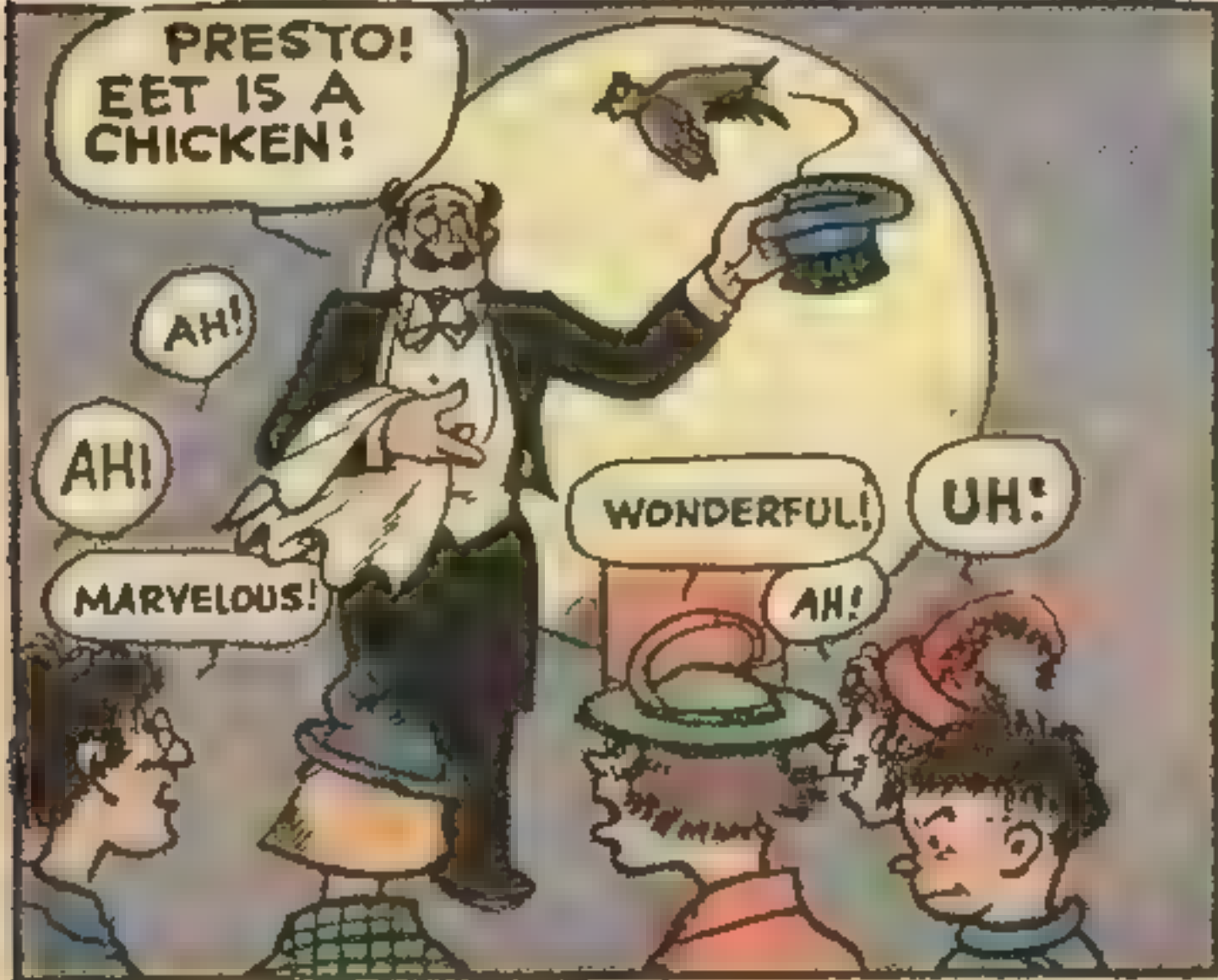
AH!

MARVELOUS!

WONDERFUL!

UH!

AH!

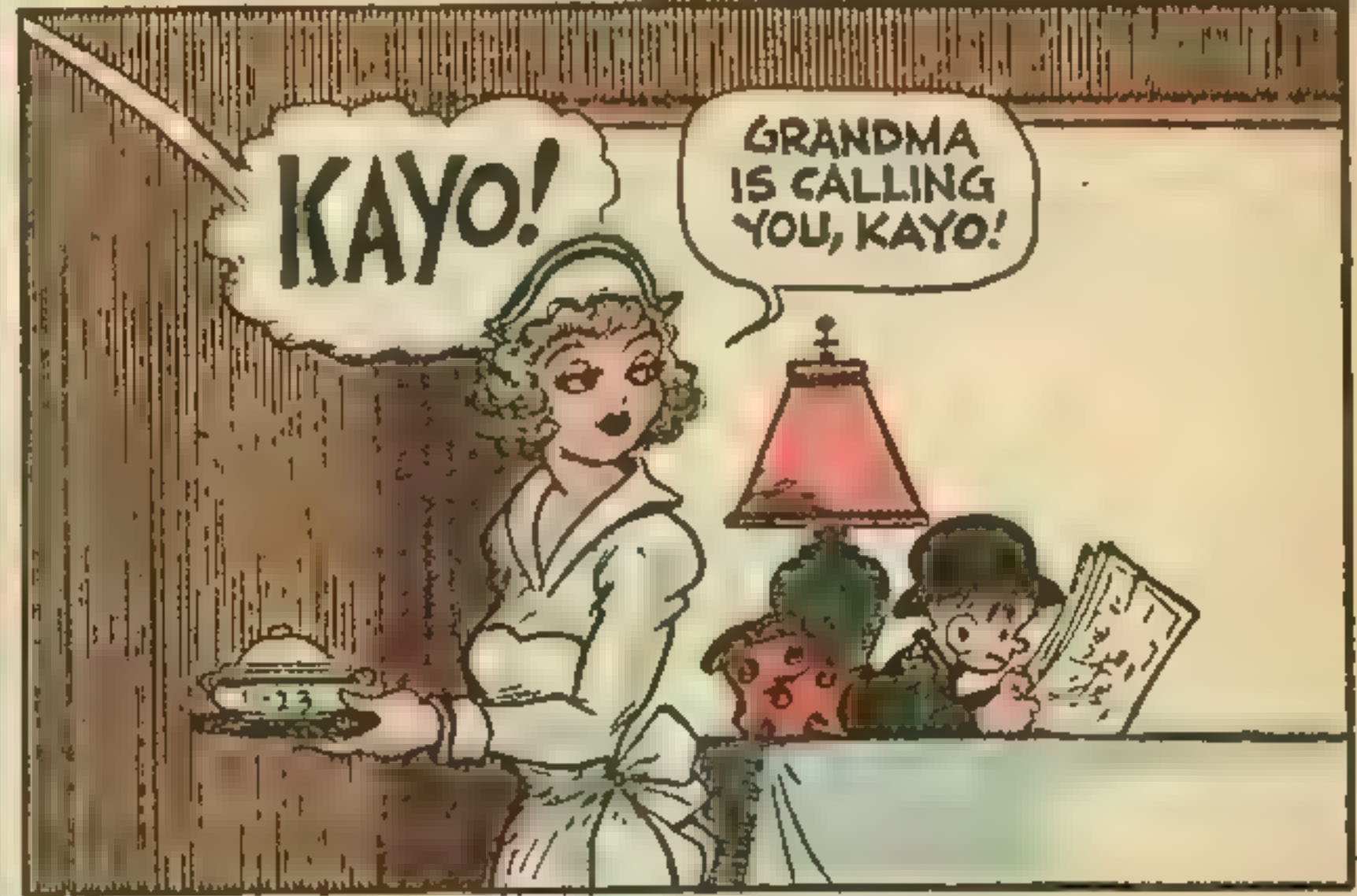
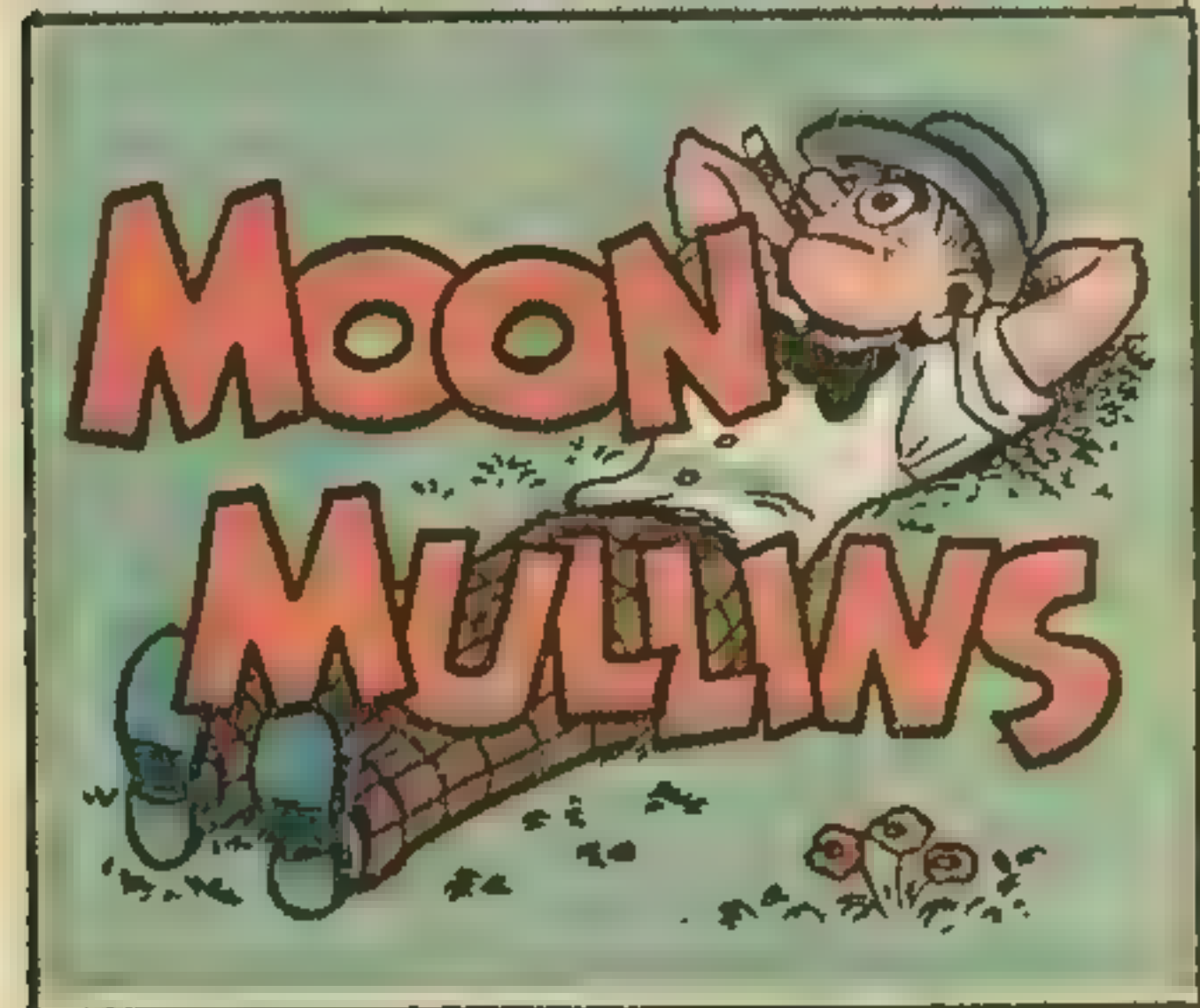
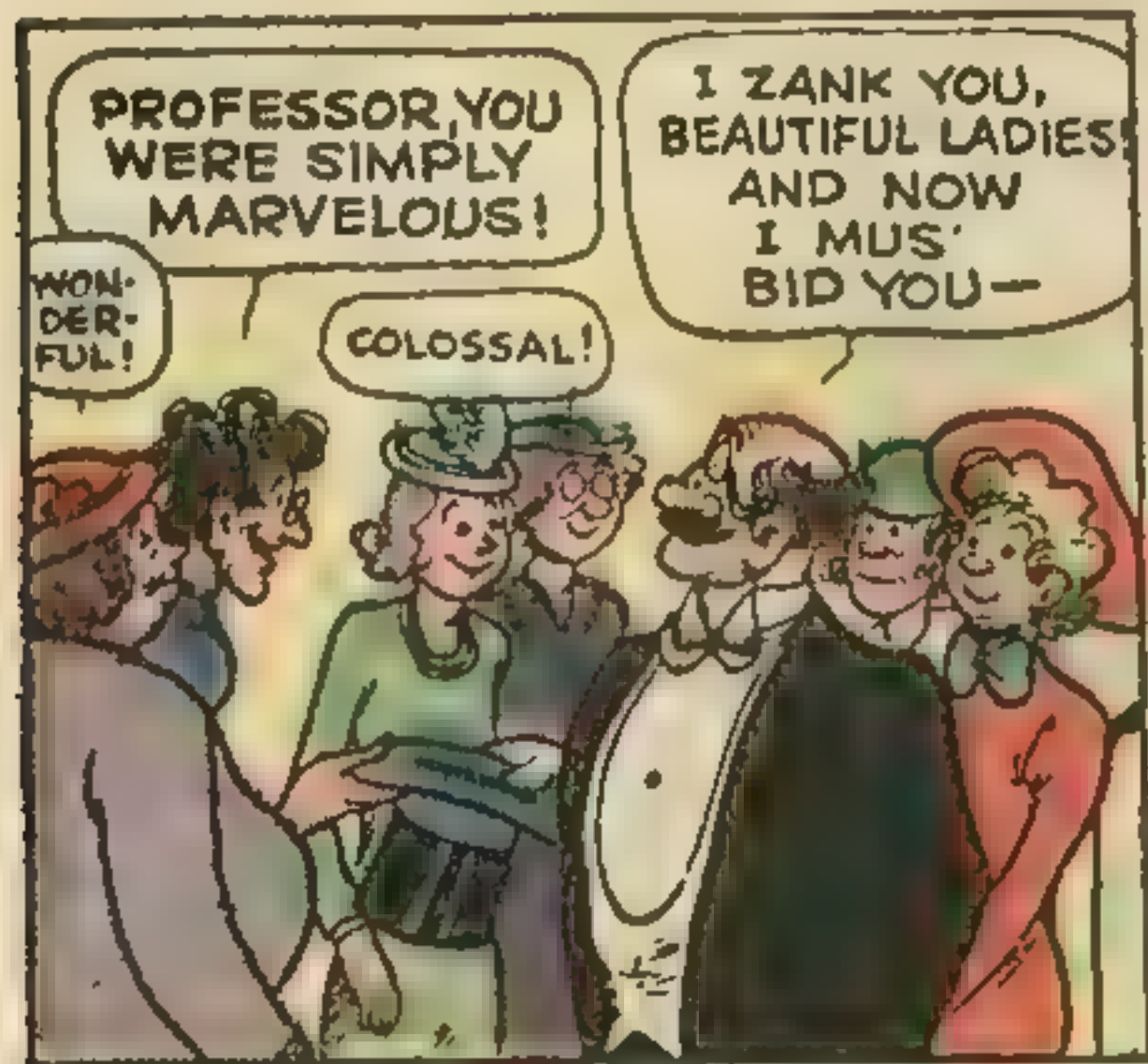
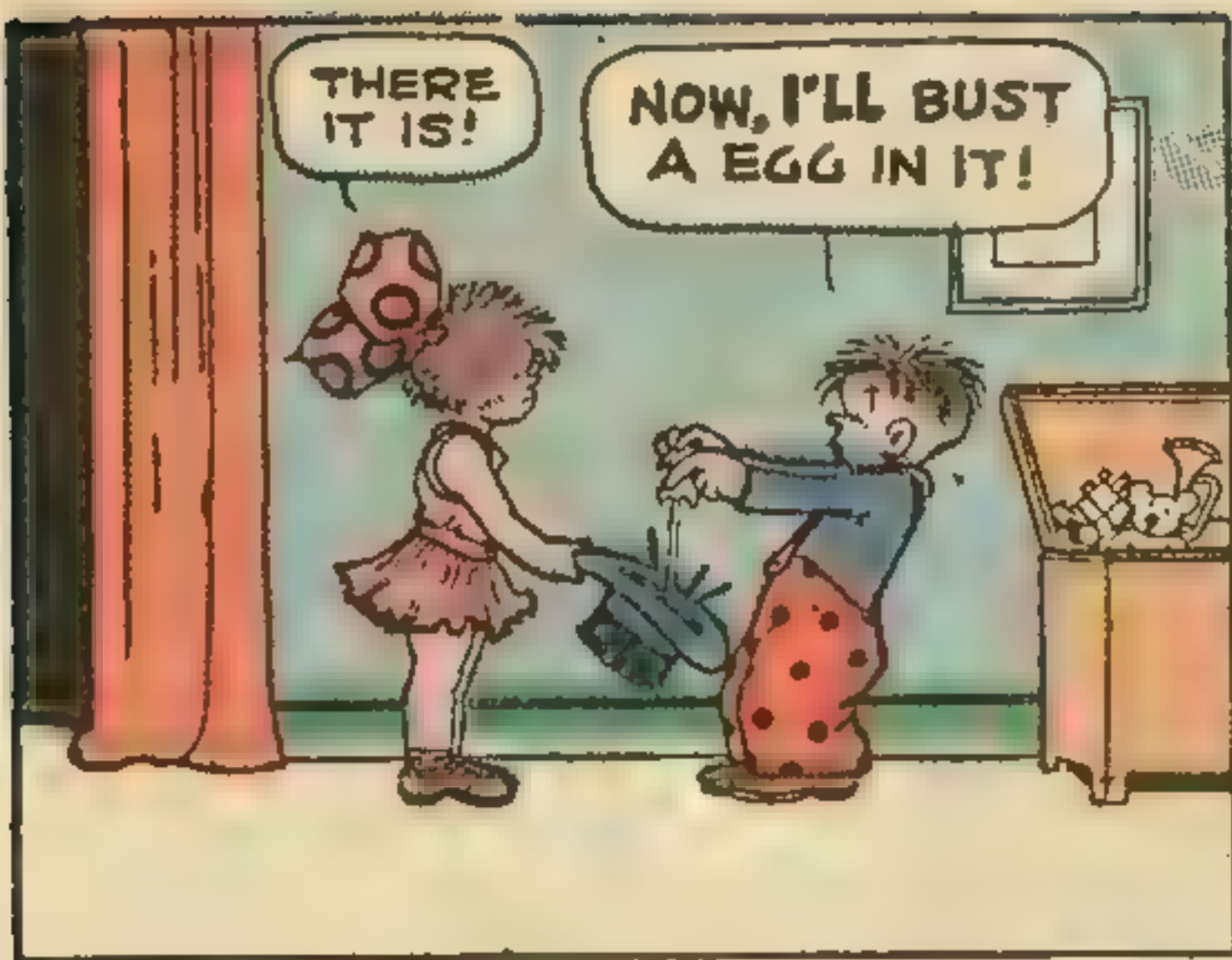


GEE! THAT MAN IS SIMPLY MARVELOUS!

POOEY! I THINK THE GUY'S A FAKE! GO GET ME HIS HAT!

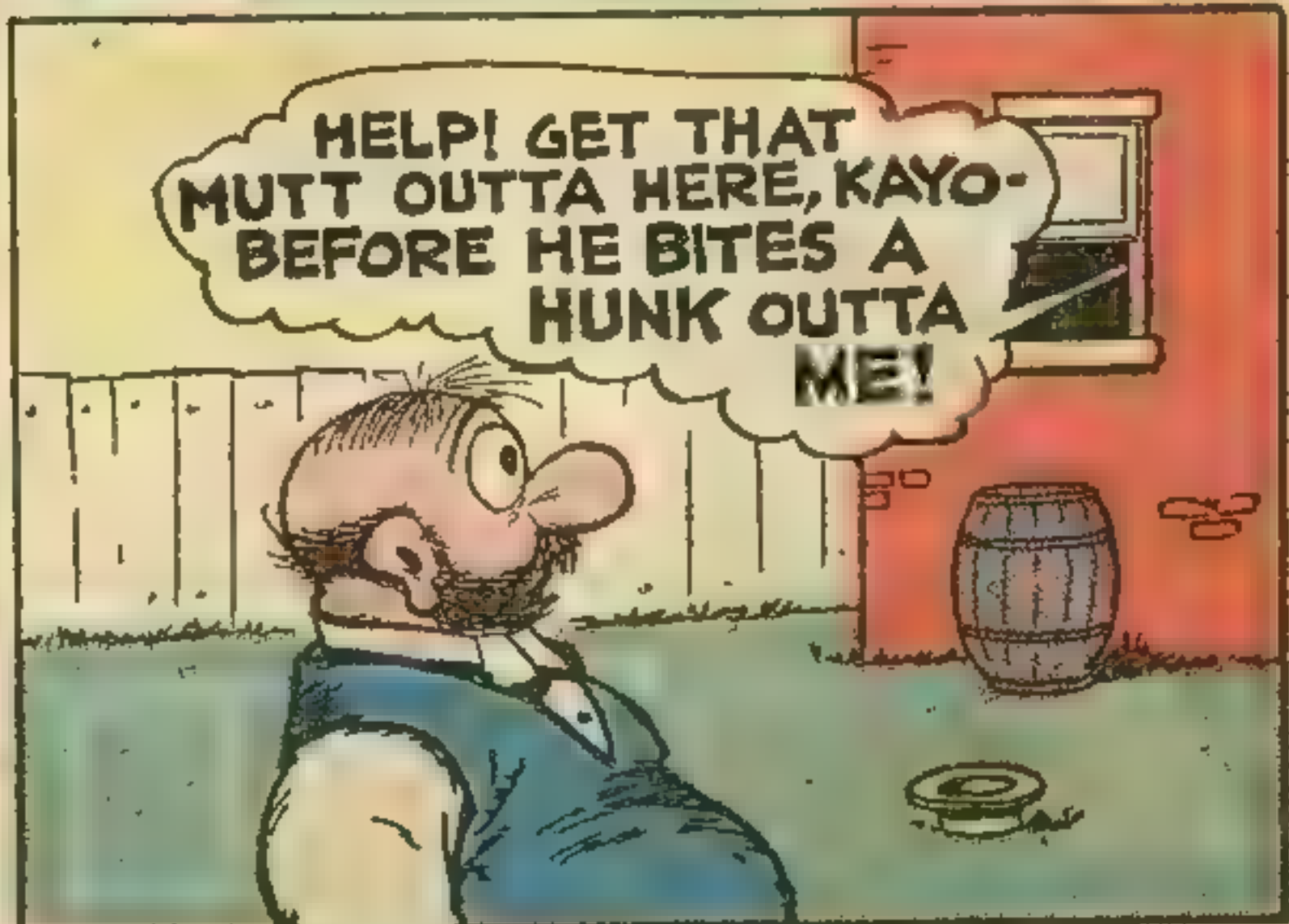
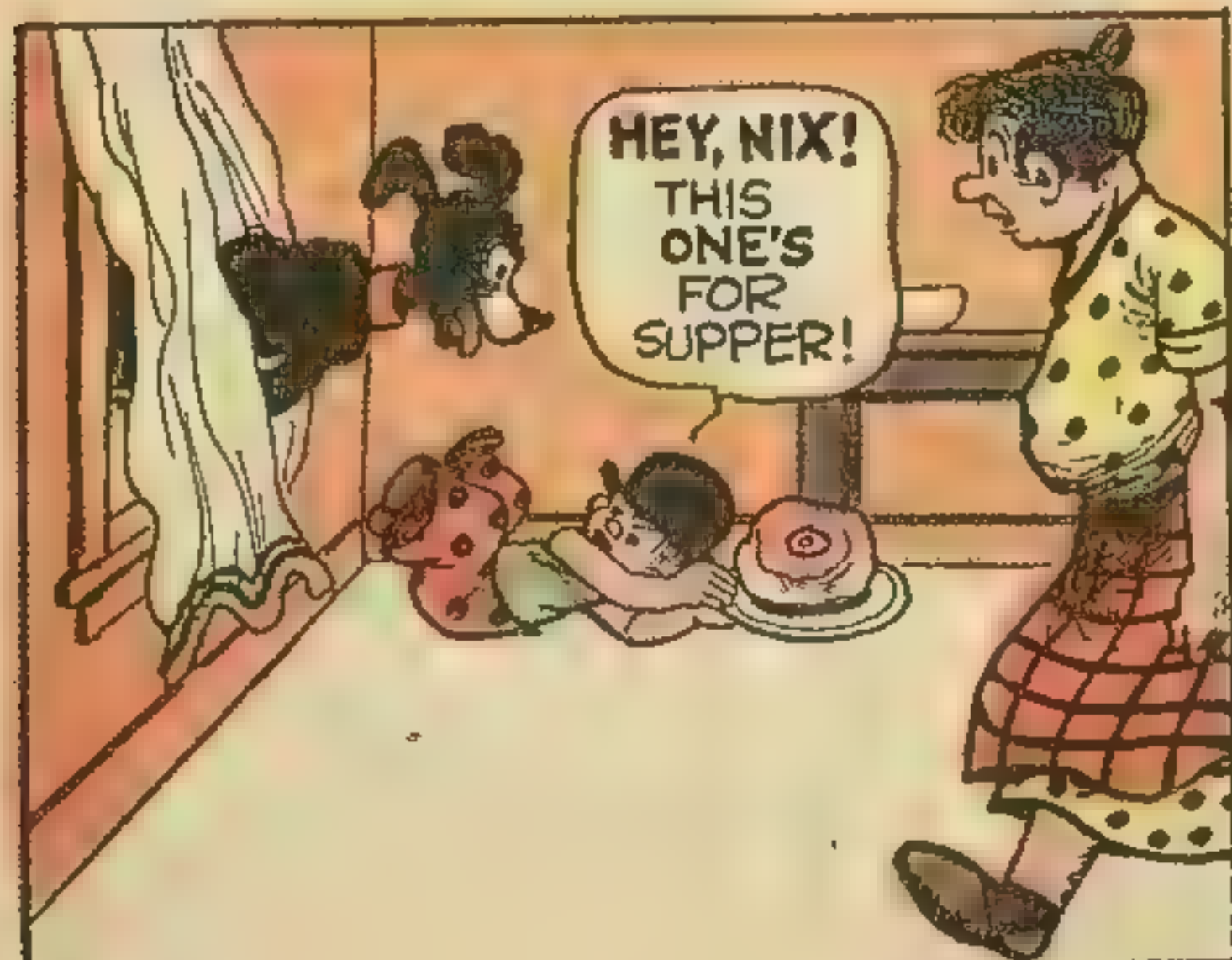
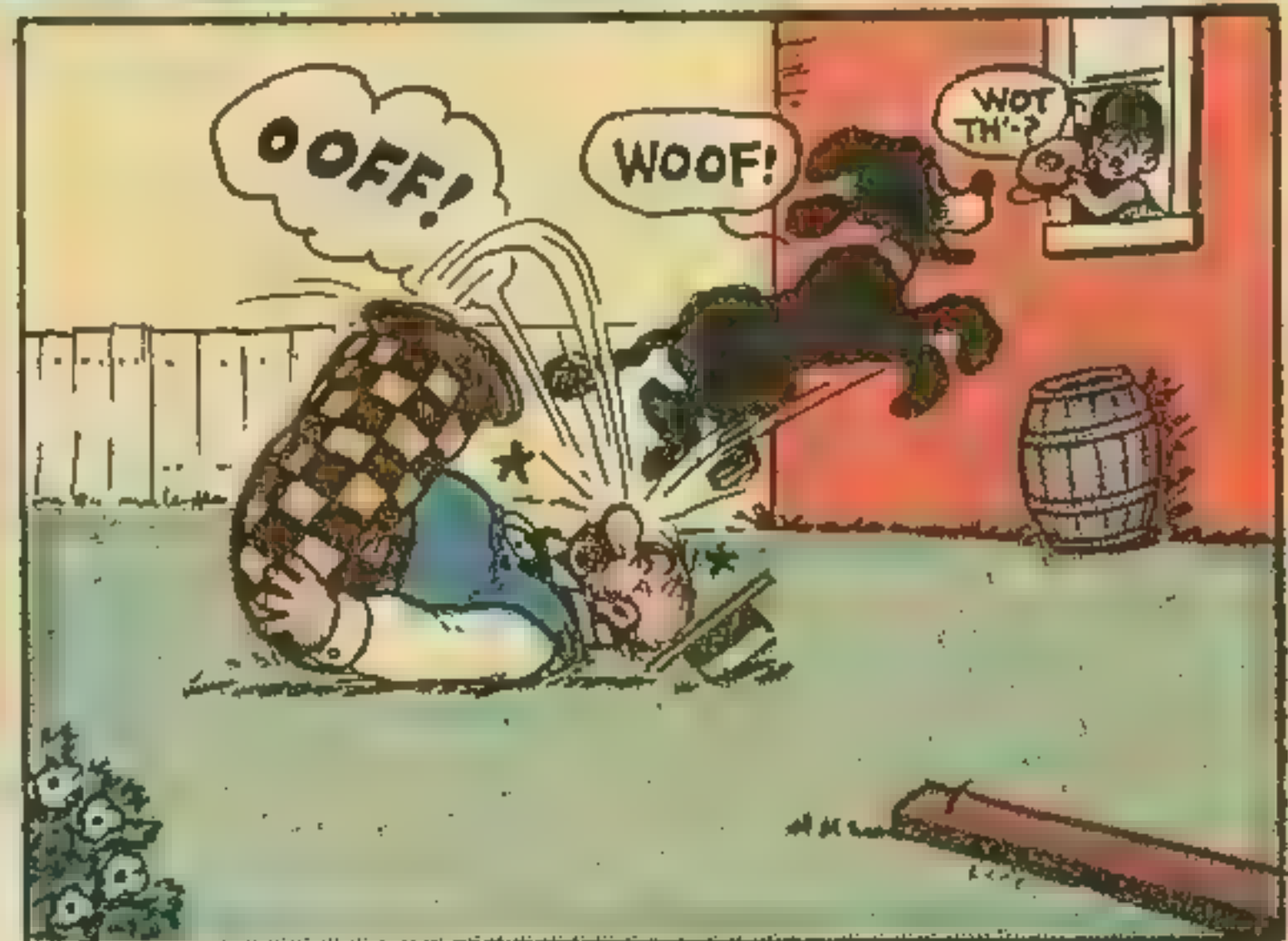
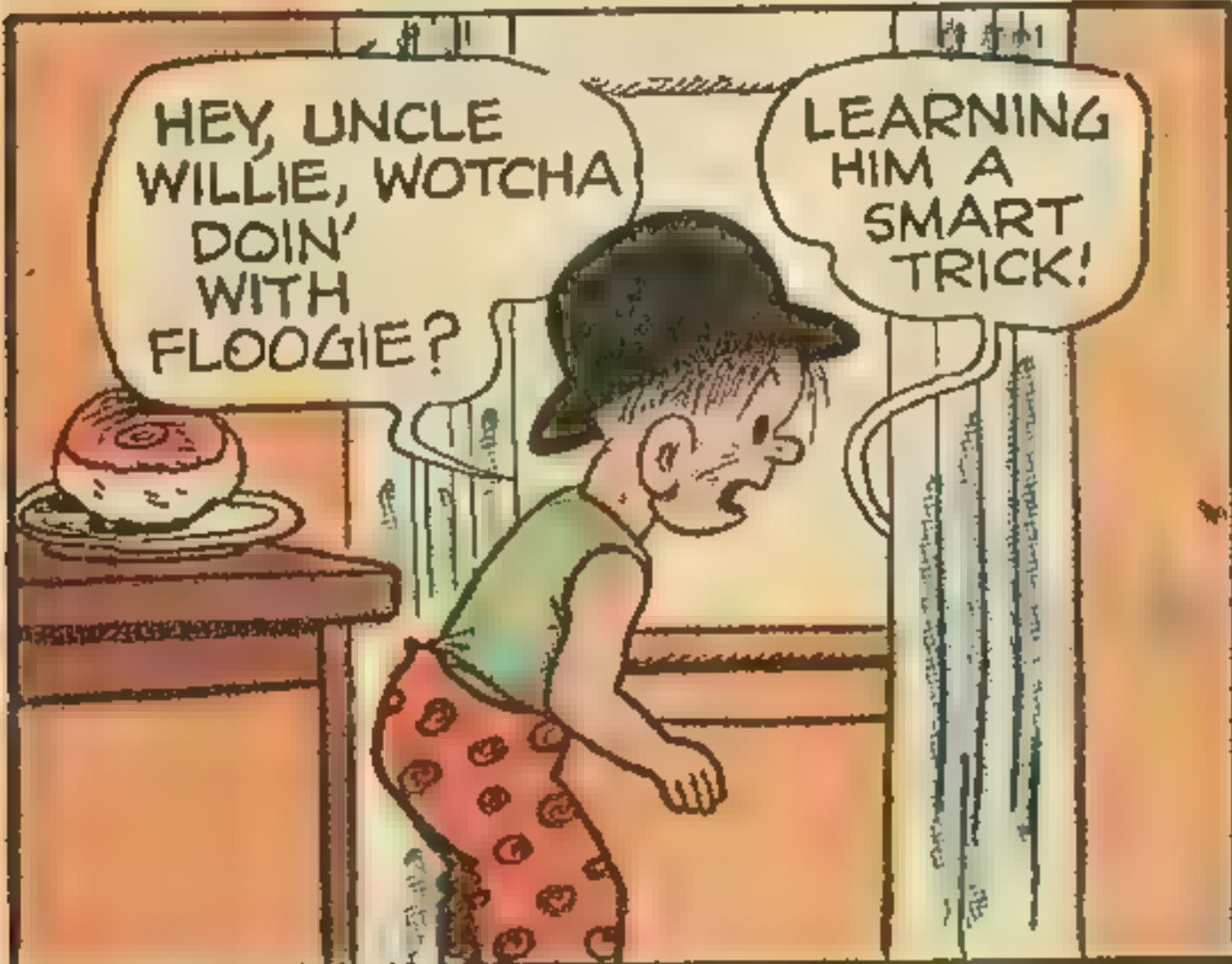
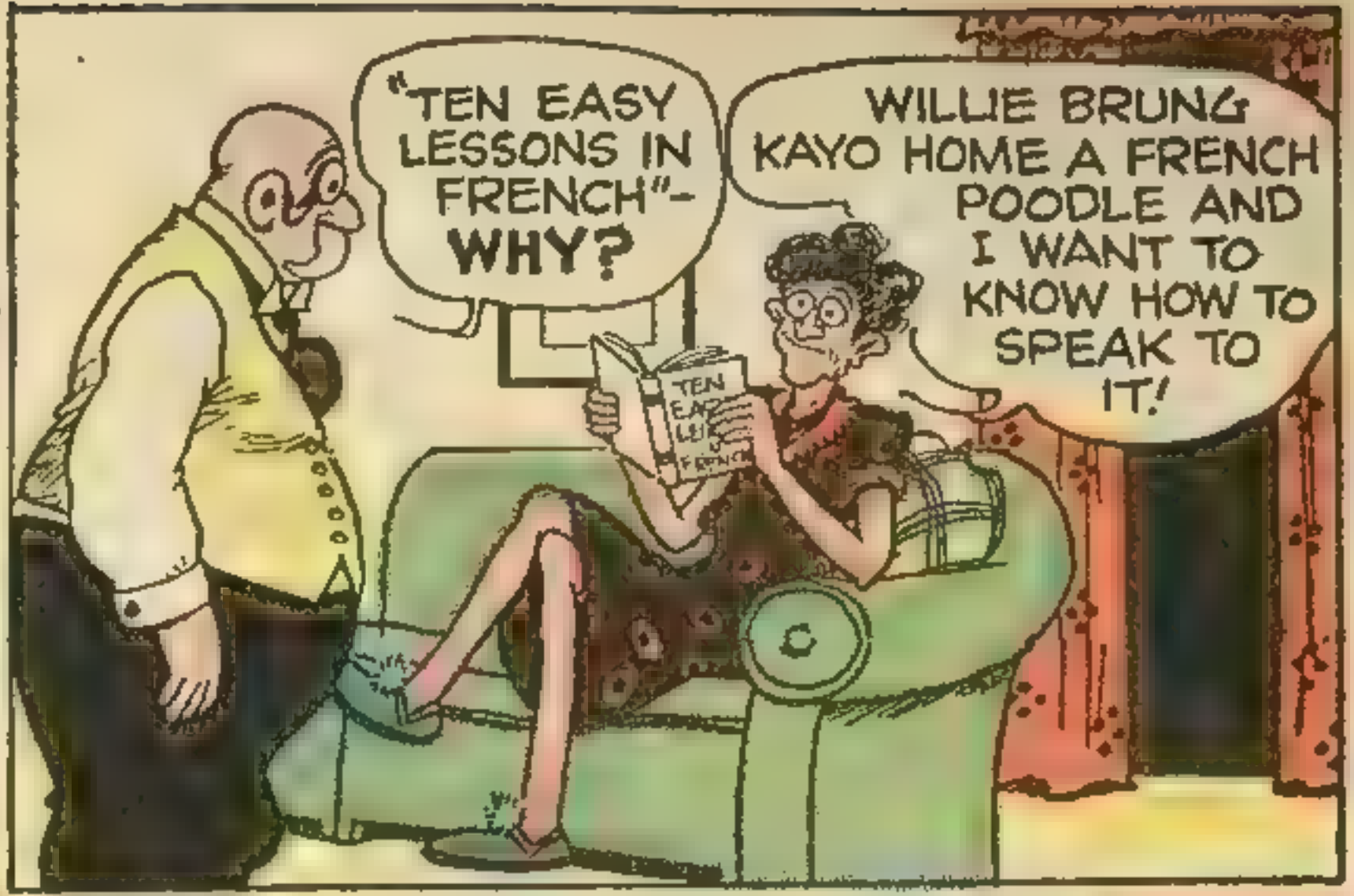




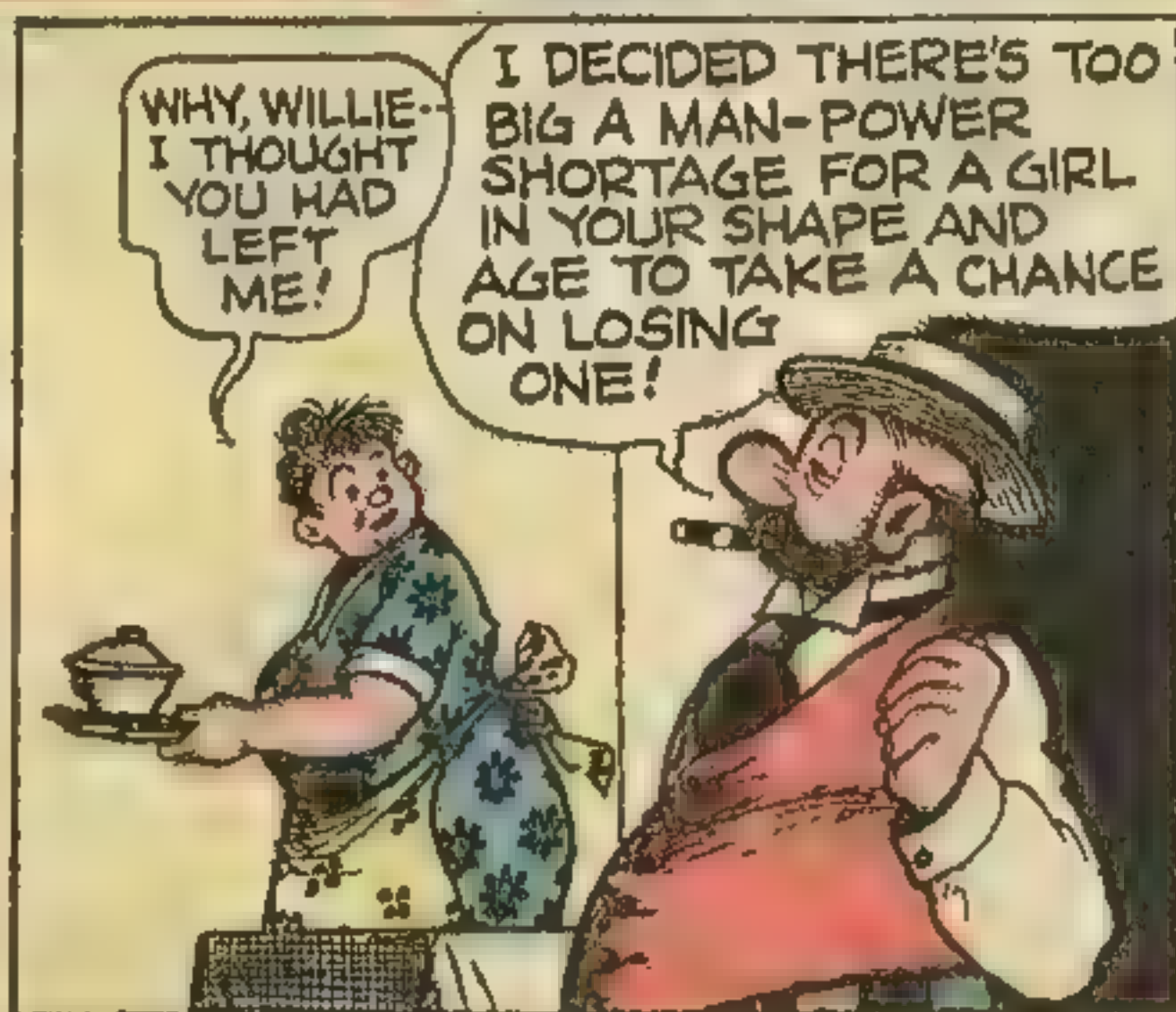
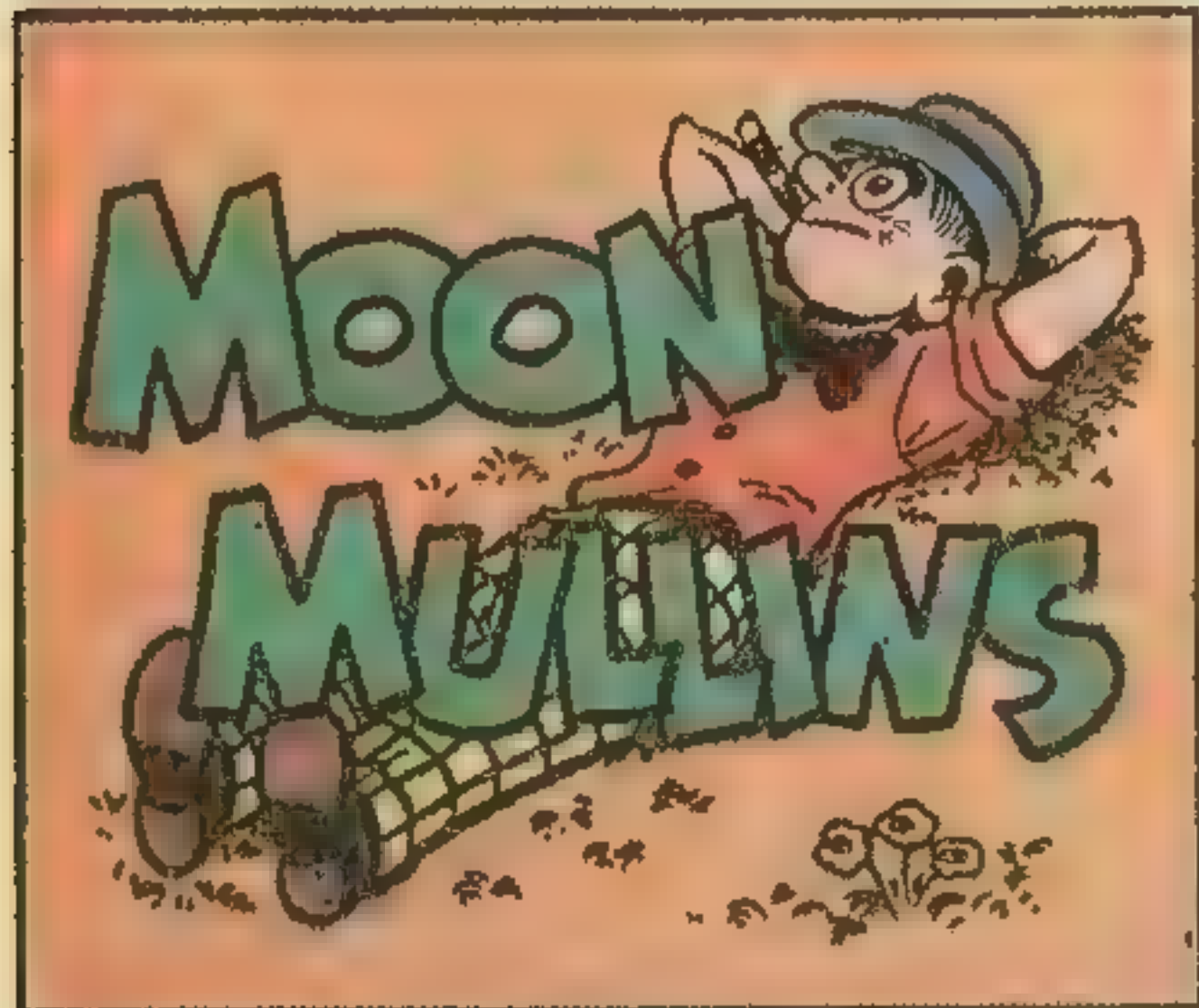
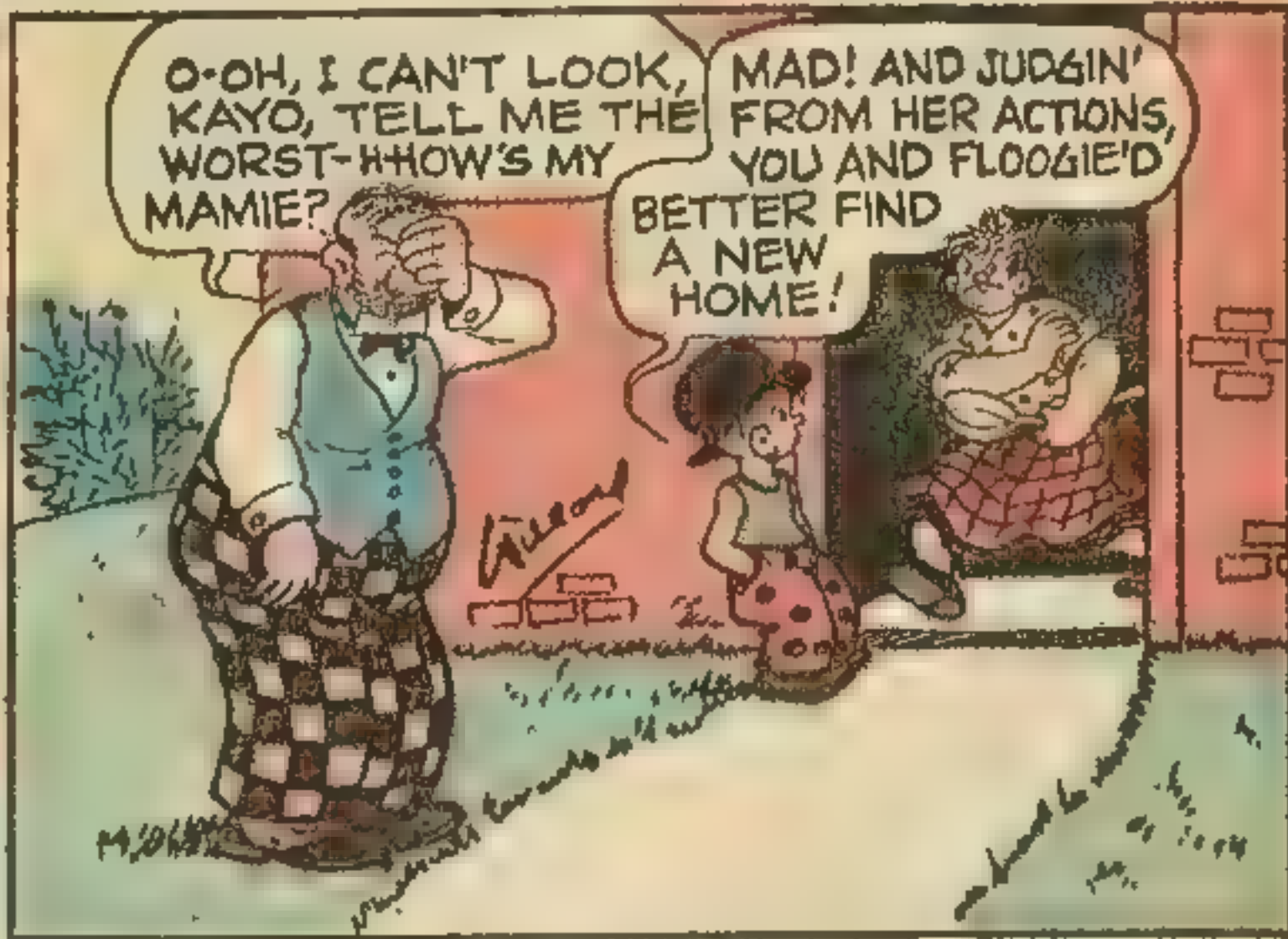
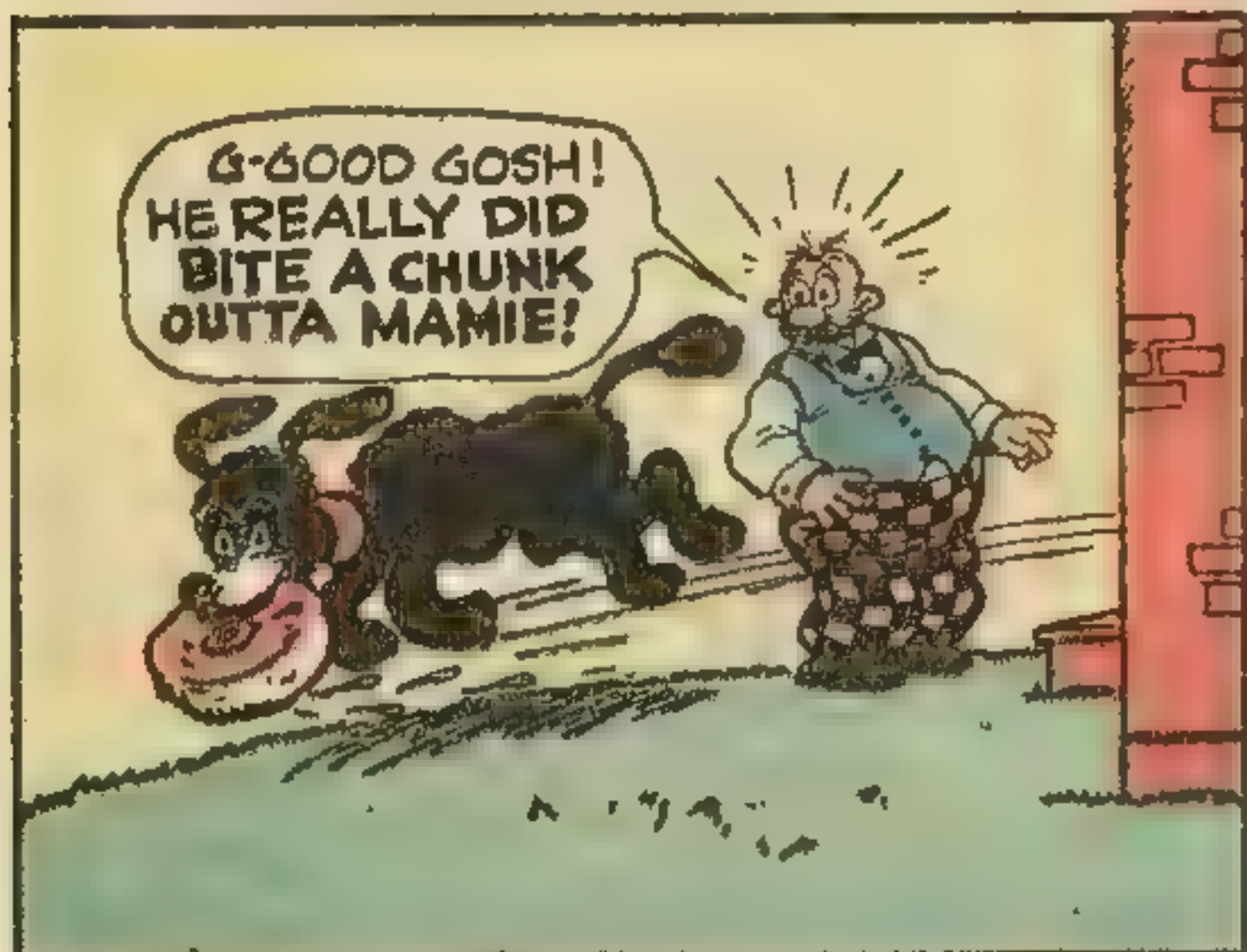
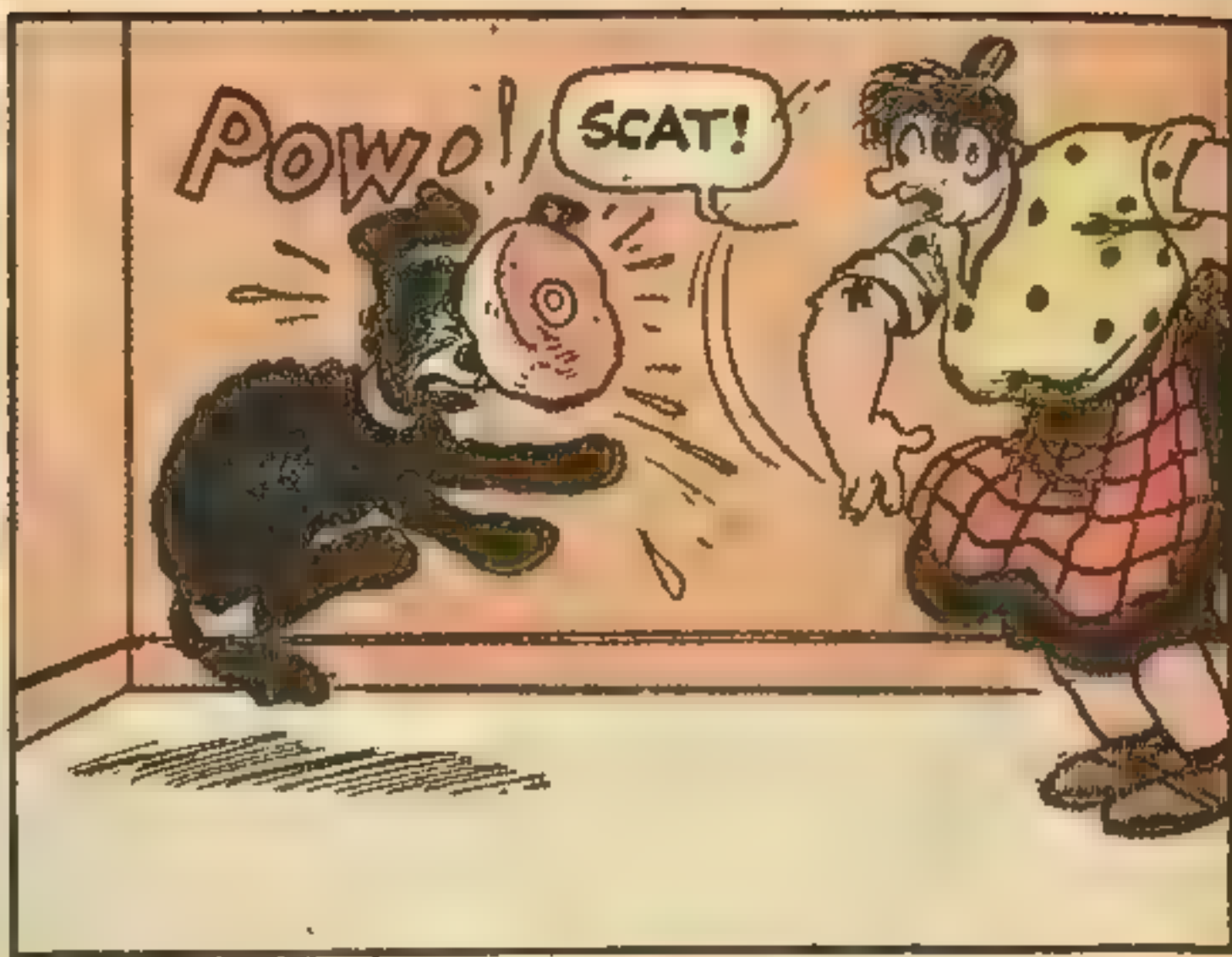
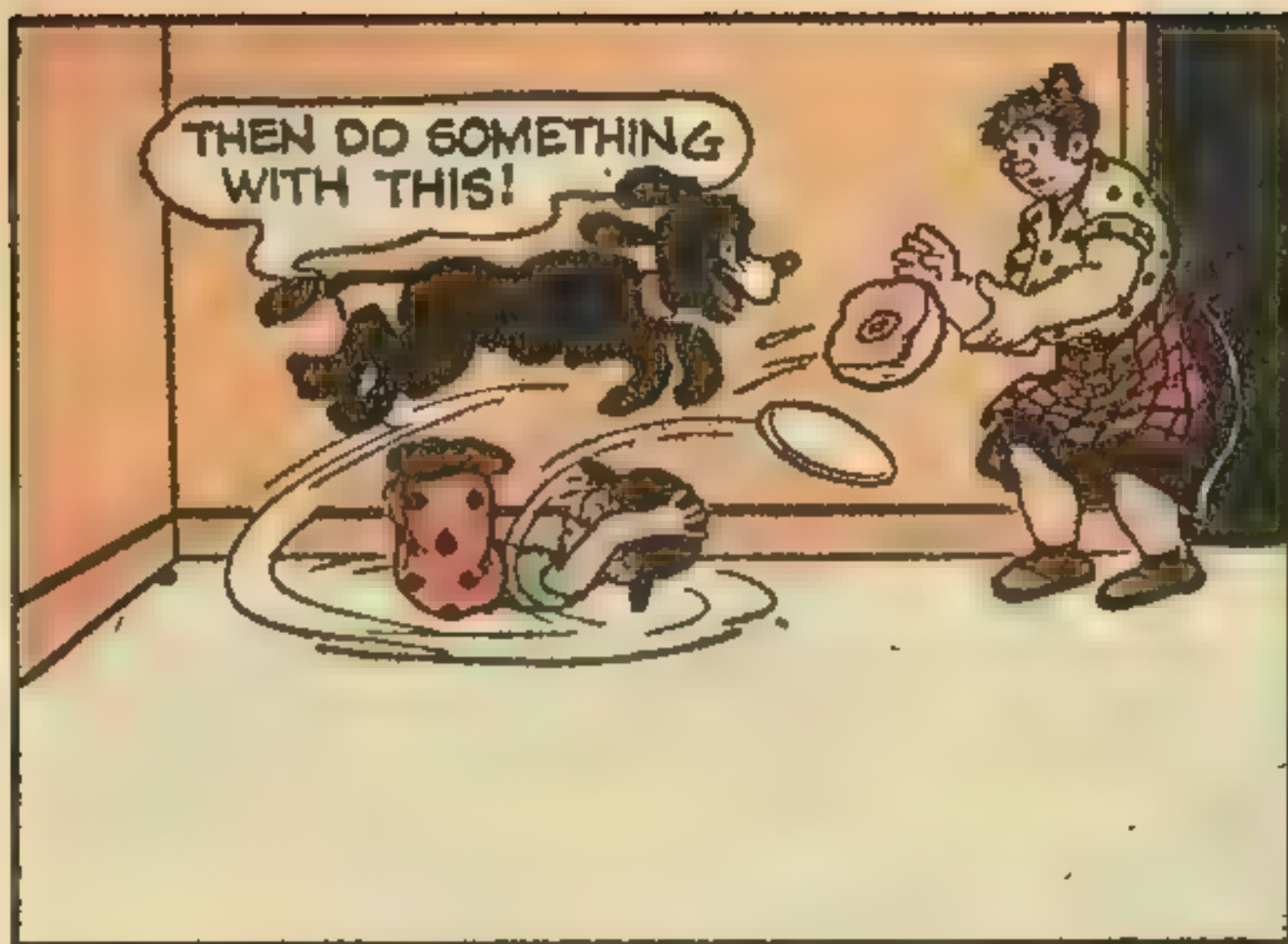




# MOON MULLINS



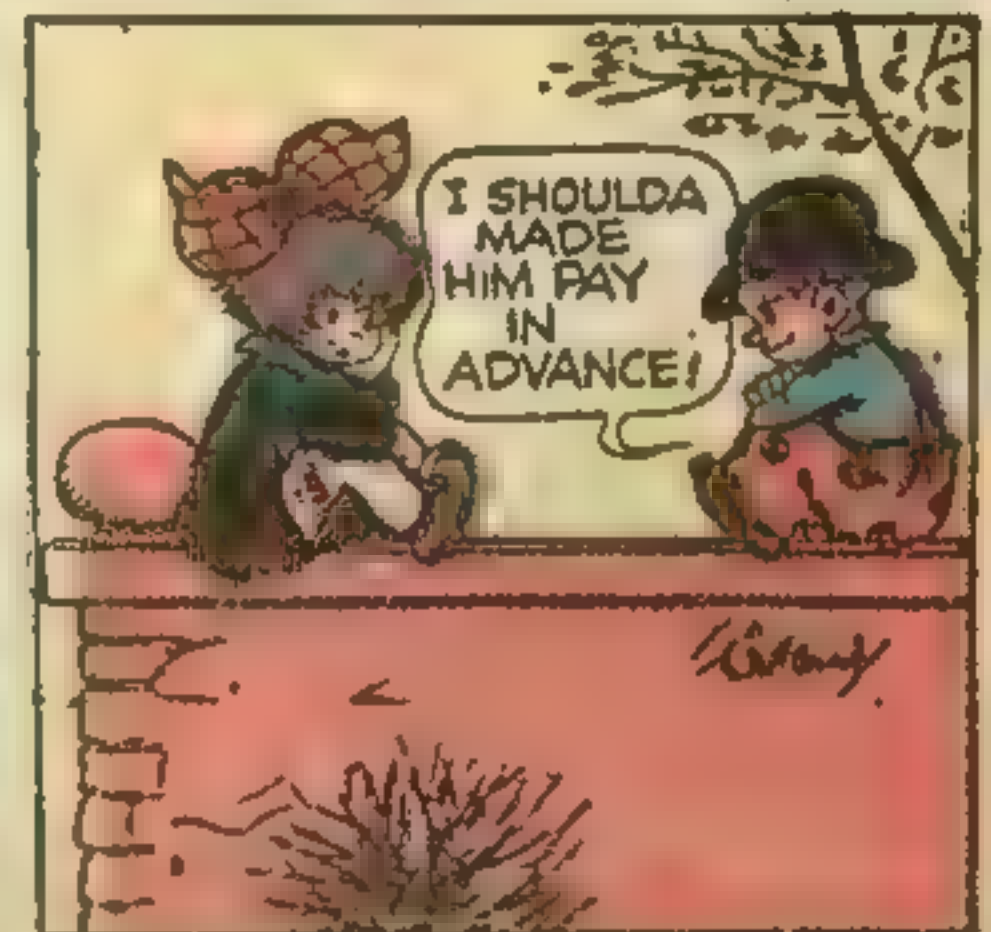
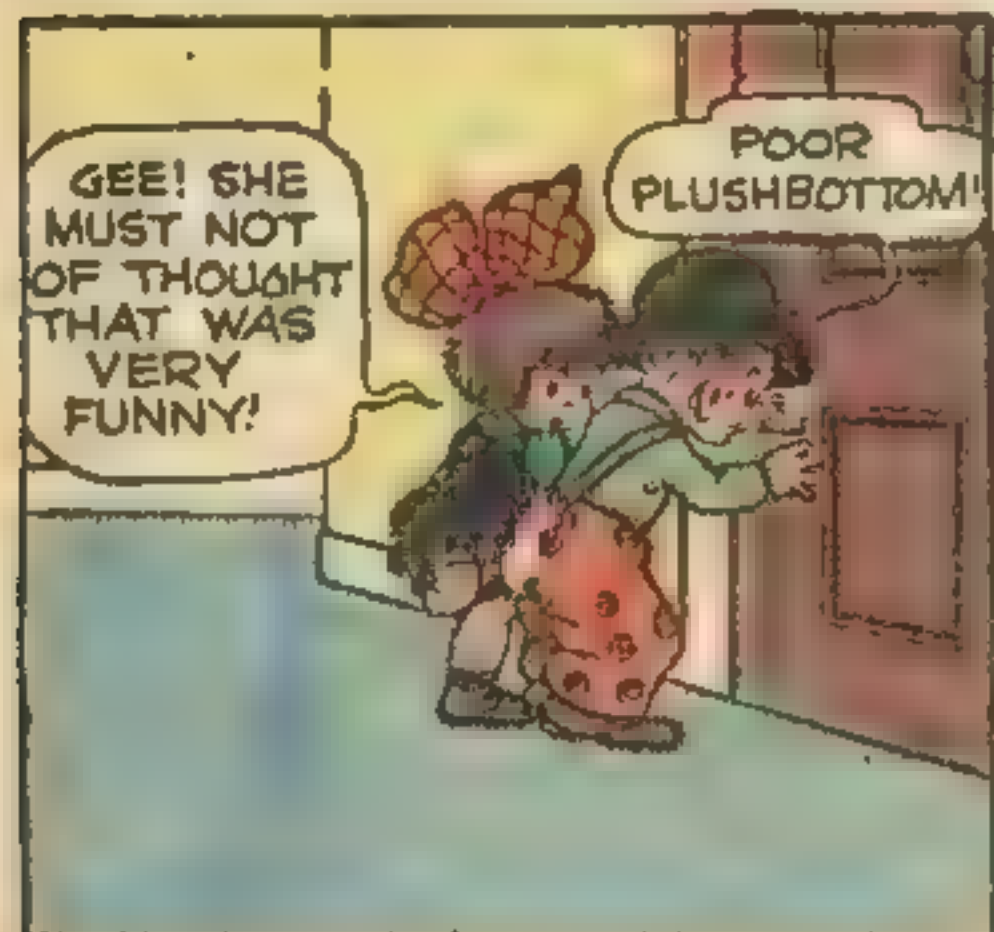
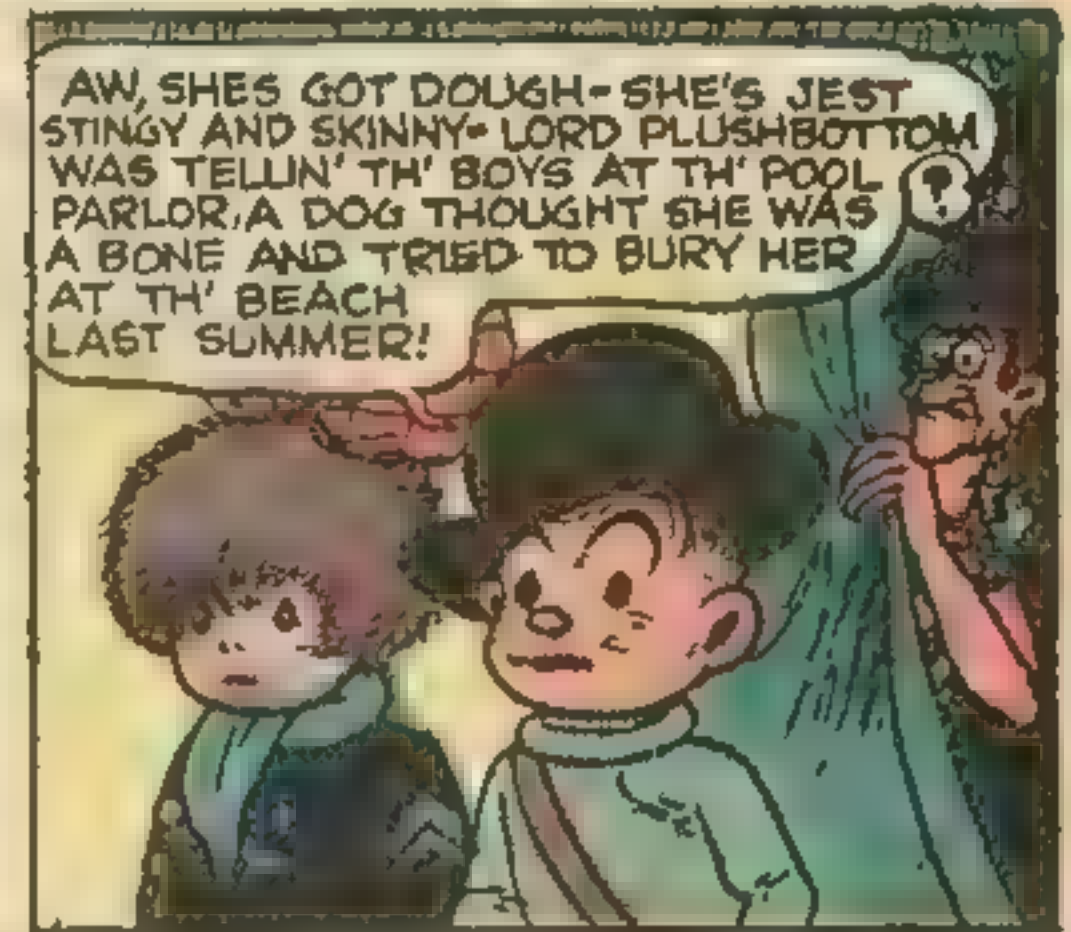
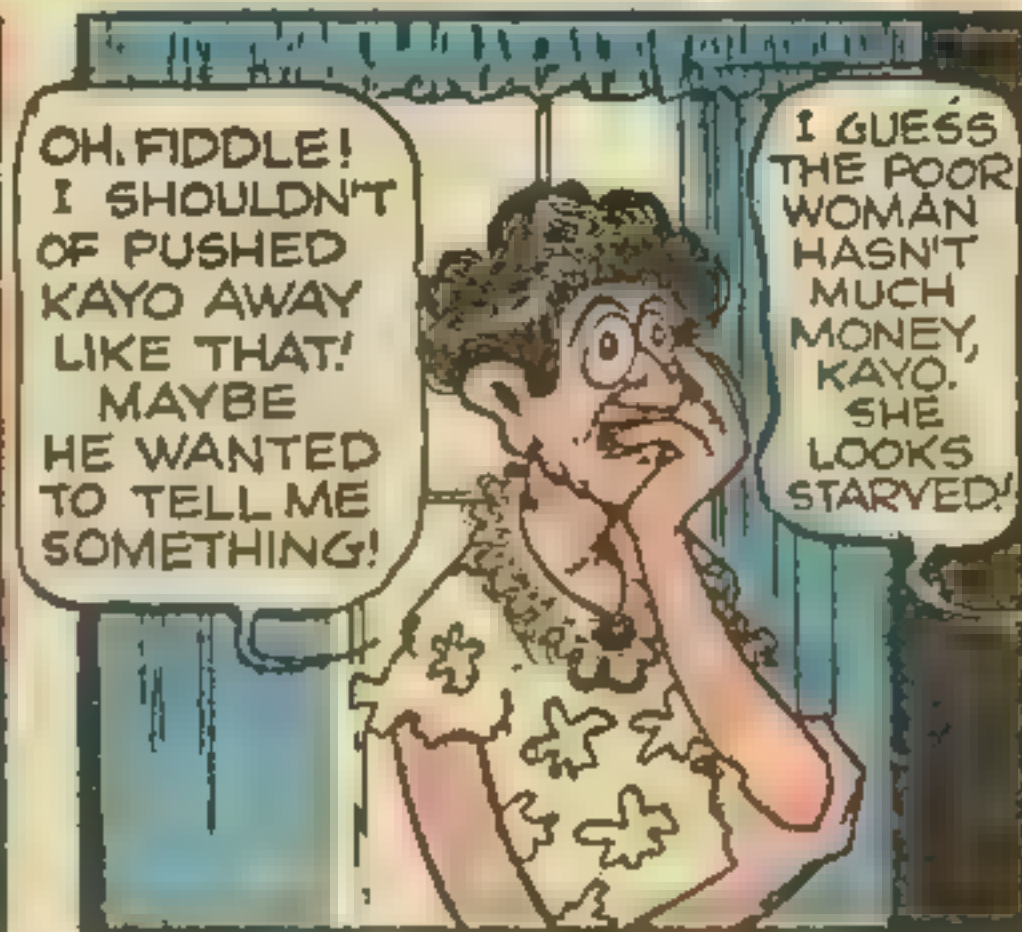
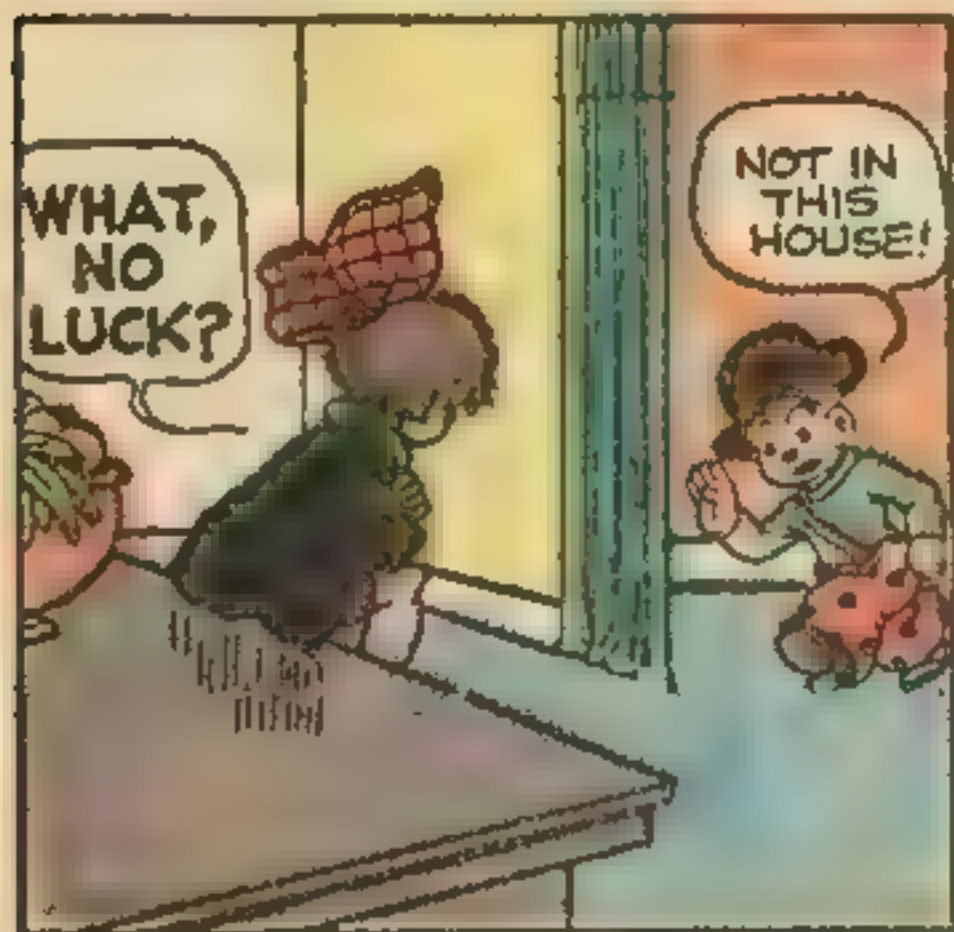
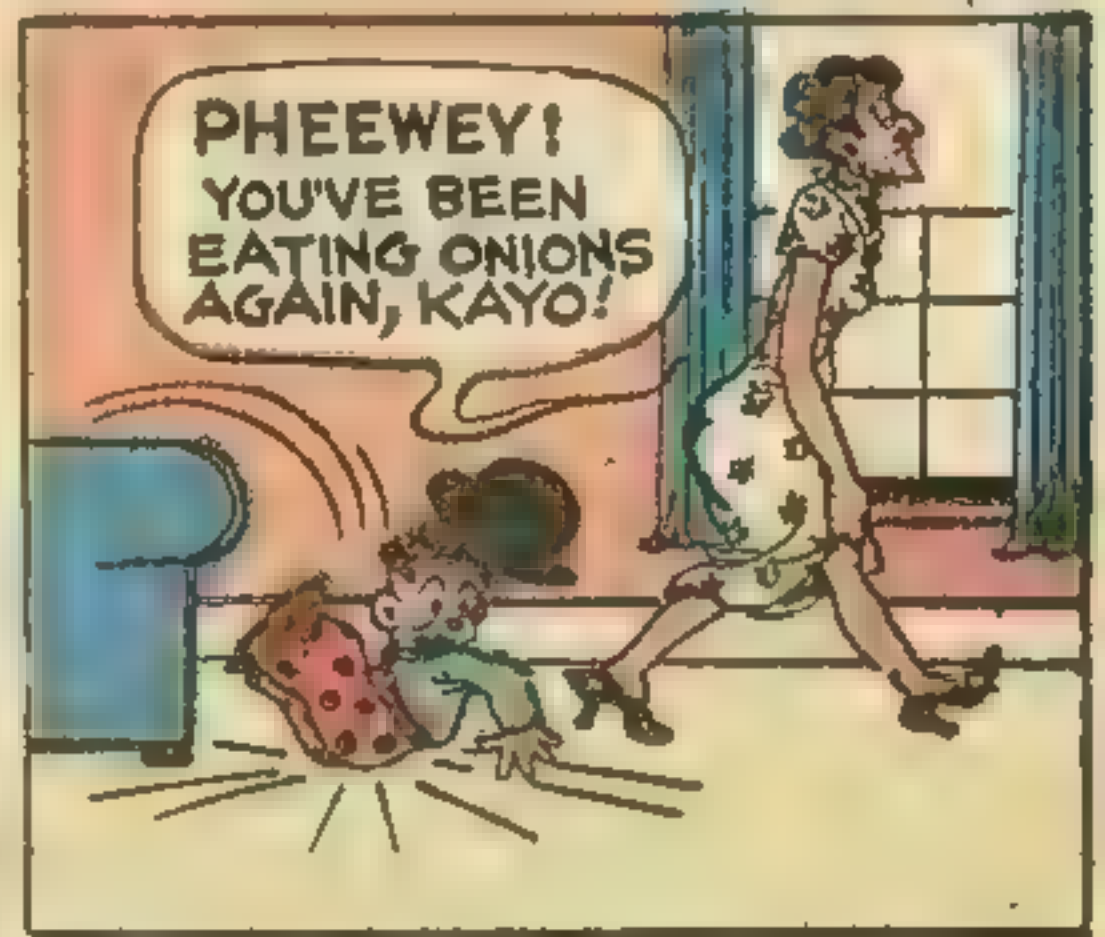
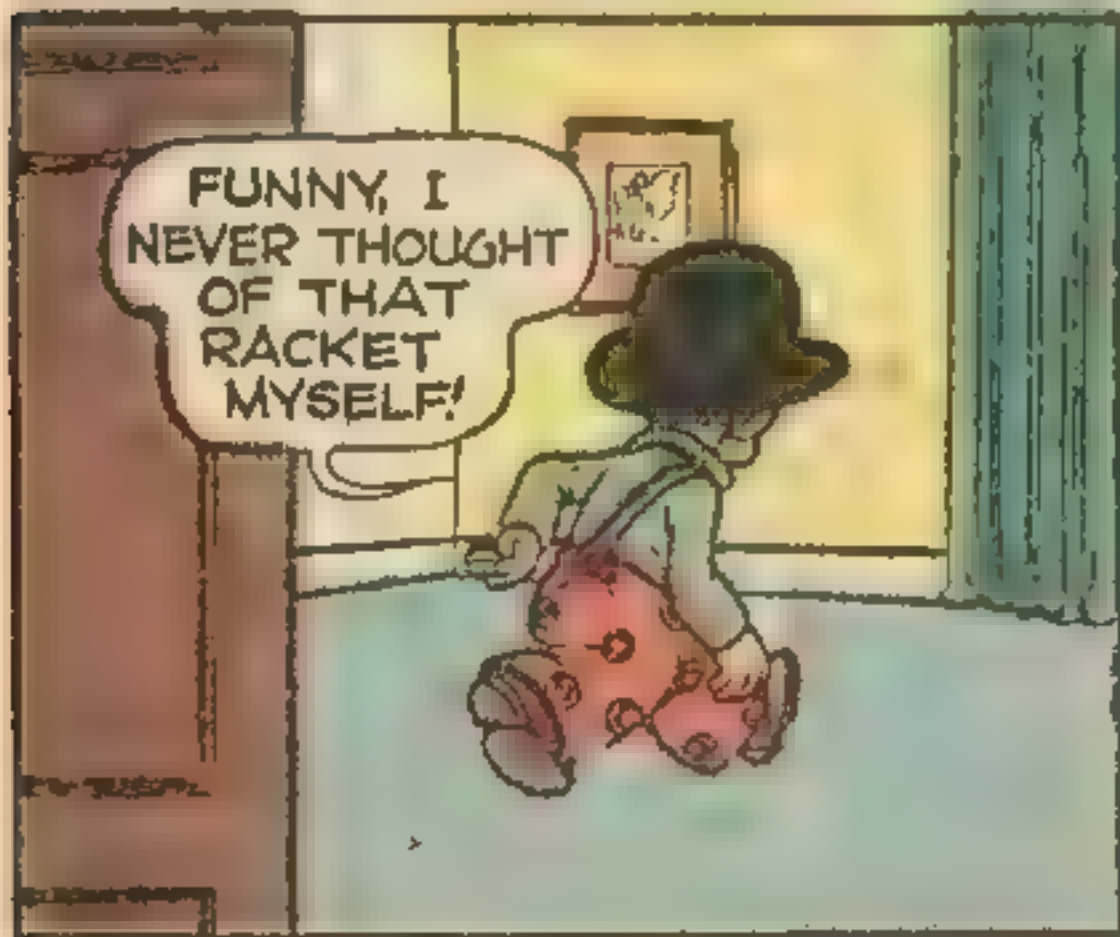
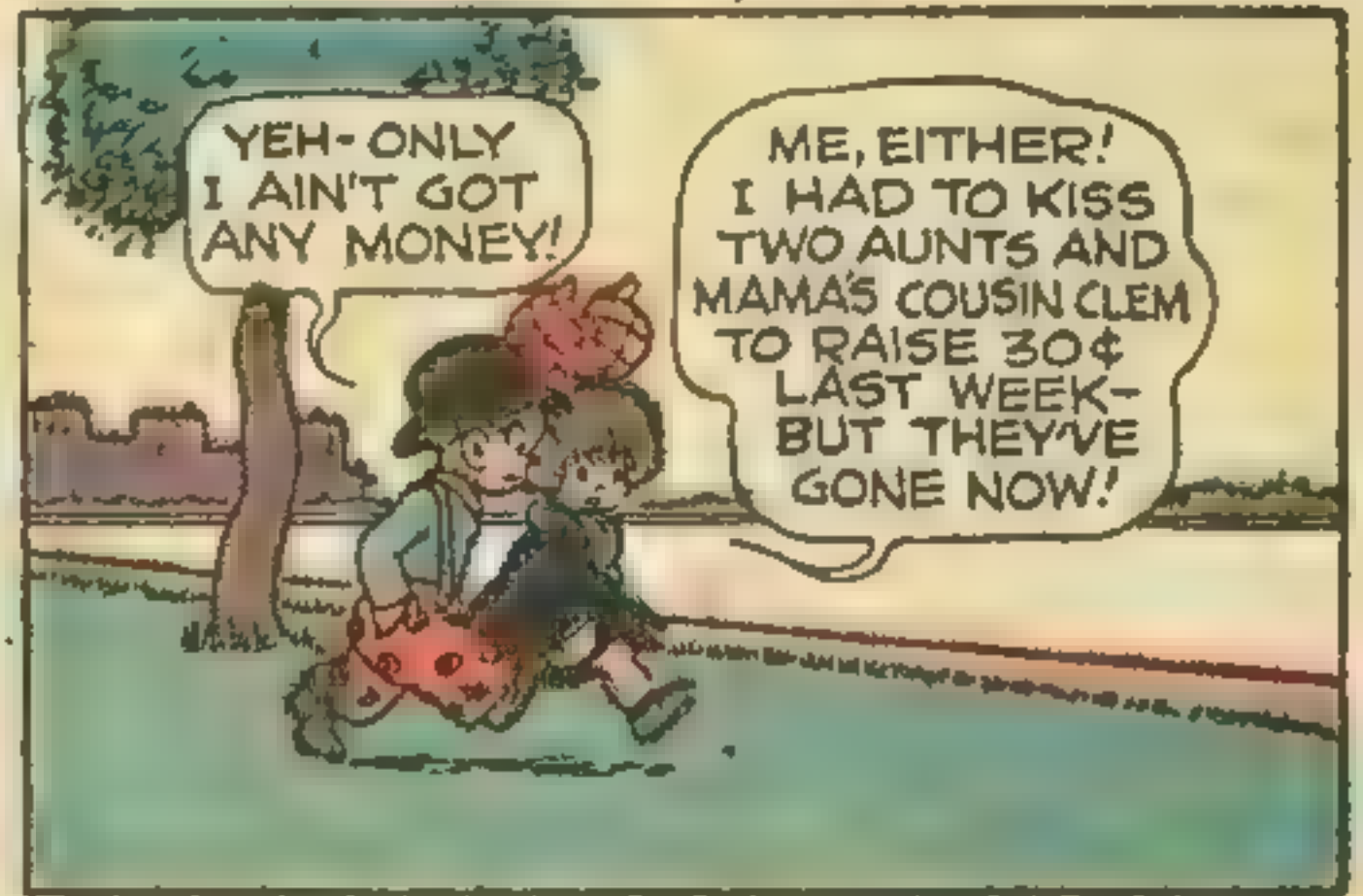
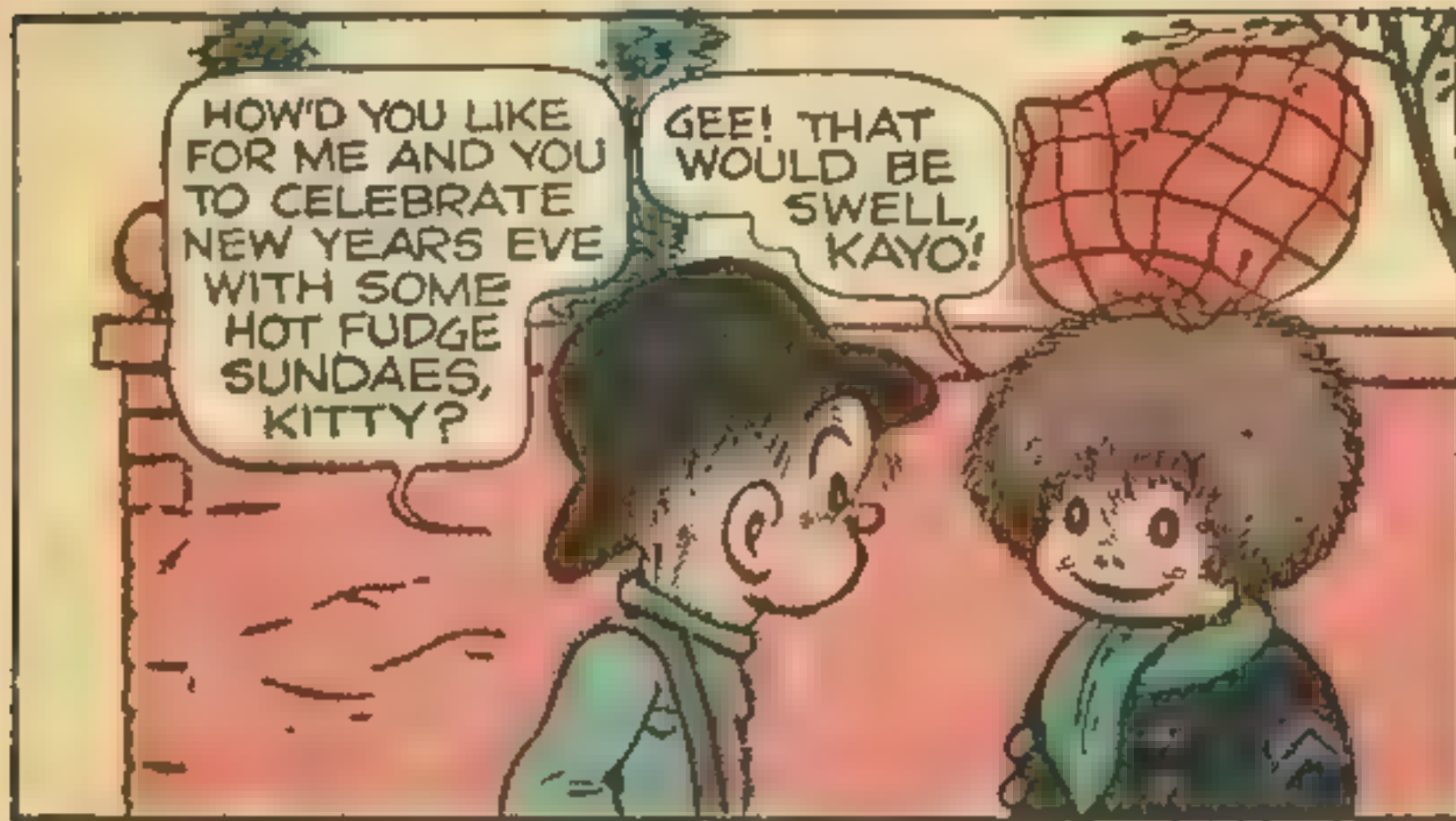
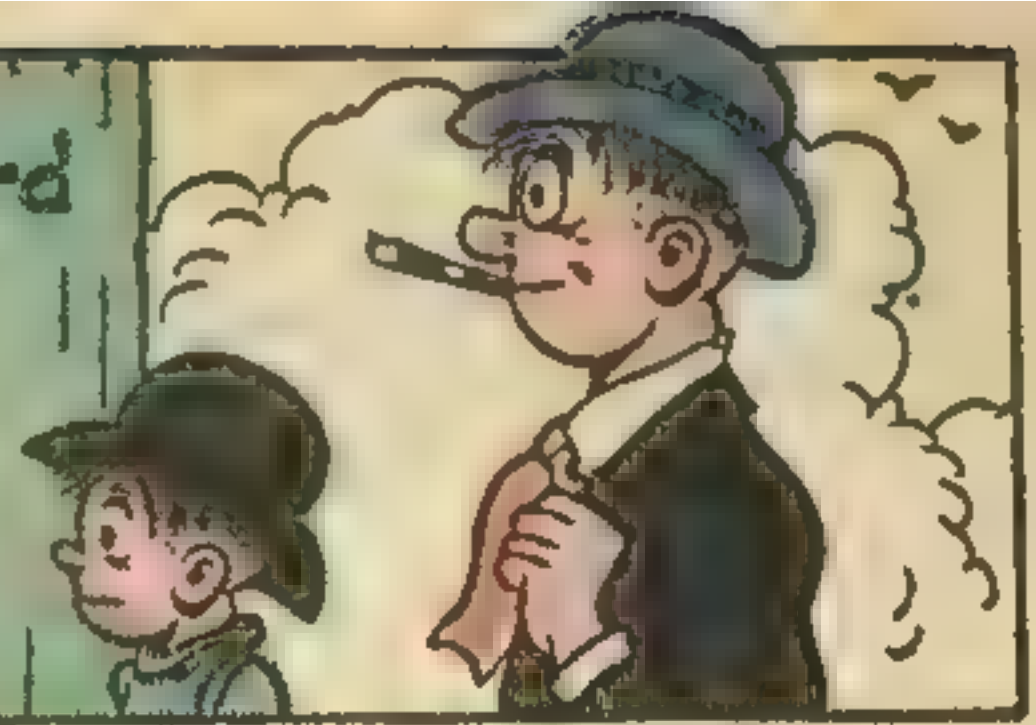






# MOON MULLINS

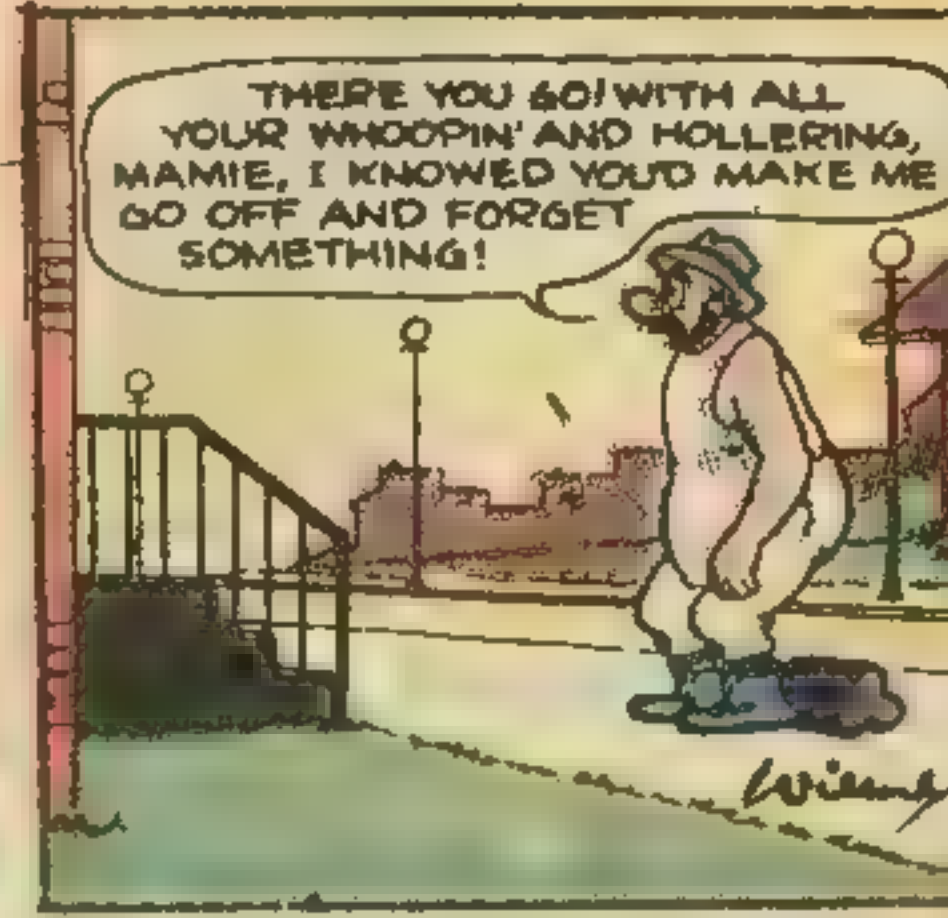
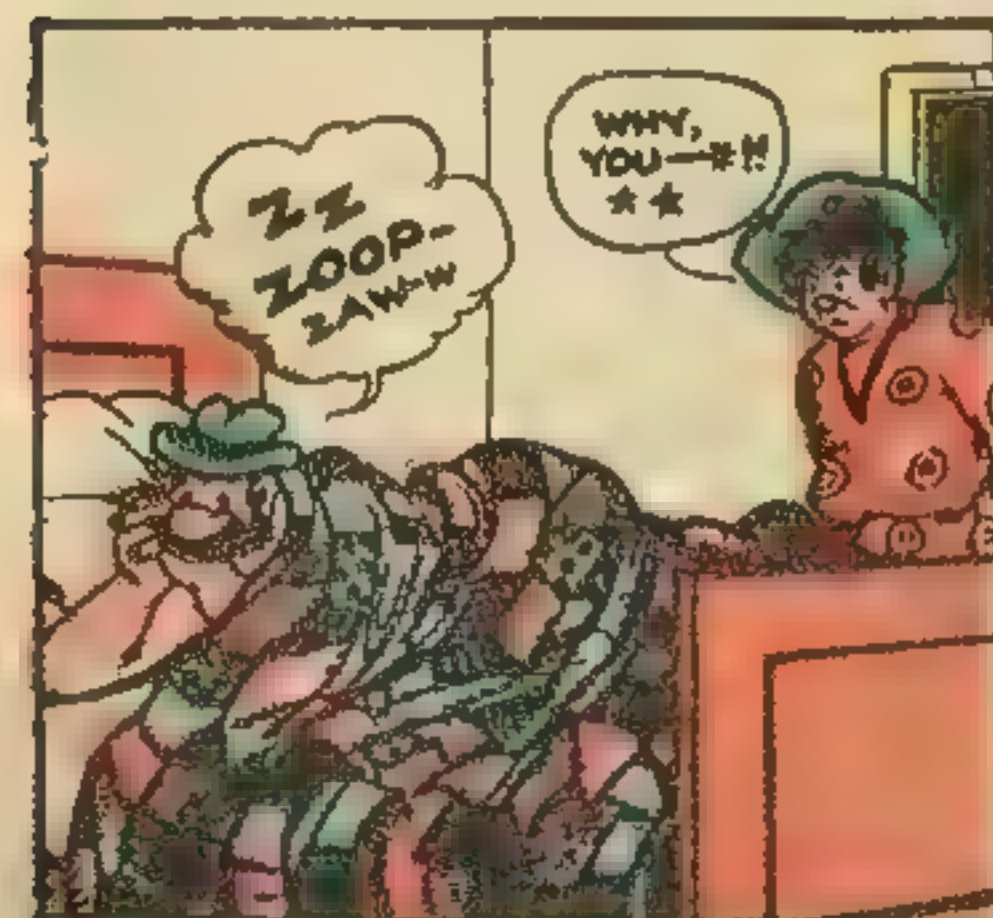
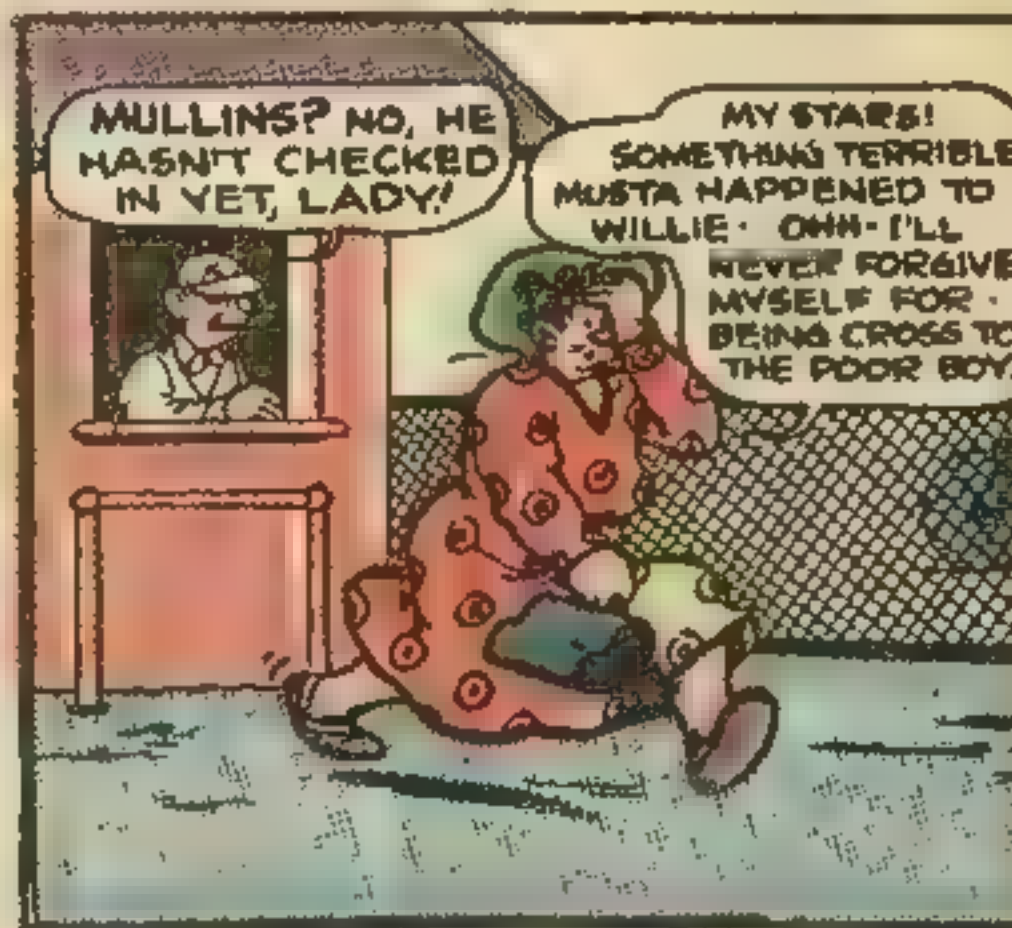
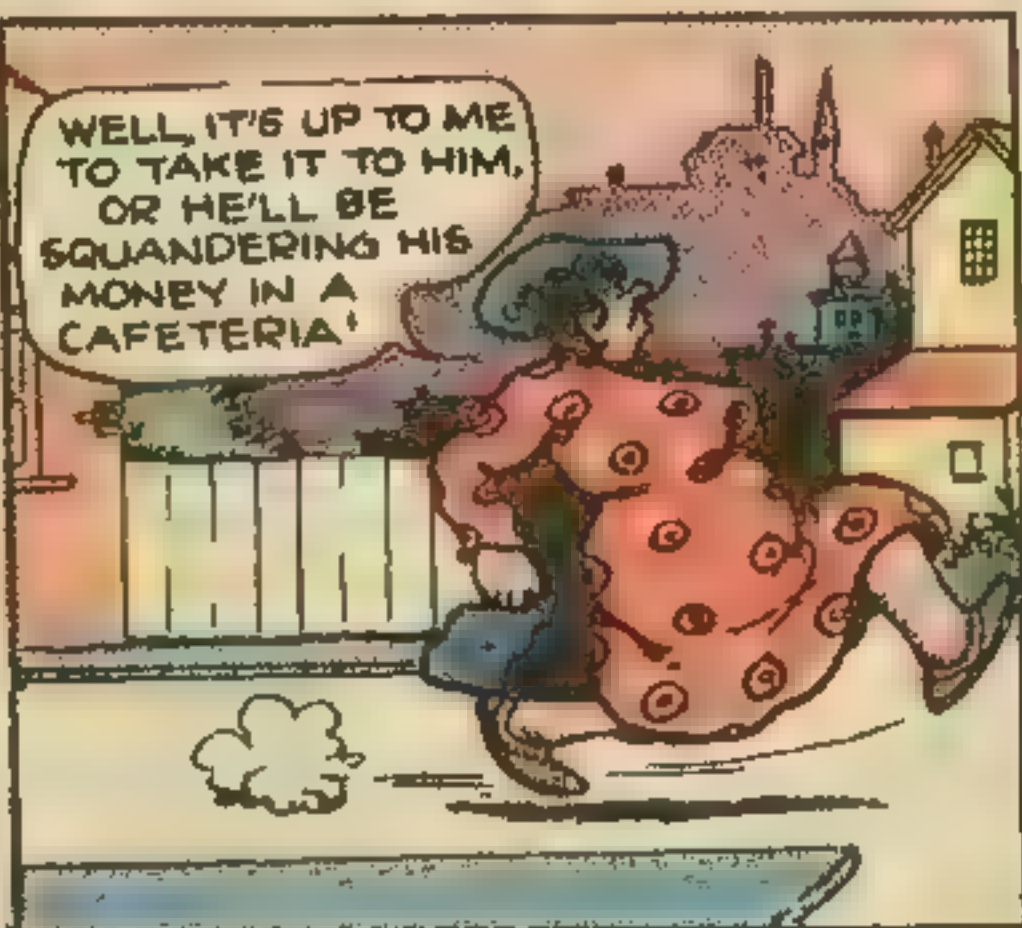
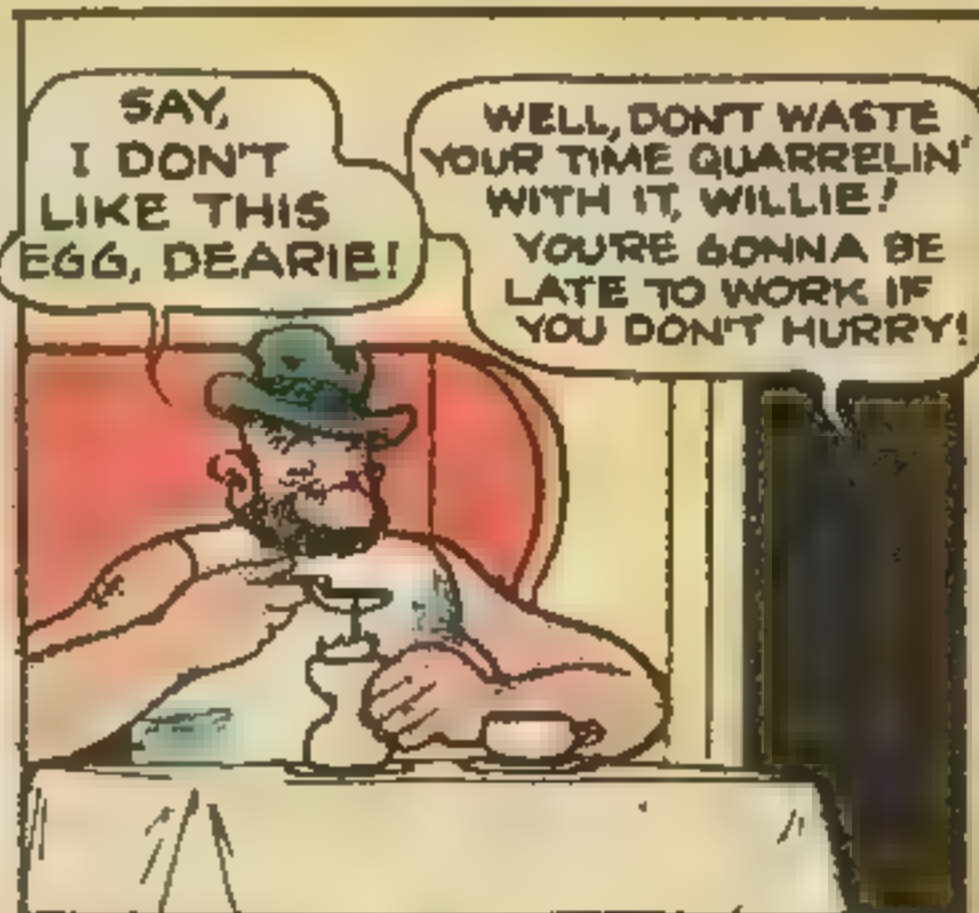
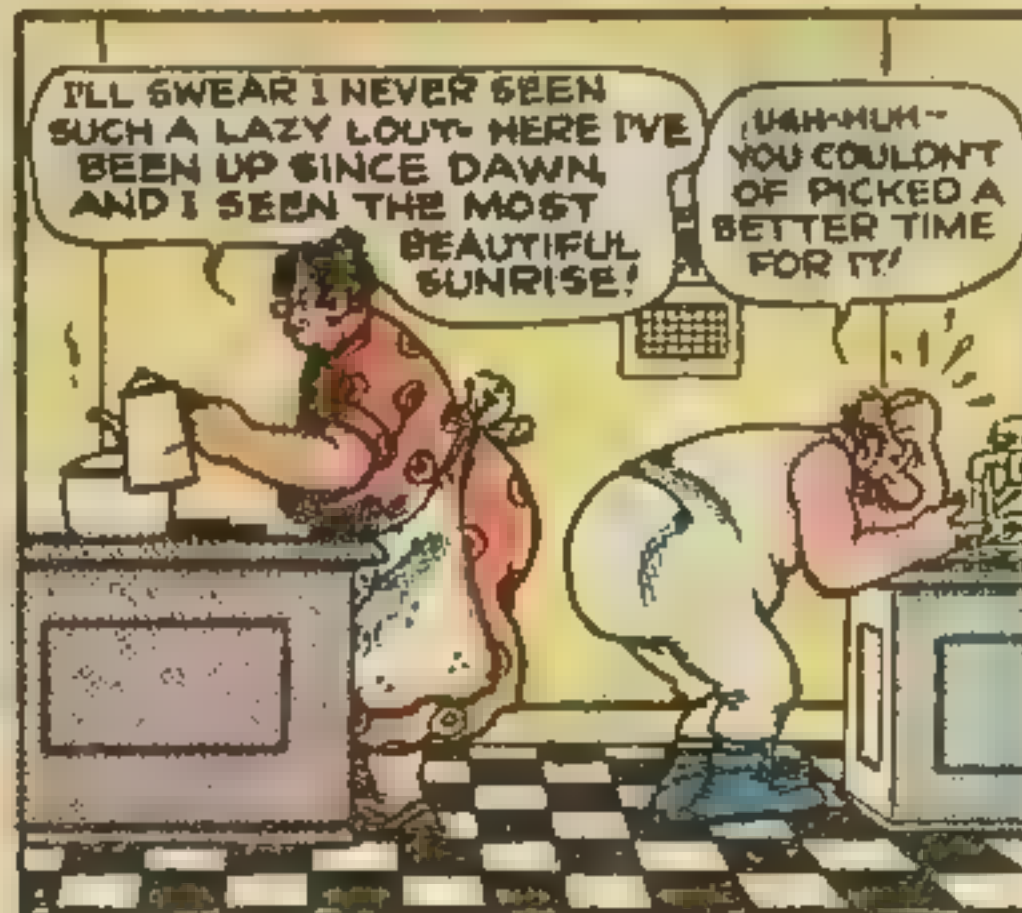
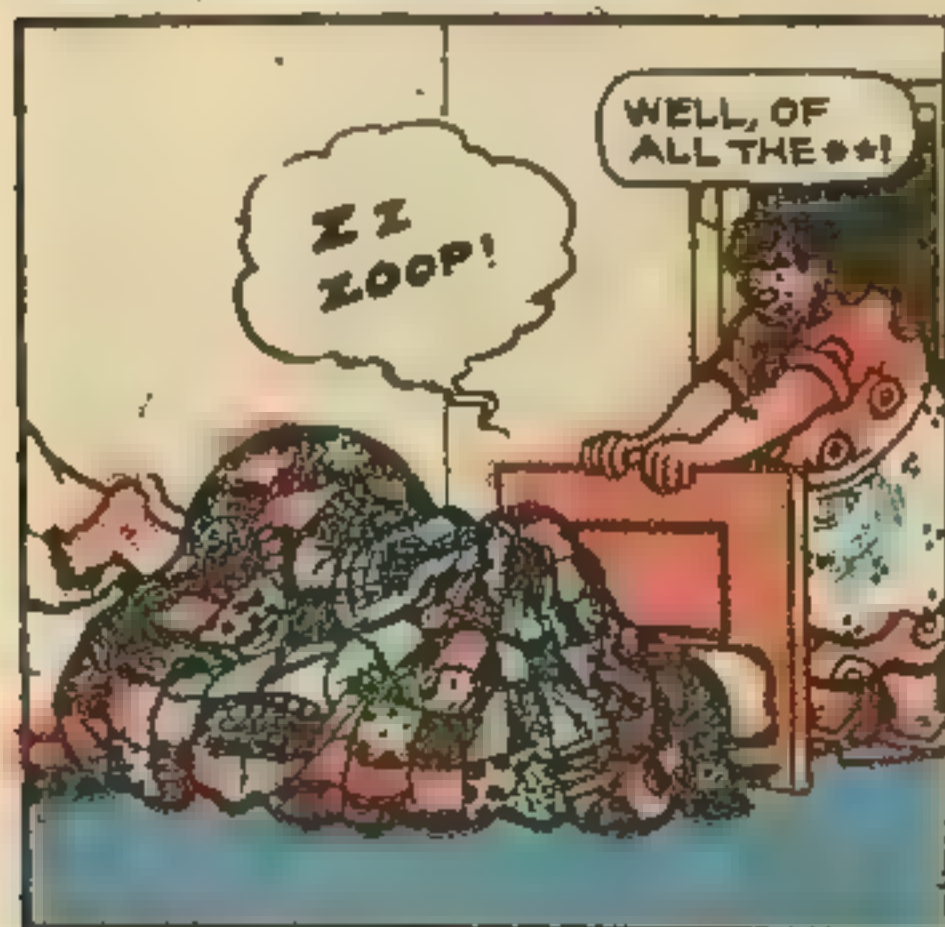
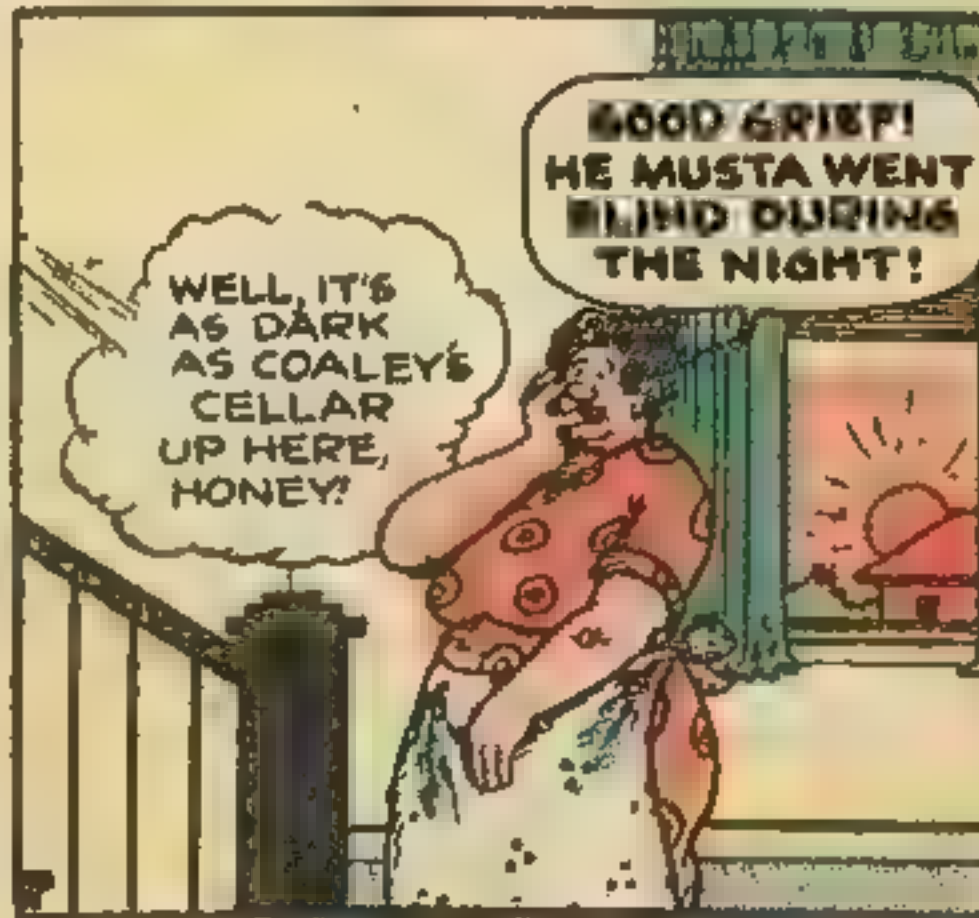
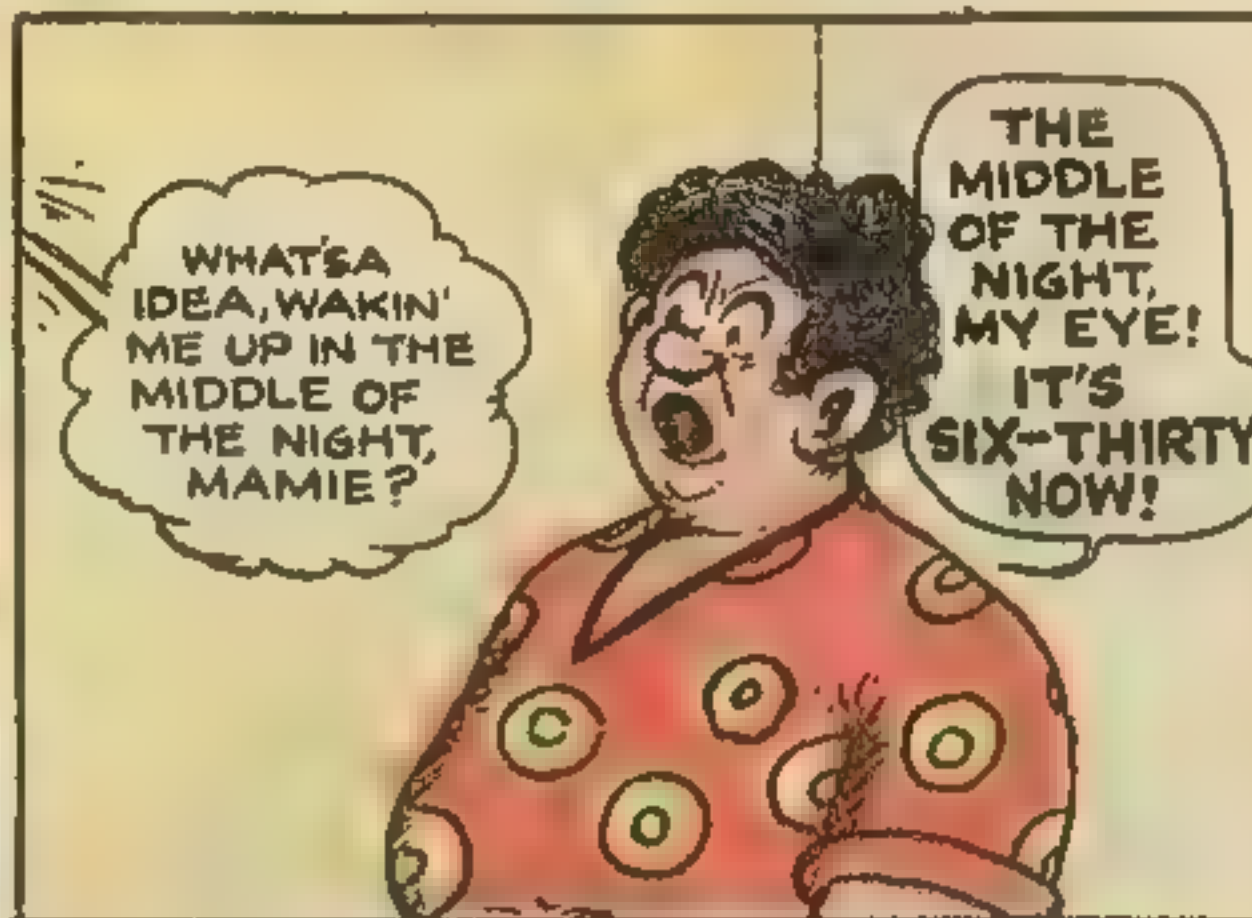
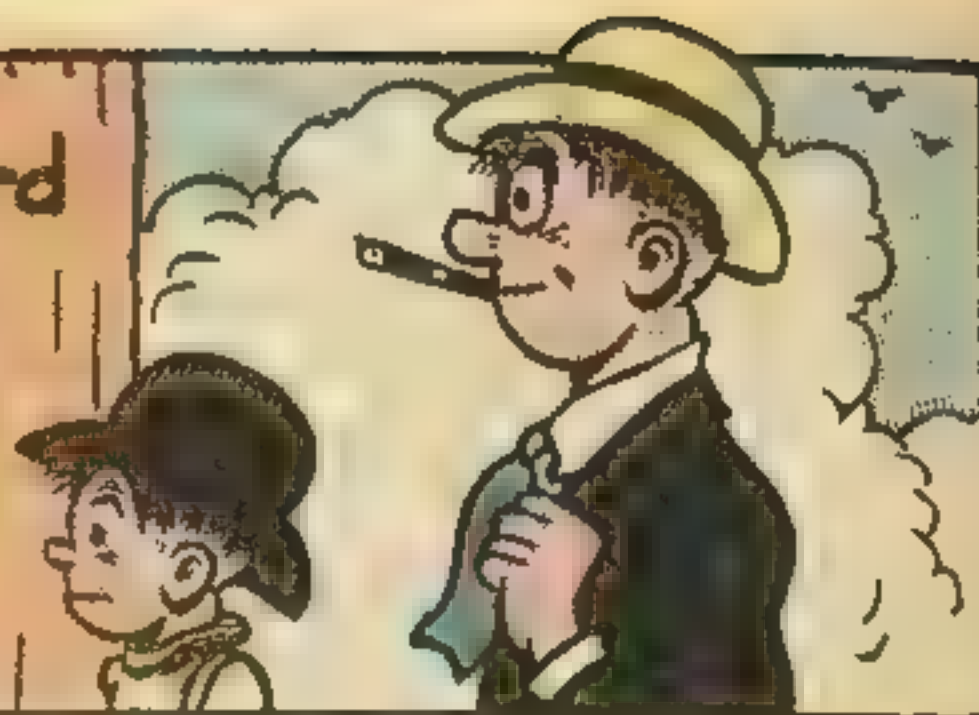
by Frank Willard



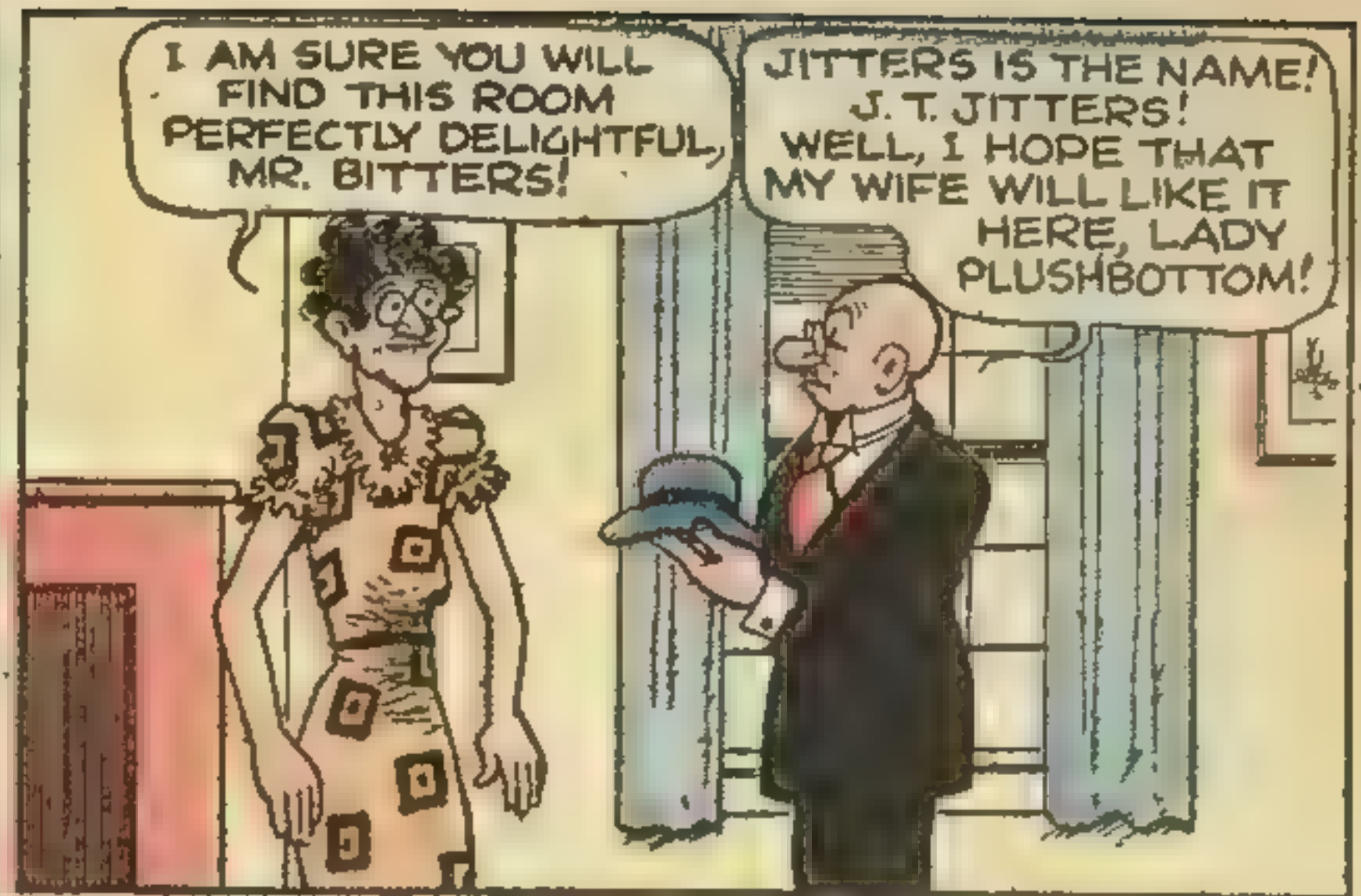
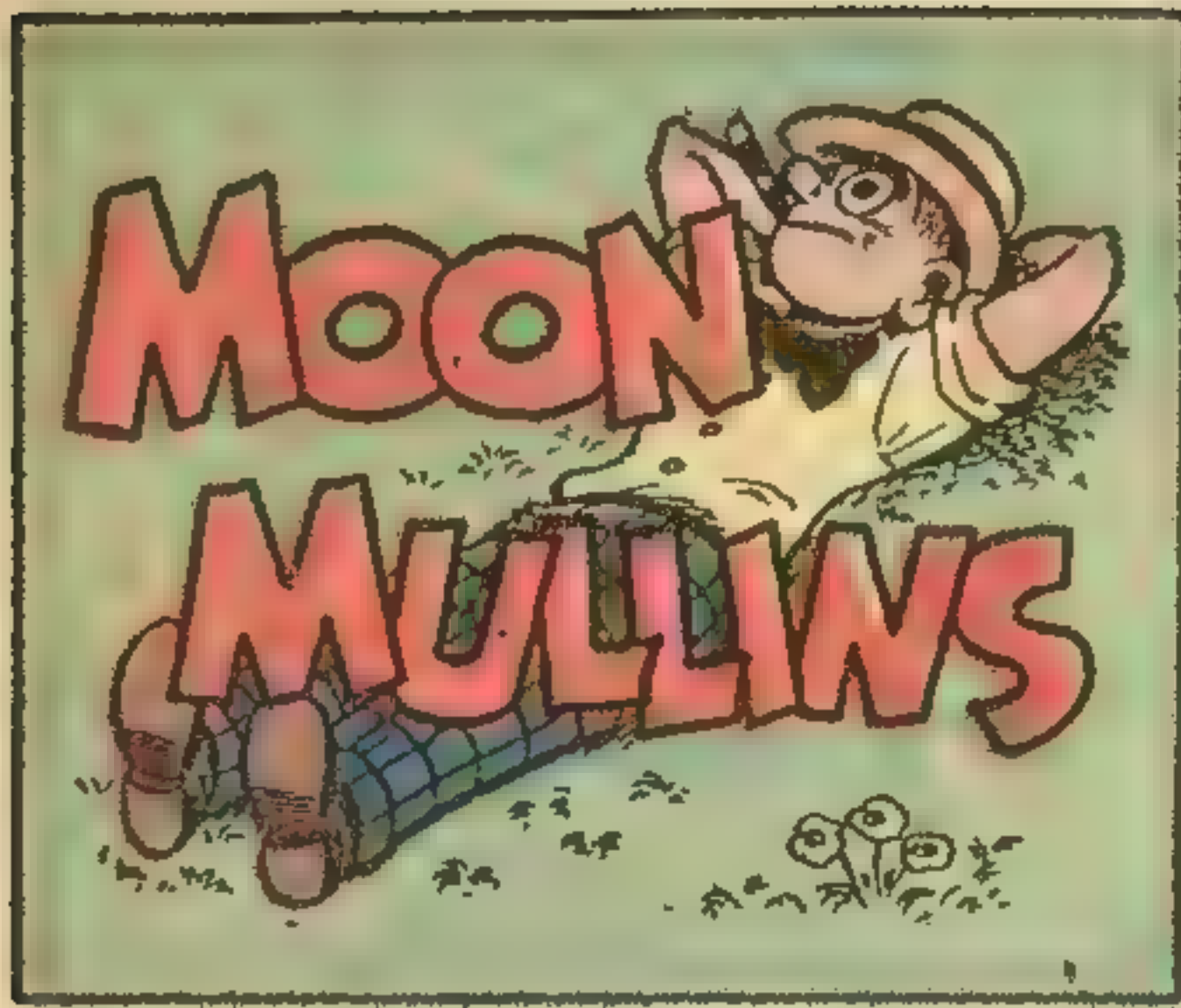


# MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard

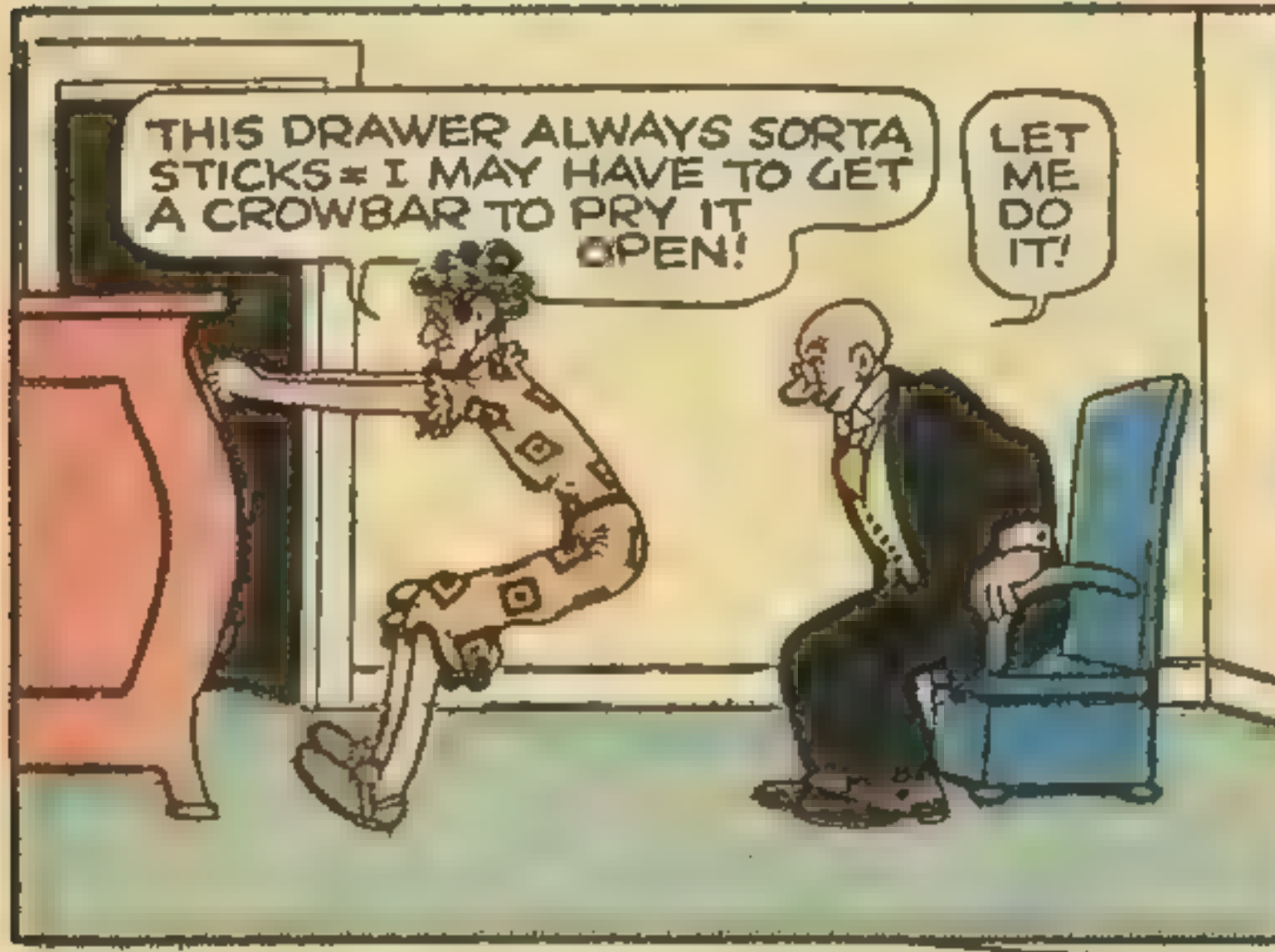






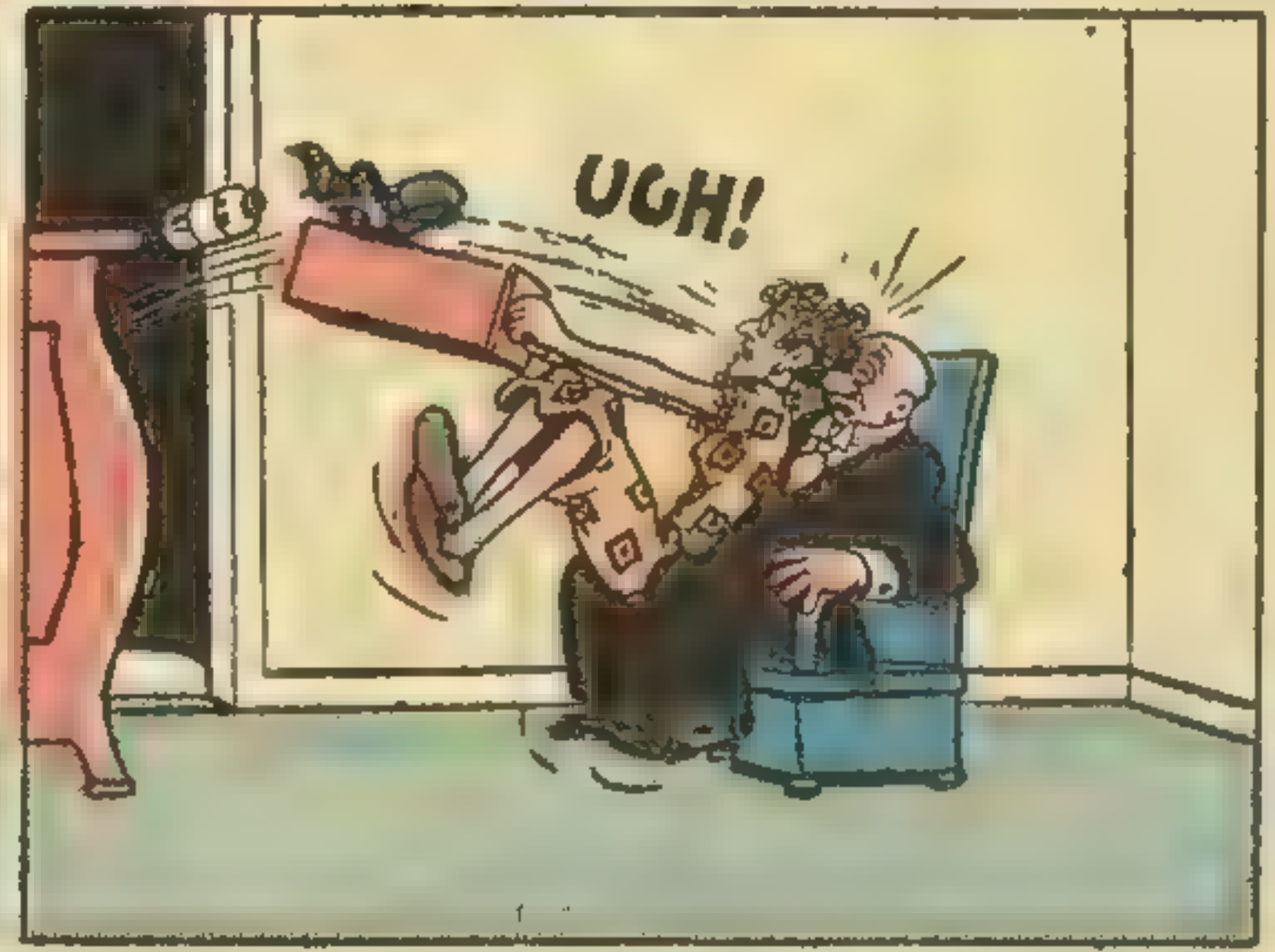
I AM SURE YOU WILL FIND THIS ROOM PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL, MR. BITTERS!

JITTERS IS THE NAME! J. T. JITTERS! WELL, I HOPE THAT MY WIFE WILL LIKE IT HERE, LADY PLUSHBOTTOM!

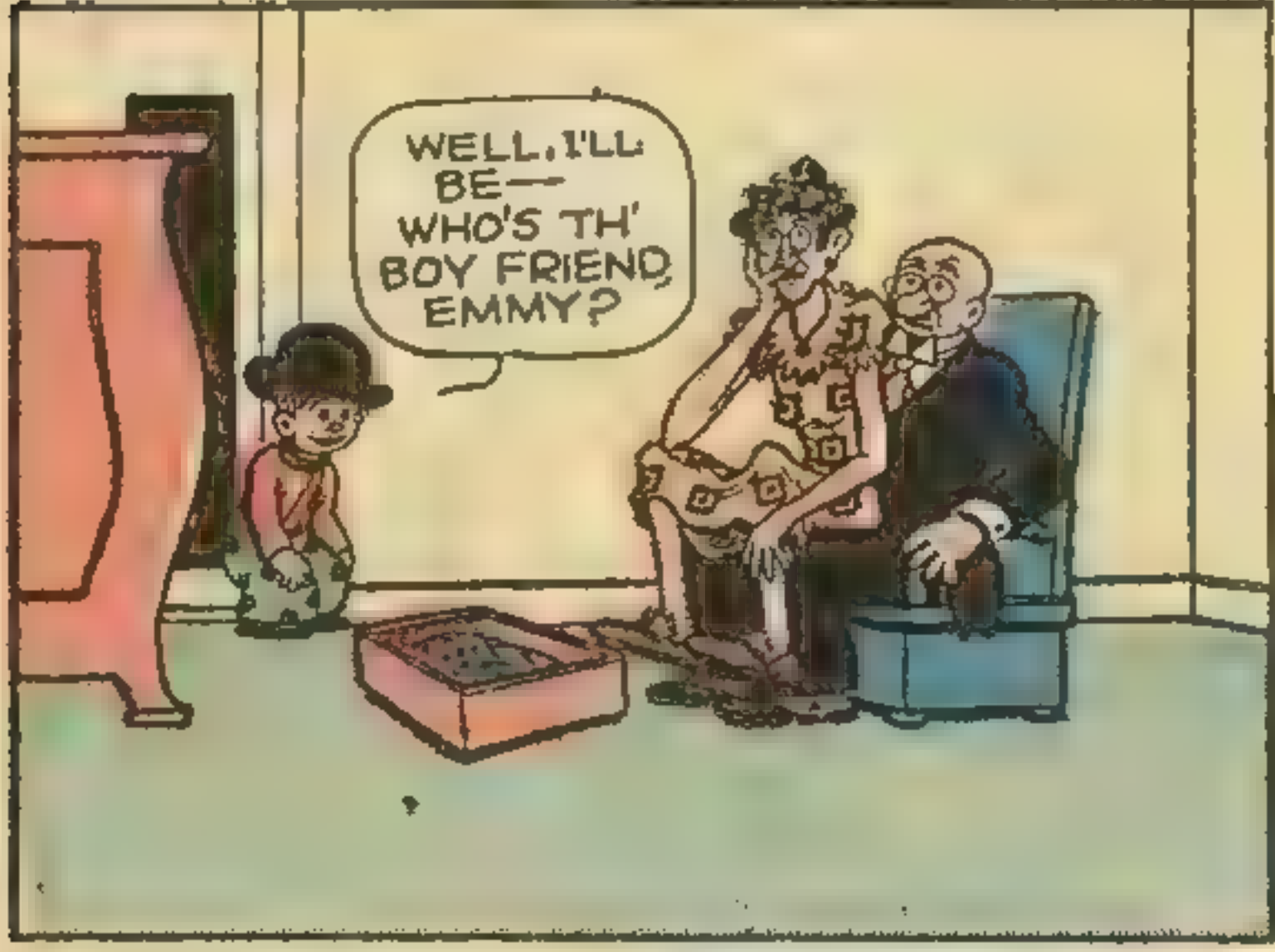


THIS DRAWER ALWAYS SORTA STICKS= I MAY HAVE TO GET A CROWBAR TO PRY IT OPEN!

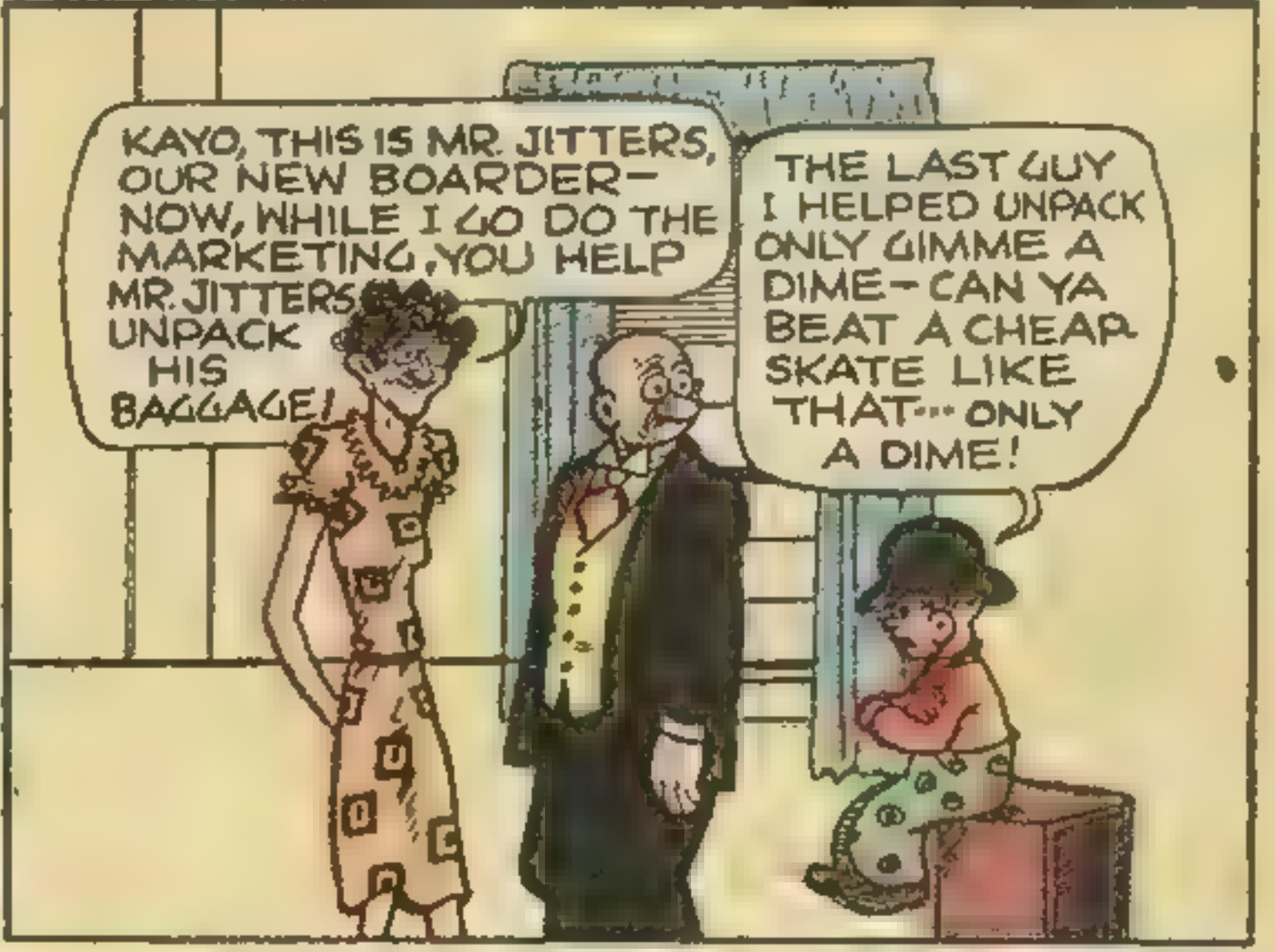
LET ME DO IT!



UGH!

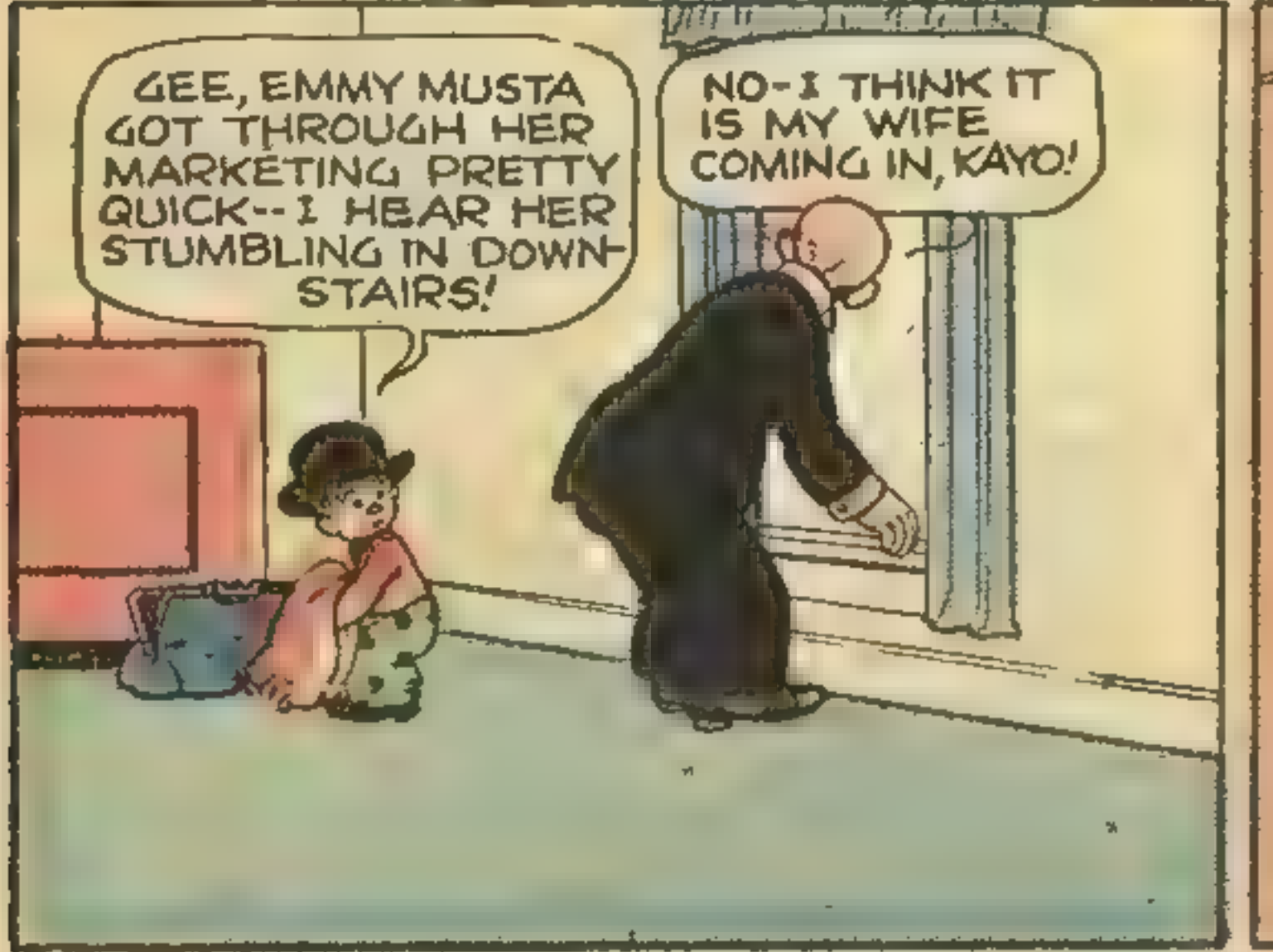


WELL, I'LL BE— WHO'S TH' BOY FRIEND, EMMY?



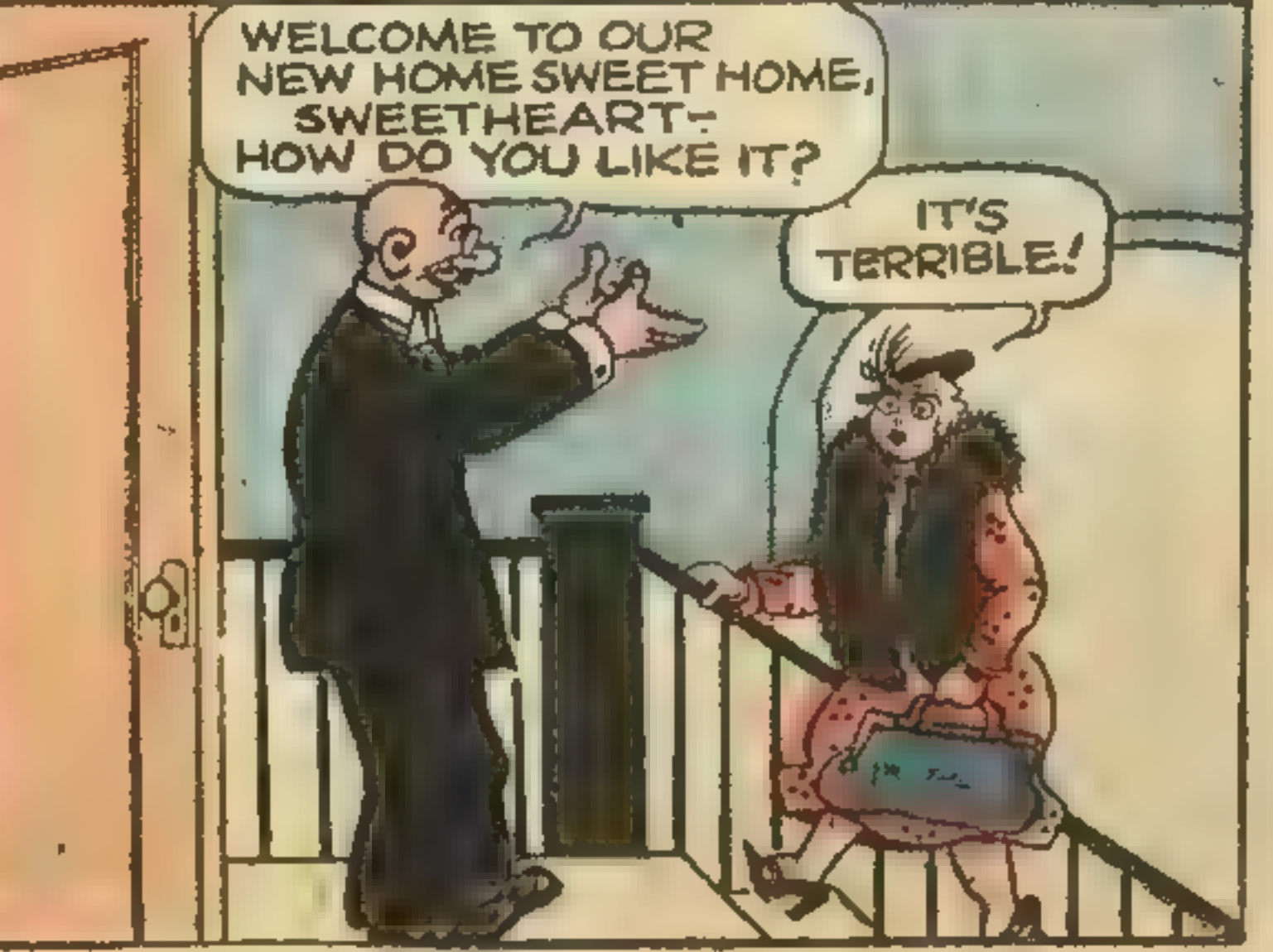
KAYO, THIS IS MR. JITTERS, OUR NEW BOARDER— NOW, WHILE I GO DO THE MARKETING, YOU HELP MR. JITTERS UNPACK HIS BAGGAGE!

THE LAST GUY I HELPED UNPACK ONLY GIMME A DIME— CAN YA BEAT A CHEAP SKATE LIKE THAT... ONLY A DIME!



GEE, EMMY MUSTA GOT THROUGH HER MARKETING PRETTY QUICK-- I HEAR HER STUMBLING IN DOWN STAIRS!

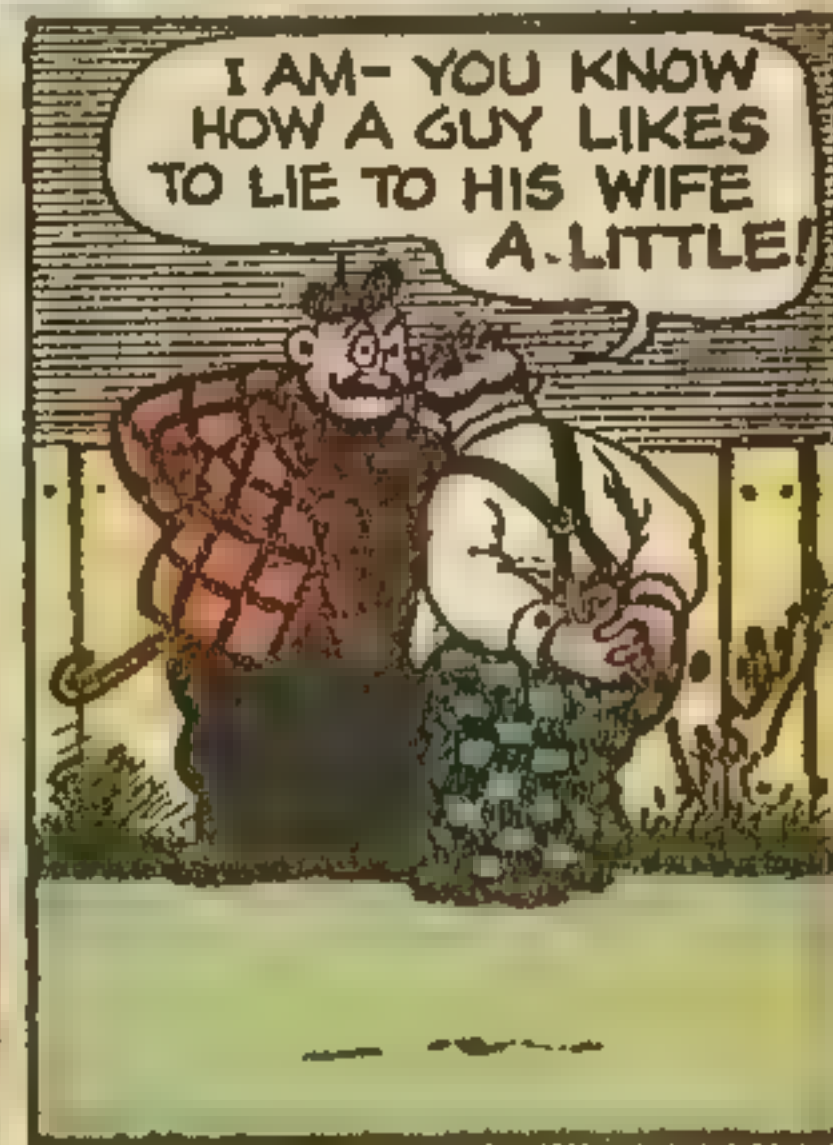
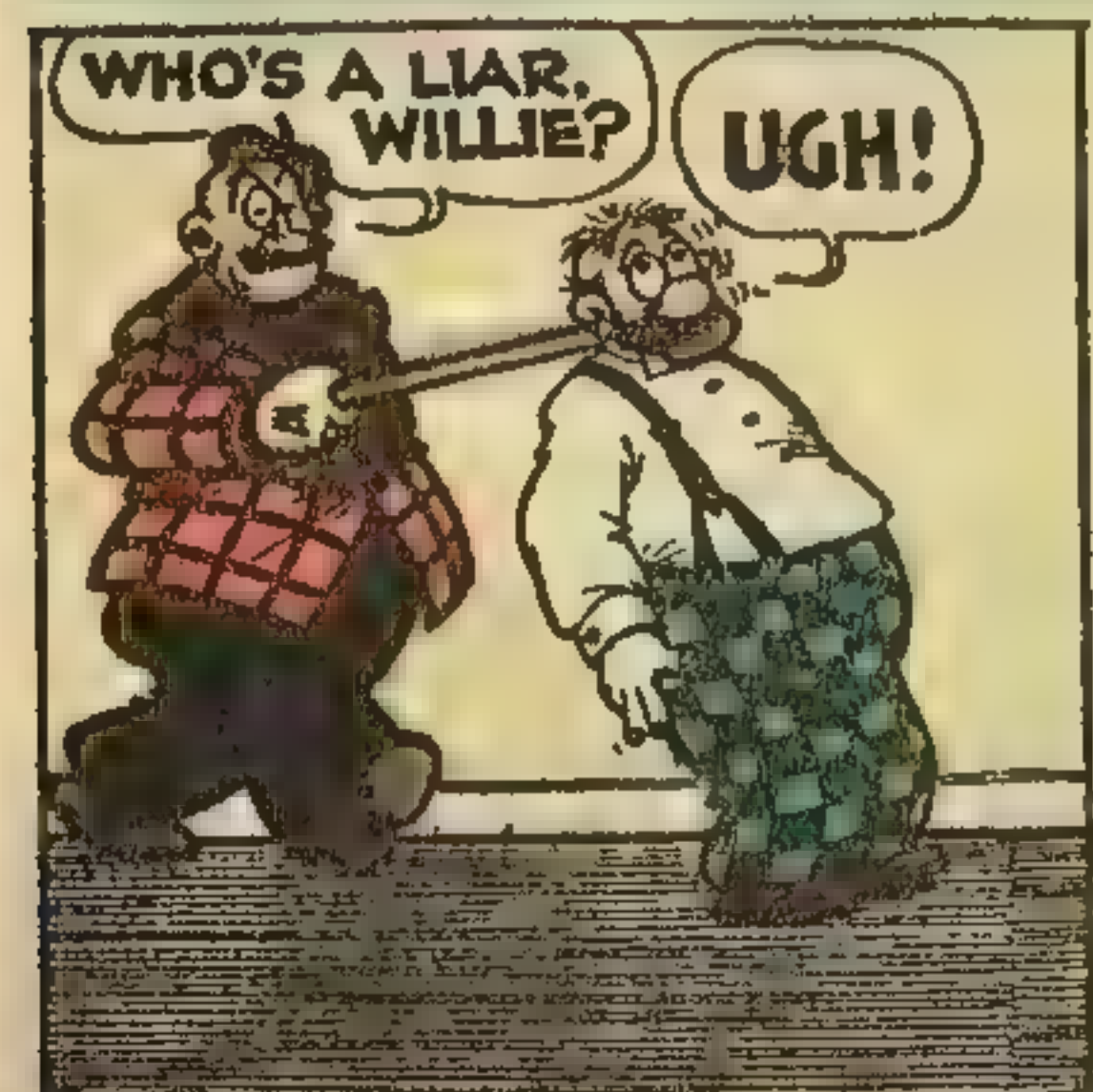
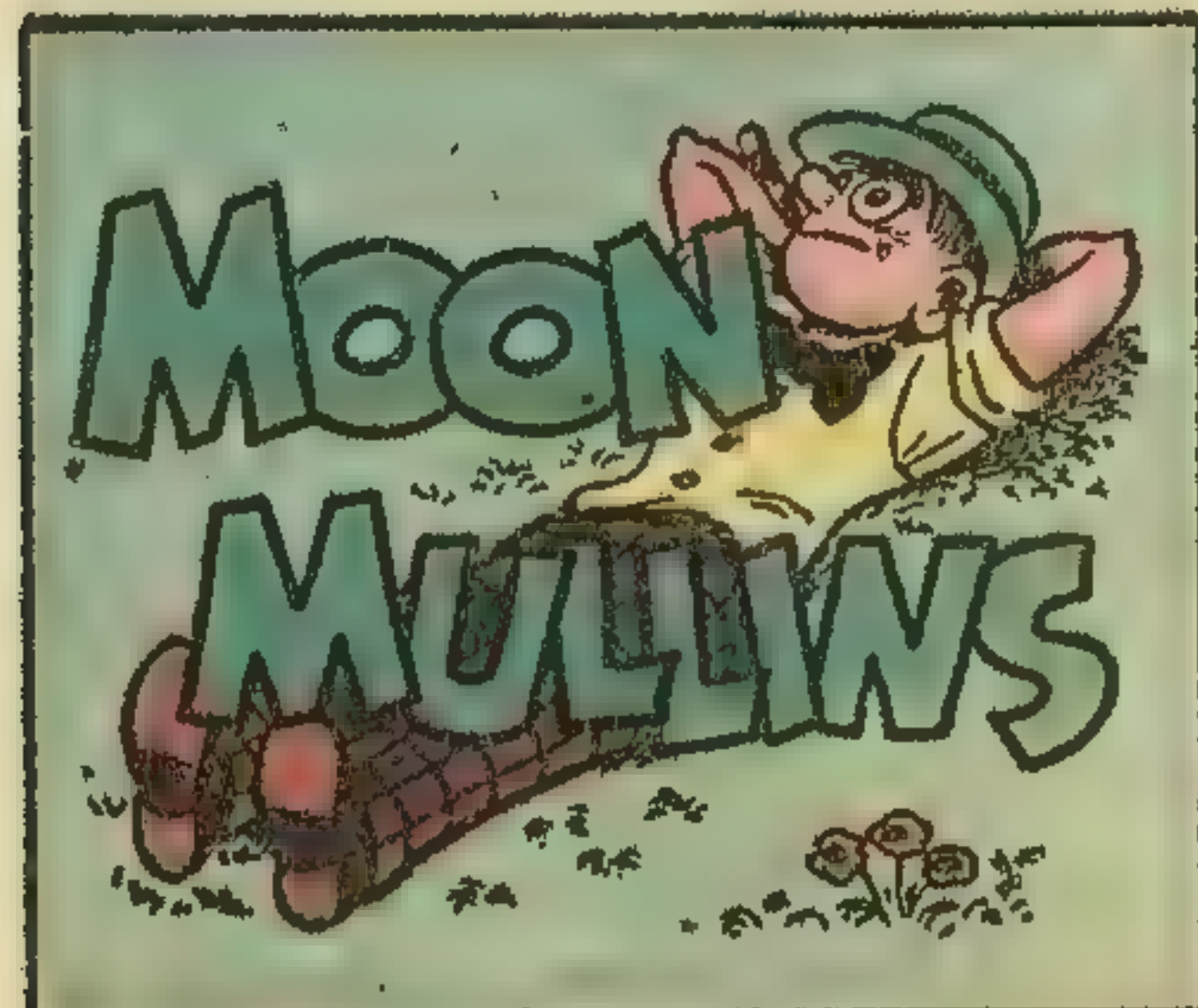
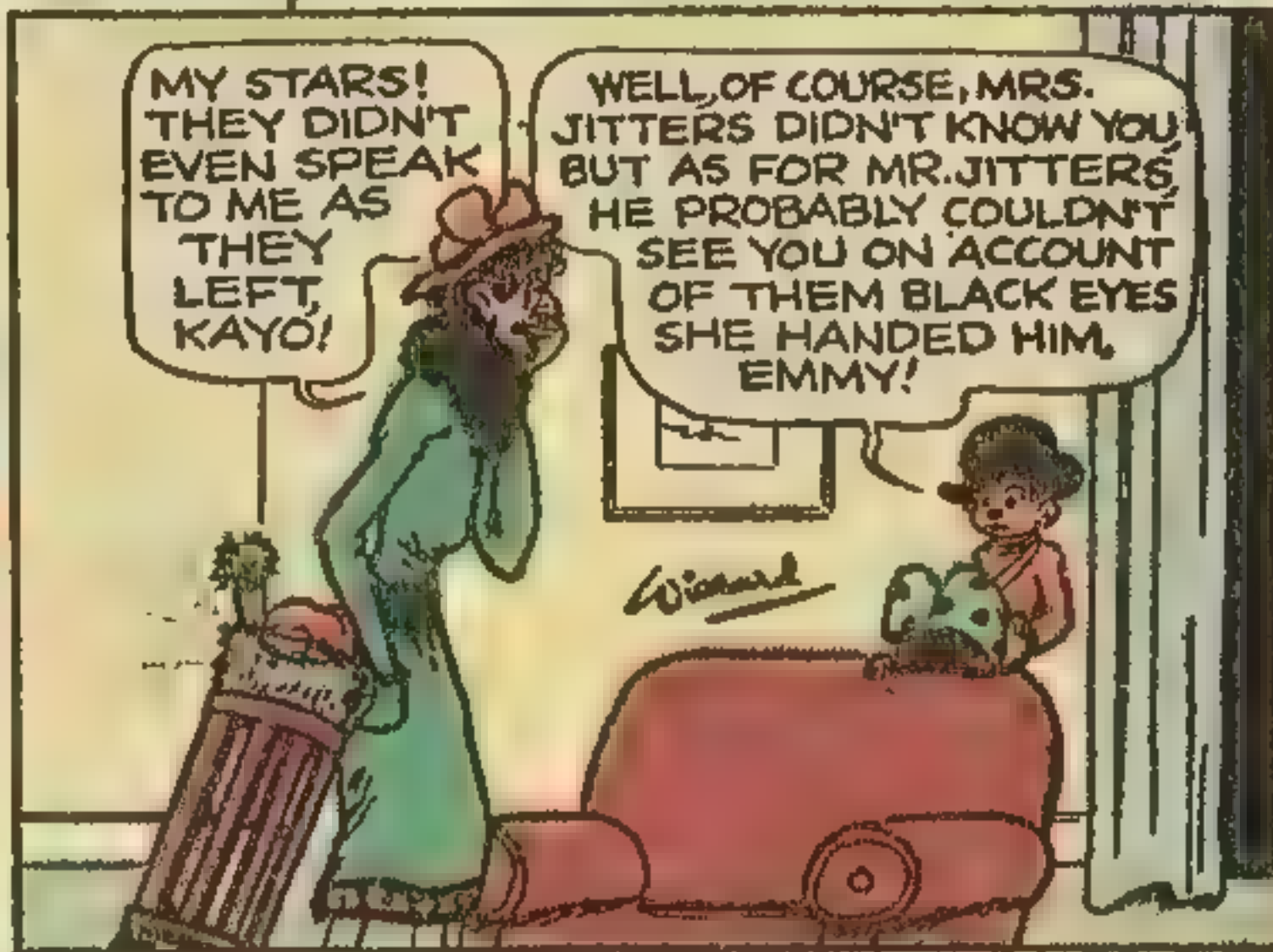
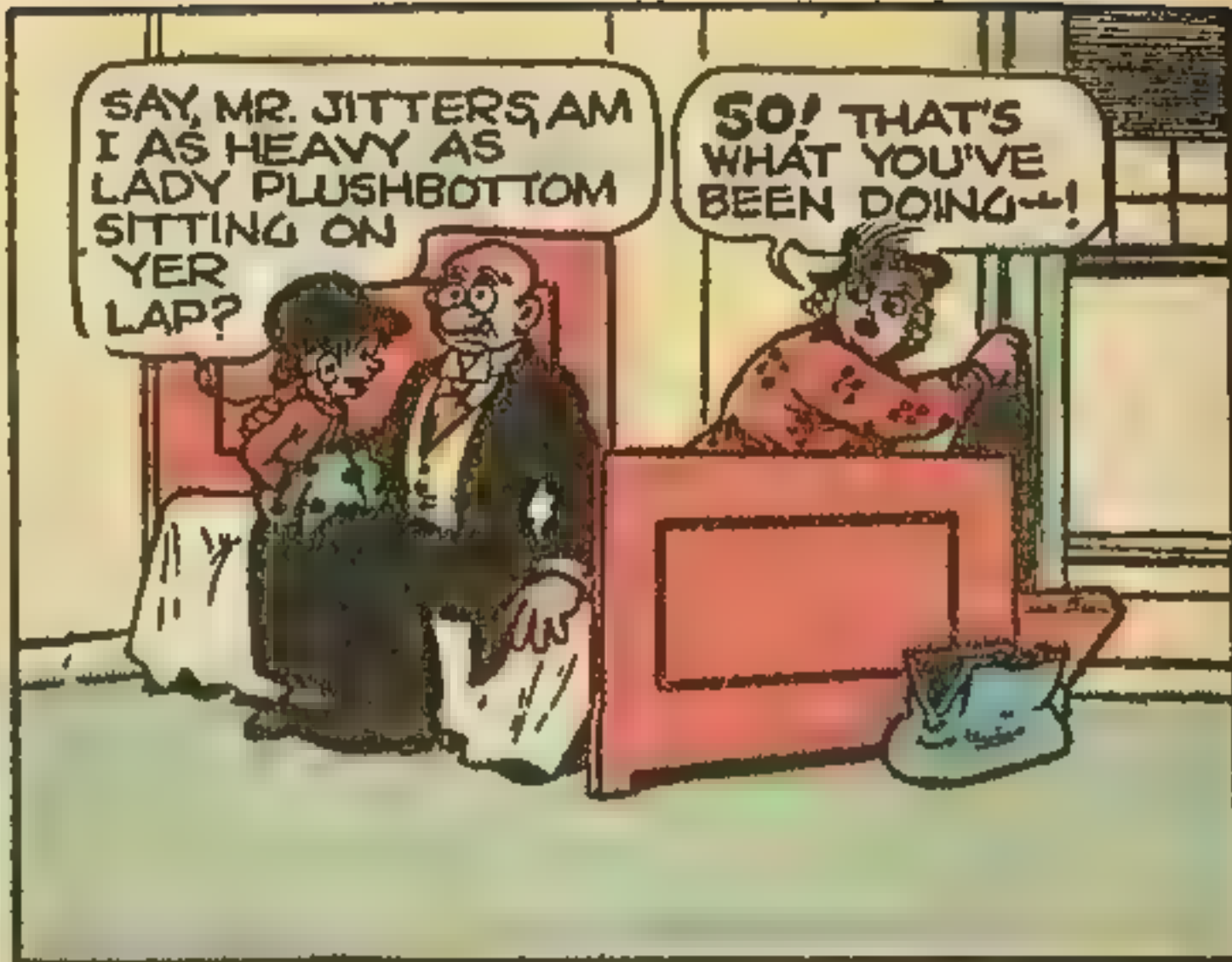
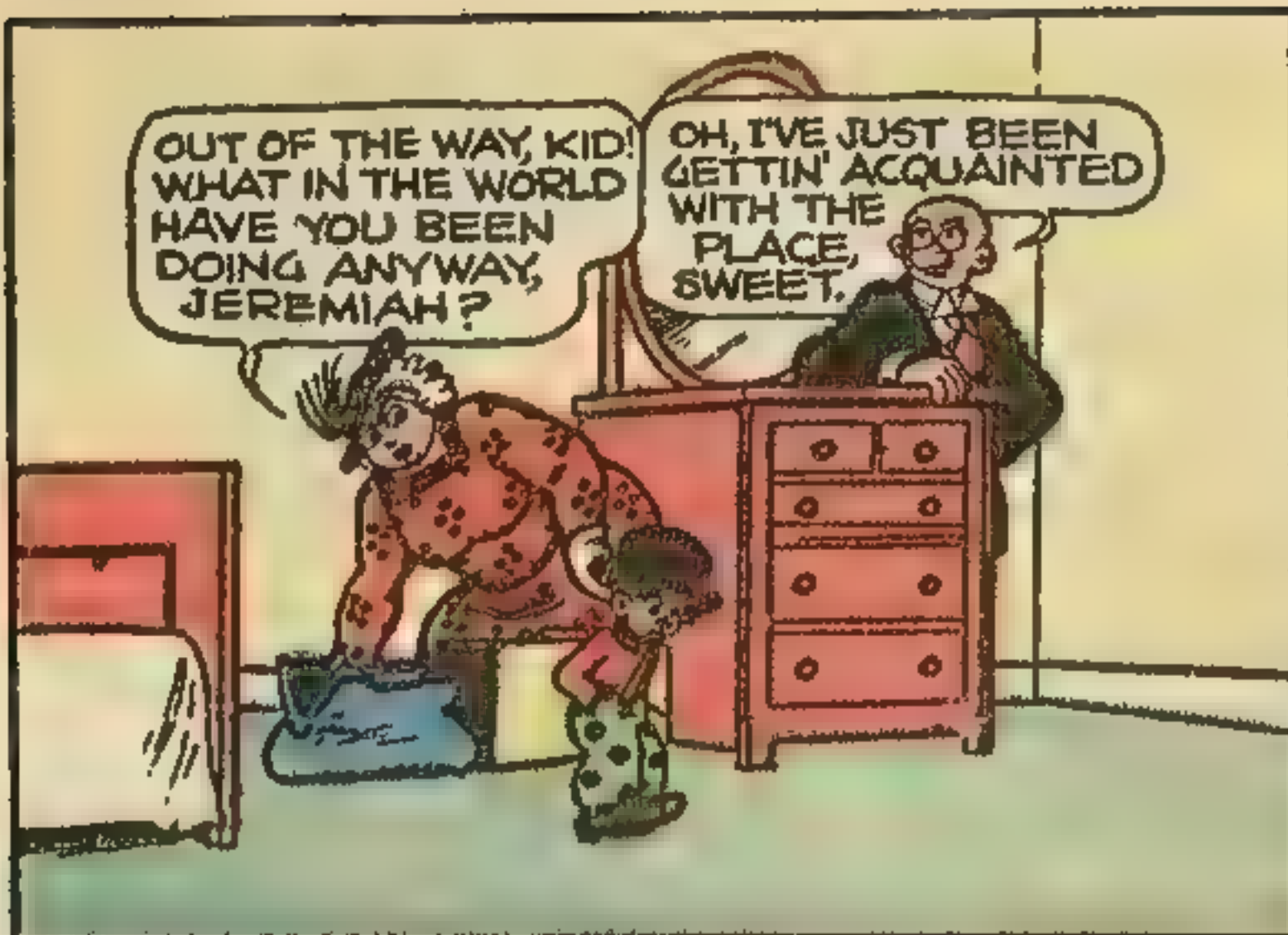
NO- I THINK IT IS MY WIFE COMING IN, KAYO!



WELCOME TO OUR NEW HOME SWEET HOME, SWEETHEART— HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

IT'S TERRIBLE!

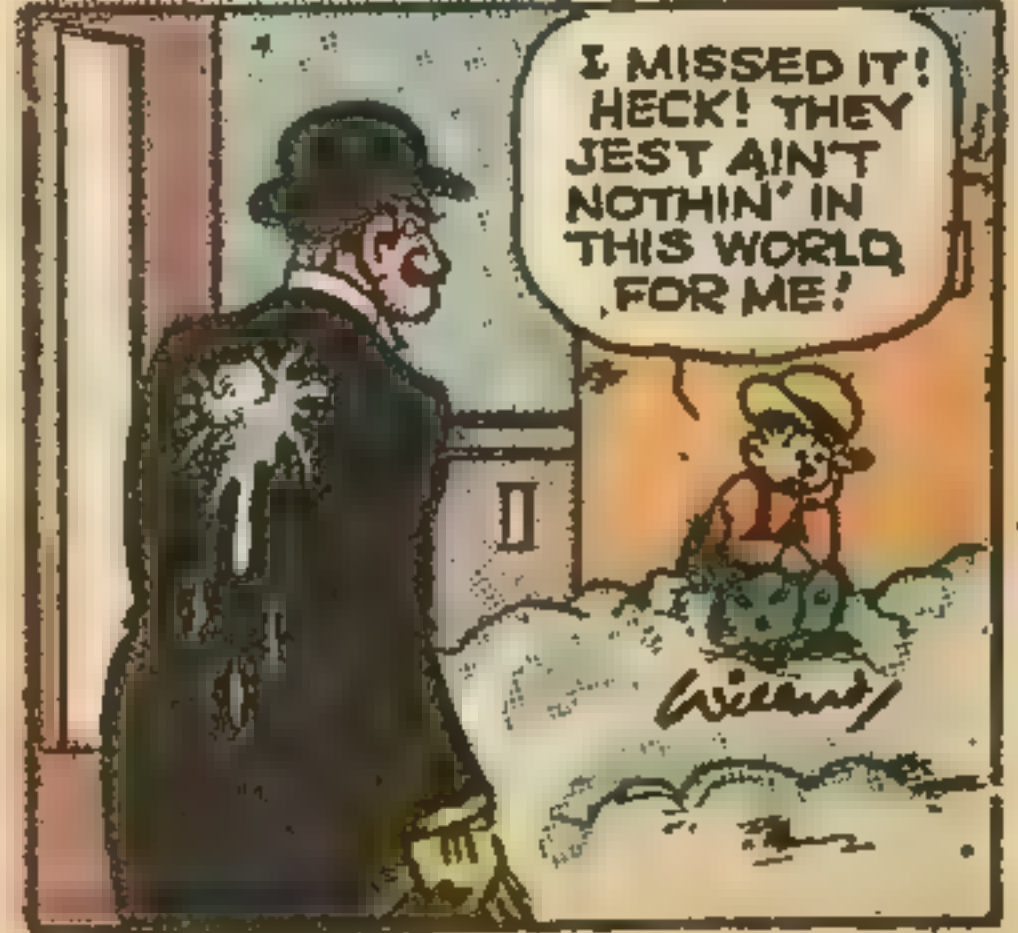
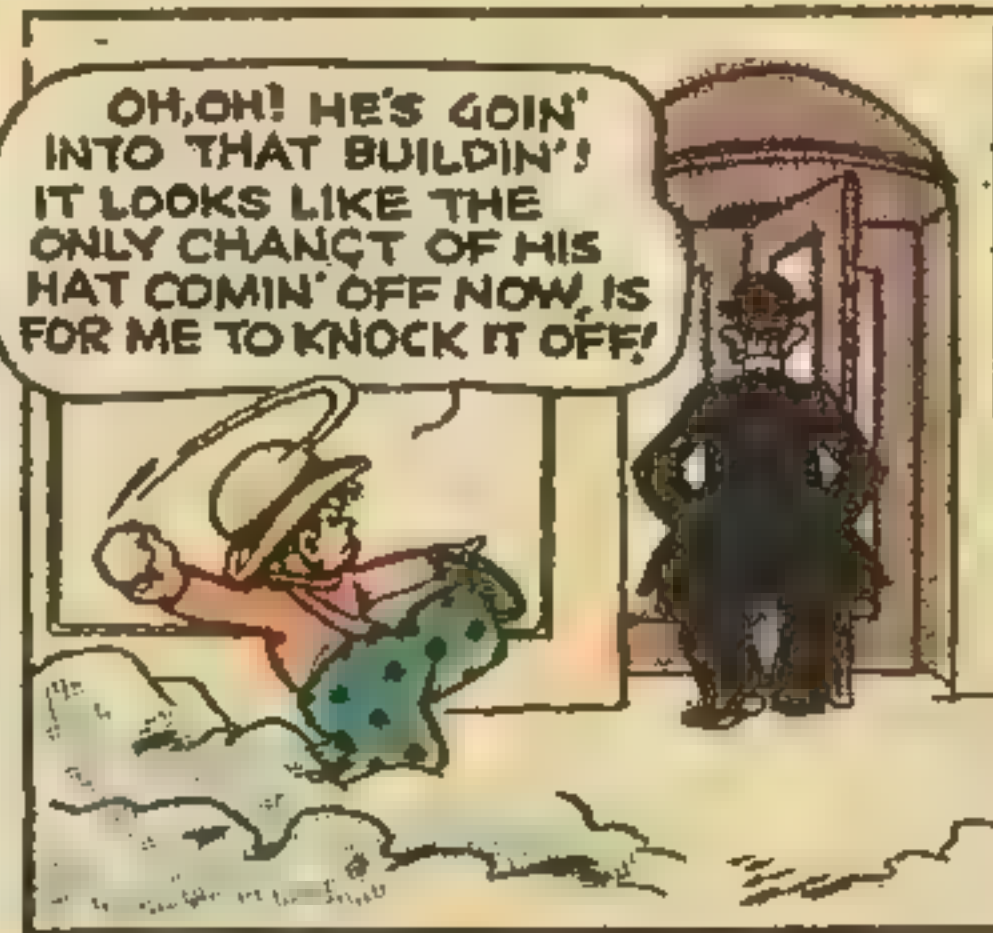
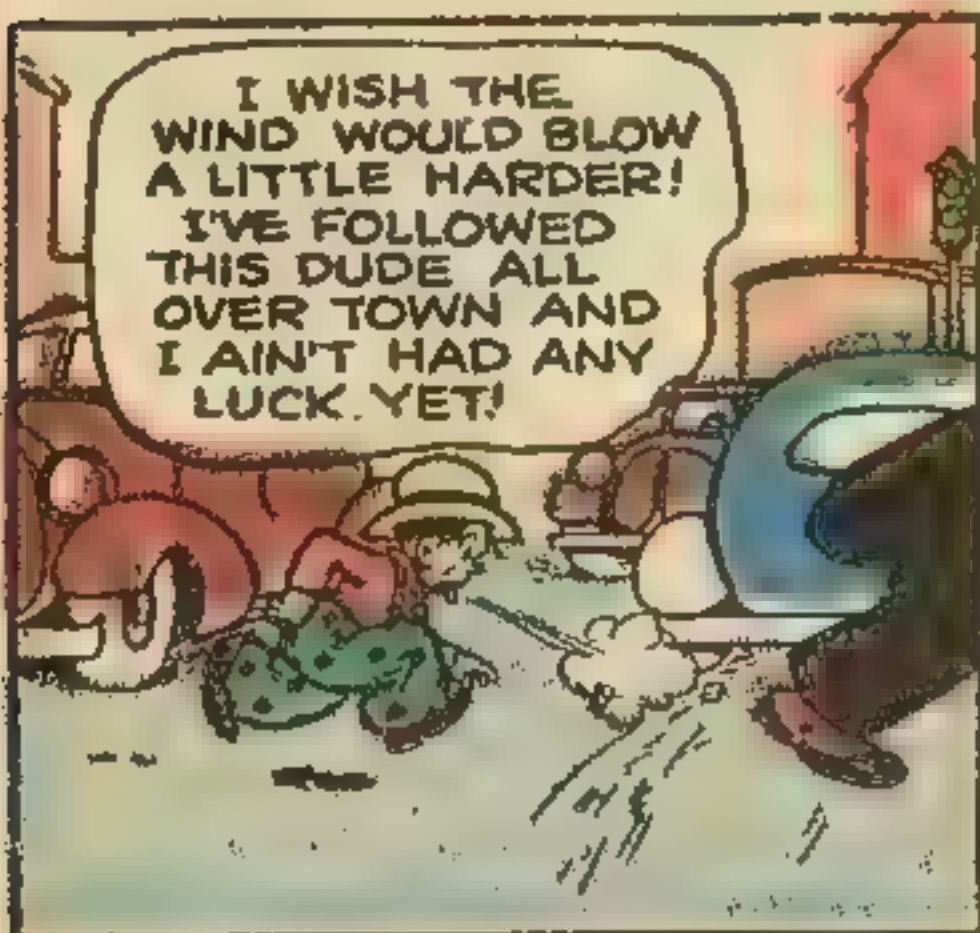
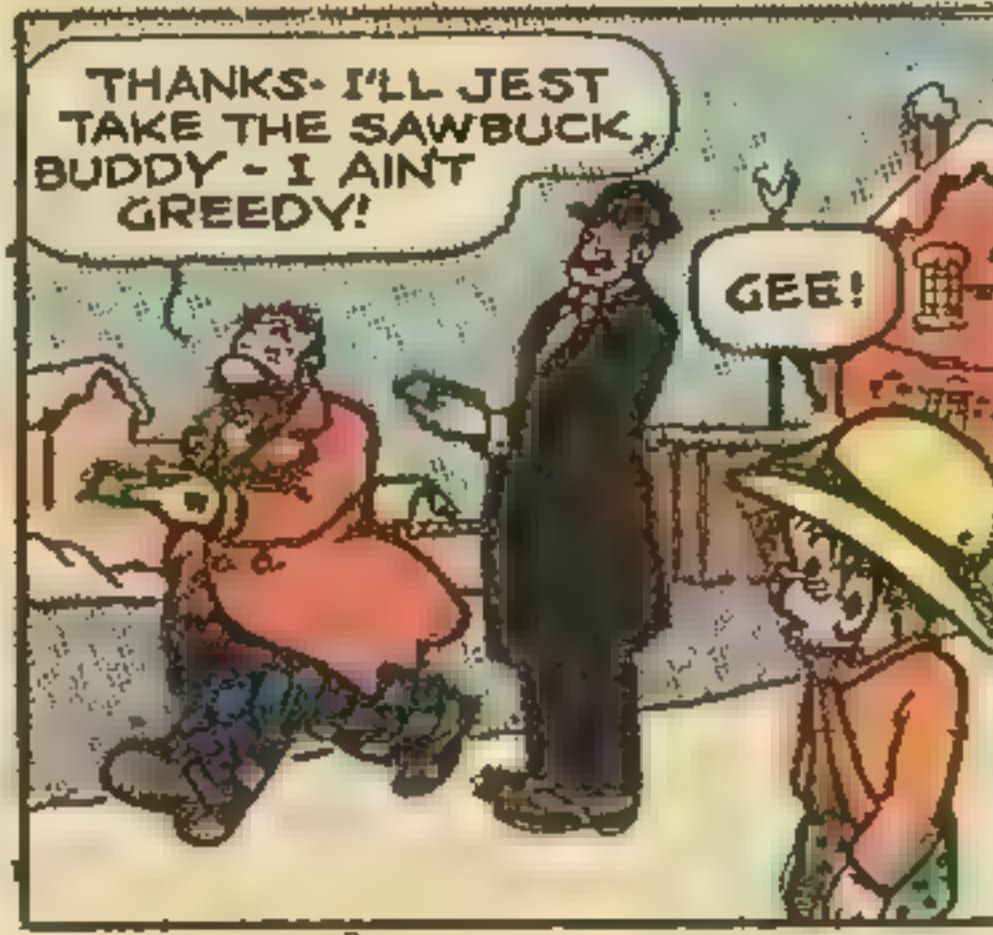
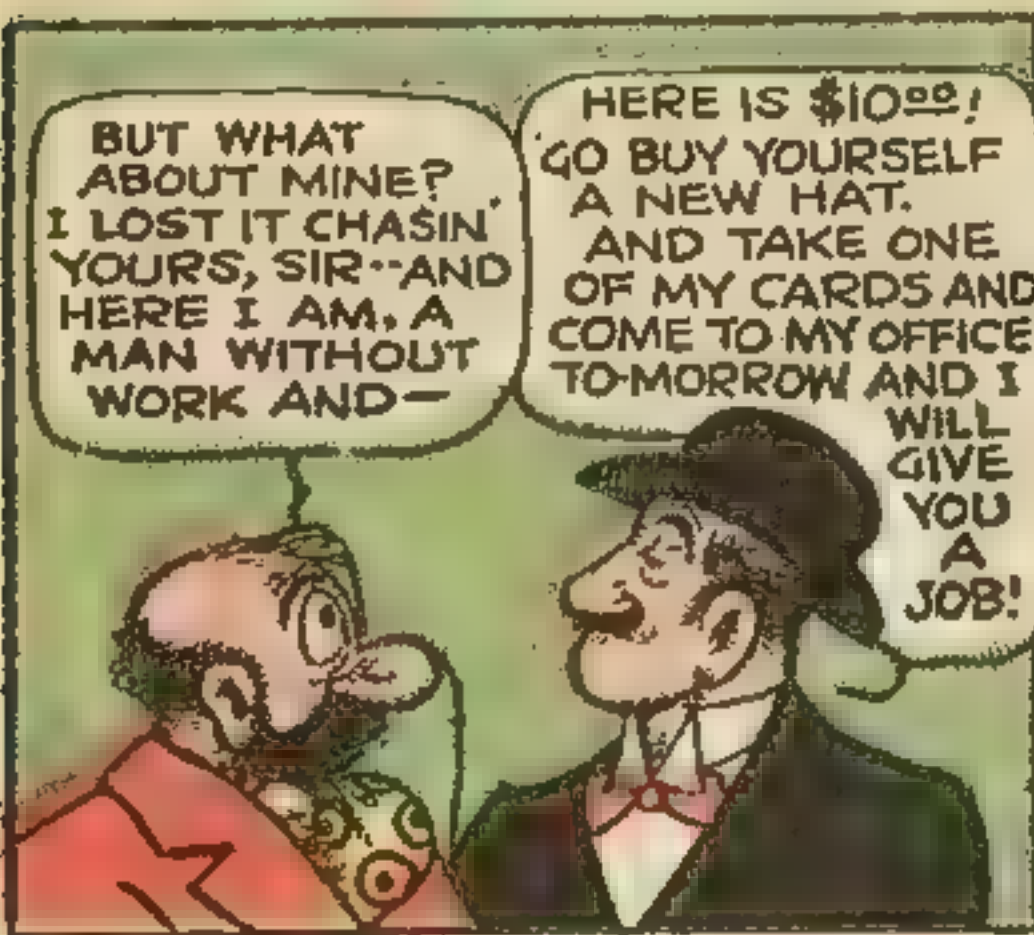
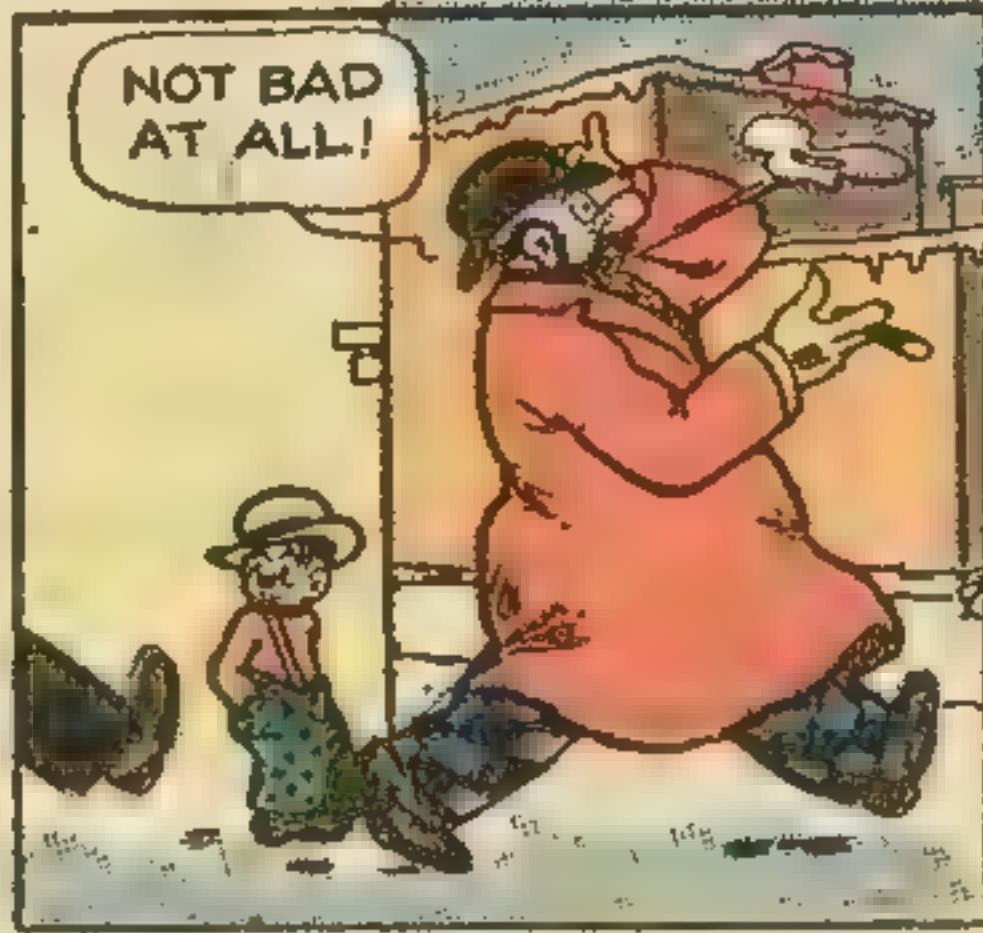
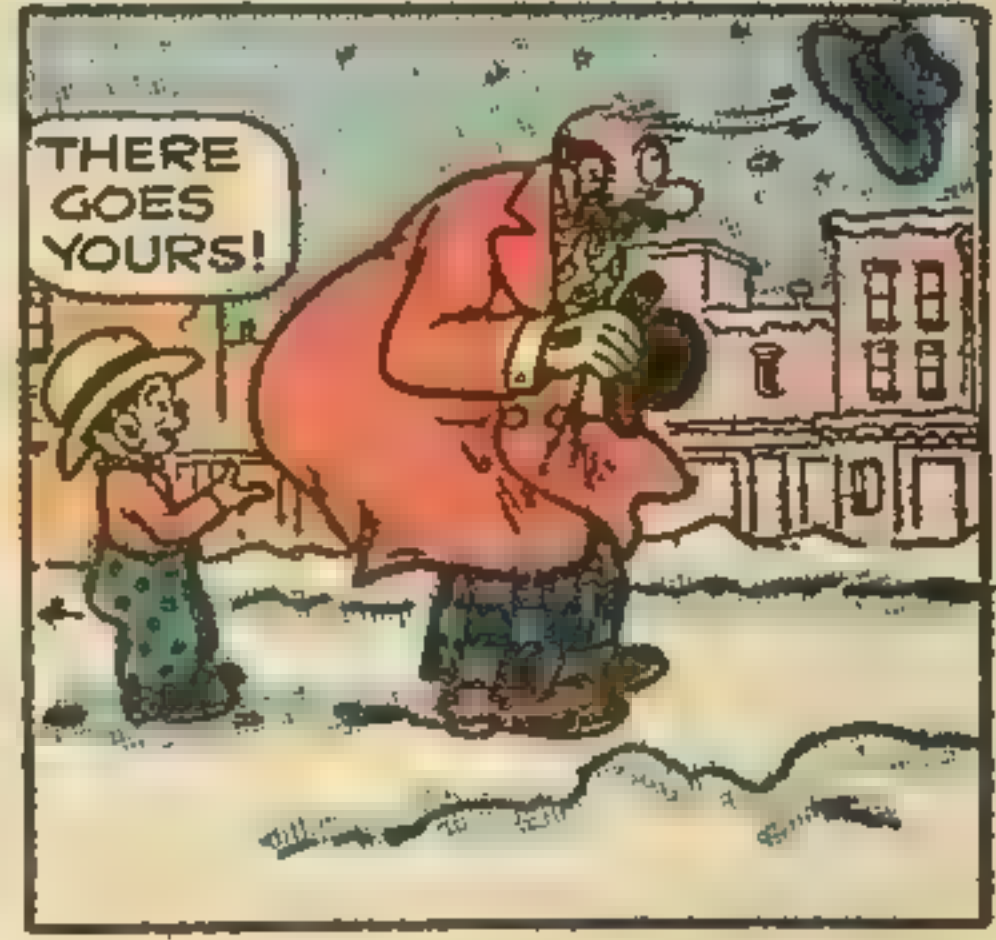
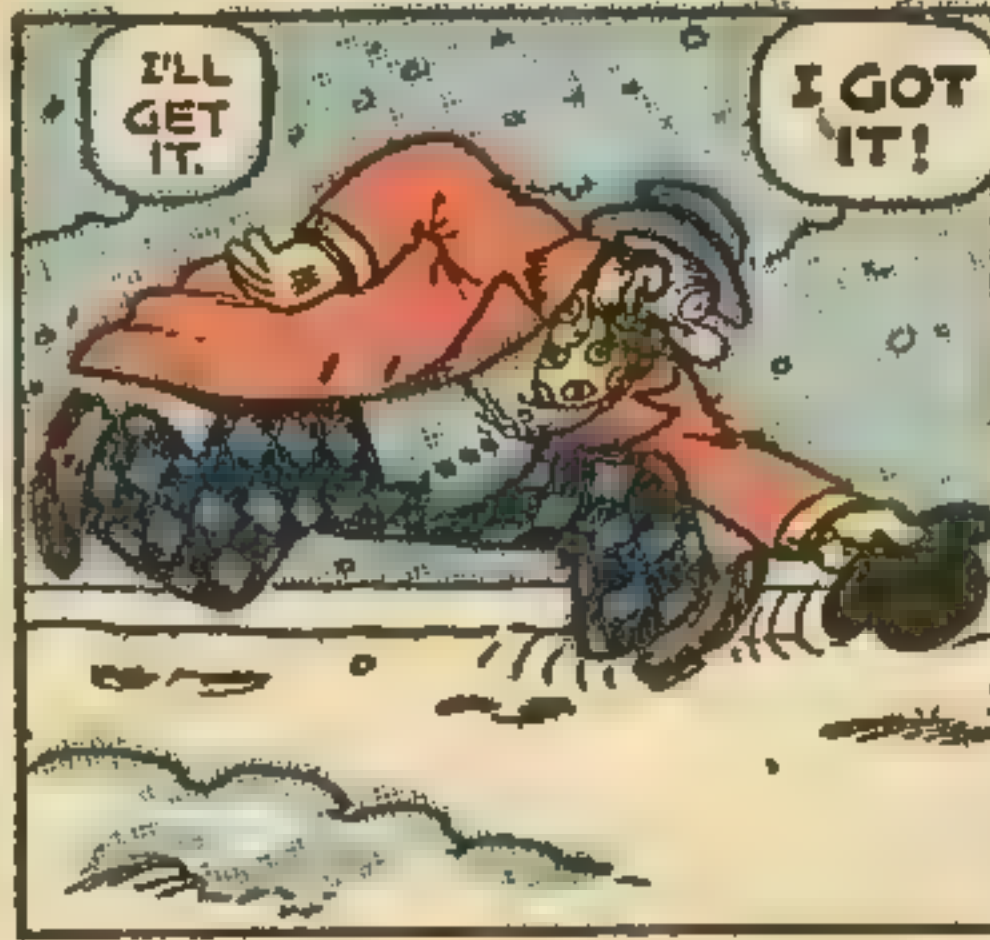
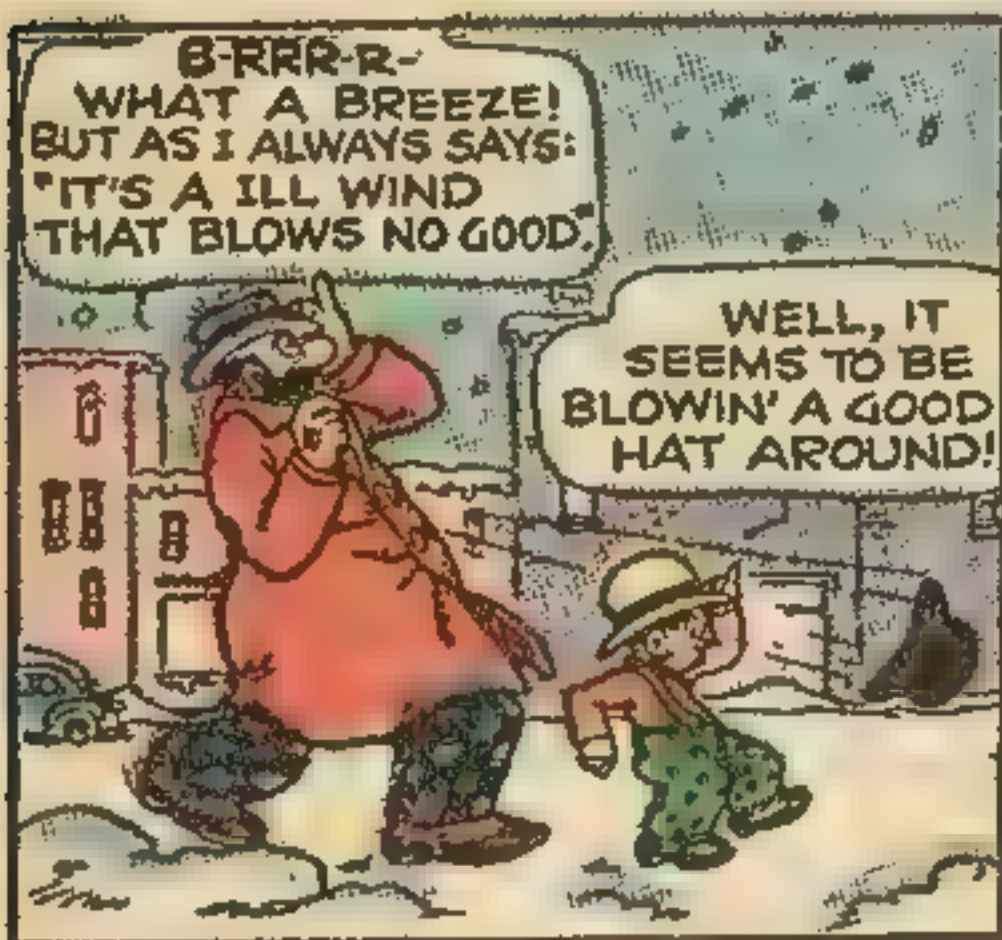
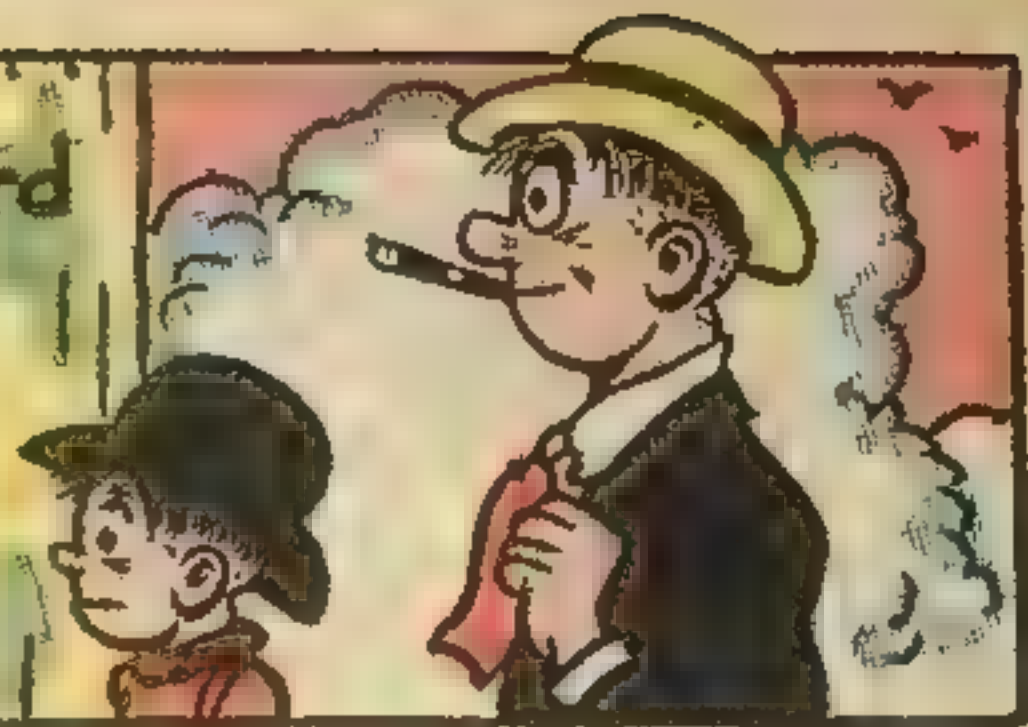






# MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard





# Gentleman **WILLIE**

**“Y**A clumsy baboon! Ya hooligan! Where’s yer manners?” demanded Mamie, knocking her husband’s hat off his head. “Hommany times do I hafta tell ya?”

For Willie, this was the last straw. Mamie had been criticizing his manners for months and he was beginning to feel pretty low. So low, in fact did Willie feel, that he cornered Lord Plushbottom that very evening and begged his help.

“Manners? Etiquette, behaviour? Yes indeed, William, you’ve come to the right teacher,” Lord Plushbottom assured him. “In no time at all, I’ll make a gentleman of you . . . I think!”

“T’anks,” beamed Willie, gratitude in his voice.

All that week, Willie attended his secret class in manners with Lord Plushbottom. He learned to tip his hat when a lady went by, to distinguish between knives, forks and spoons, to turn a pretty compliment and a host of other accomplishments.

“All right, William, you’ll do,” Lord Plushbottom said to him one evening after an hour’s drilling on offering a lady a chair.

“T’anks,” beamed Willie as before. He was bursting with assurance and happiness. “Wait’ll I show Mamie what manners I got,” he thought. “She’ll see for herself what a gent I am!”

Just then, Mamie walked through the hallway to the kitchen door. Fired with his new knowledge, Willie sprang up to open the door for her. Seizing the door-knob, he yanked it with such enthusiasm that the door flew open, catching Mamie smack in the eye!

“Kindly accept me apologies, dear,” Willie offered as he helped his wife to her feet.

“Beat it!” Mamie advised him tersely.

Willie knew that he hadn’t made a good start, but he determined to do better the next day. And, as luck would have it, the next day offered a perfect opportunity. For there was Mamie, alighting from a trolley car . . . and there was Willie, right at the curb

In a trice, he darted towards the trolley steps, holding out an assisting hand. And, in a trice, he stumbled, pulling Mamie off balance, and sending her sprawling to the street.

“Forgive me, dear,” he pleaded.

Mamie looked at him with blood in her eyes. “I’m warnin’ you, Willie,” she snapped briefly.

But Willie wouldn’t give up. A few hours later, as he lounged on the front steps of the house, he caught a glimpse of Mamie, lugging a huge laundry basket towards the cellar. “Them little overworked mitts,” he thought tenderly. “She ought’na carry such a load.”

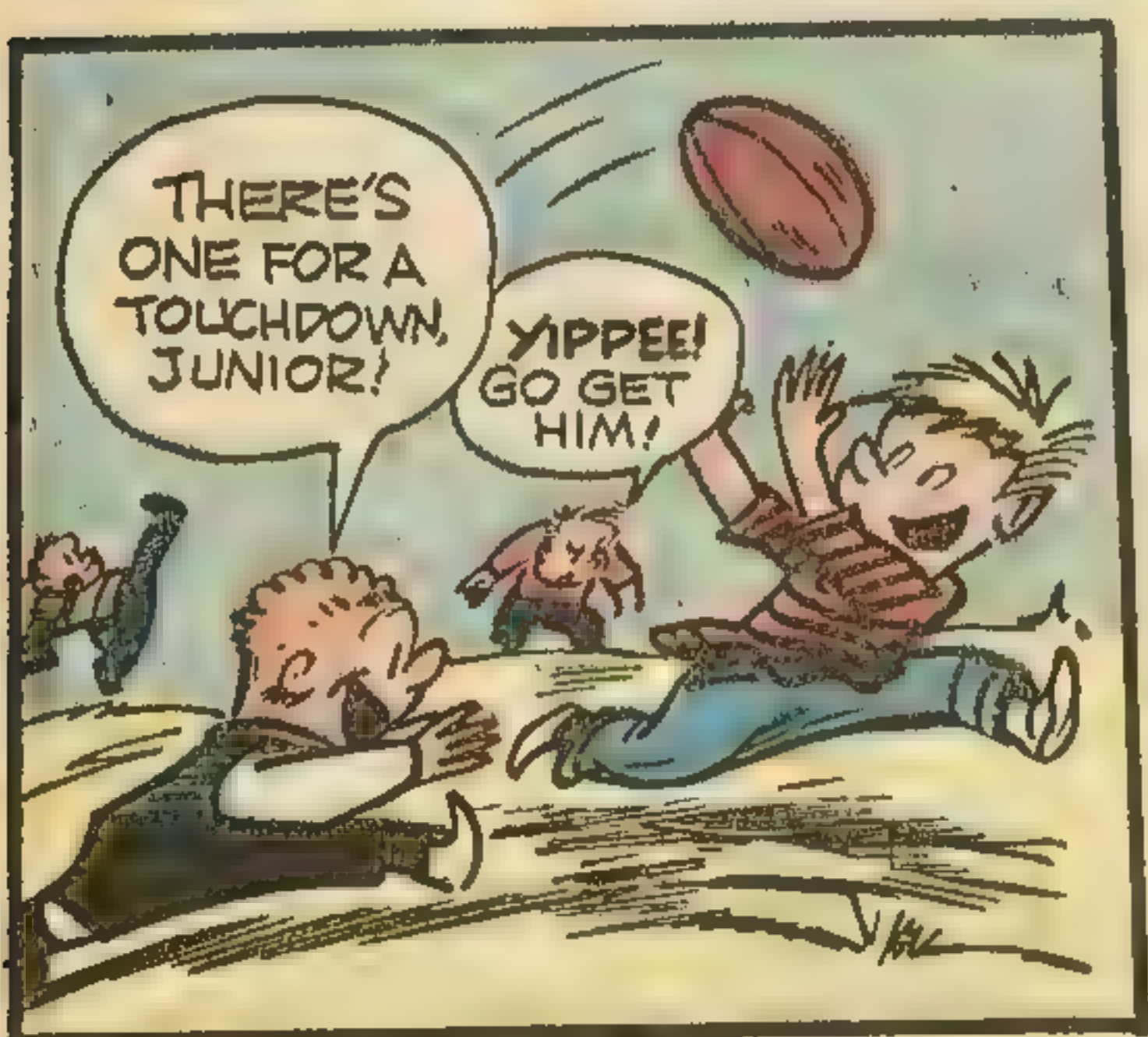
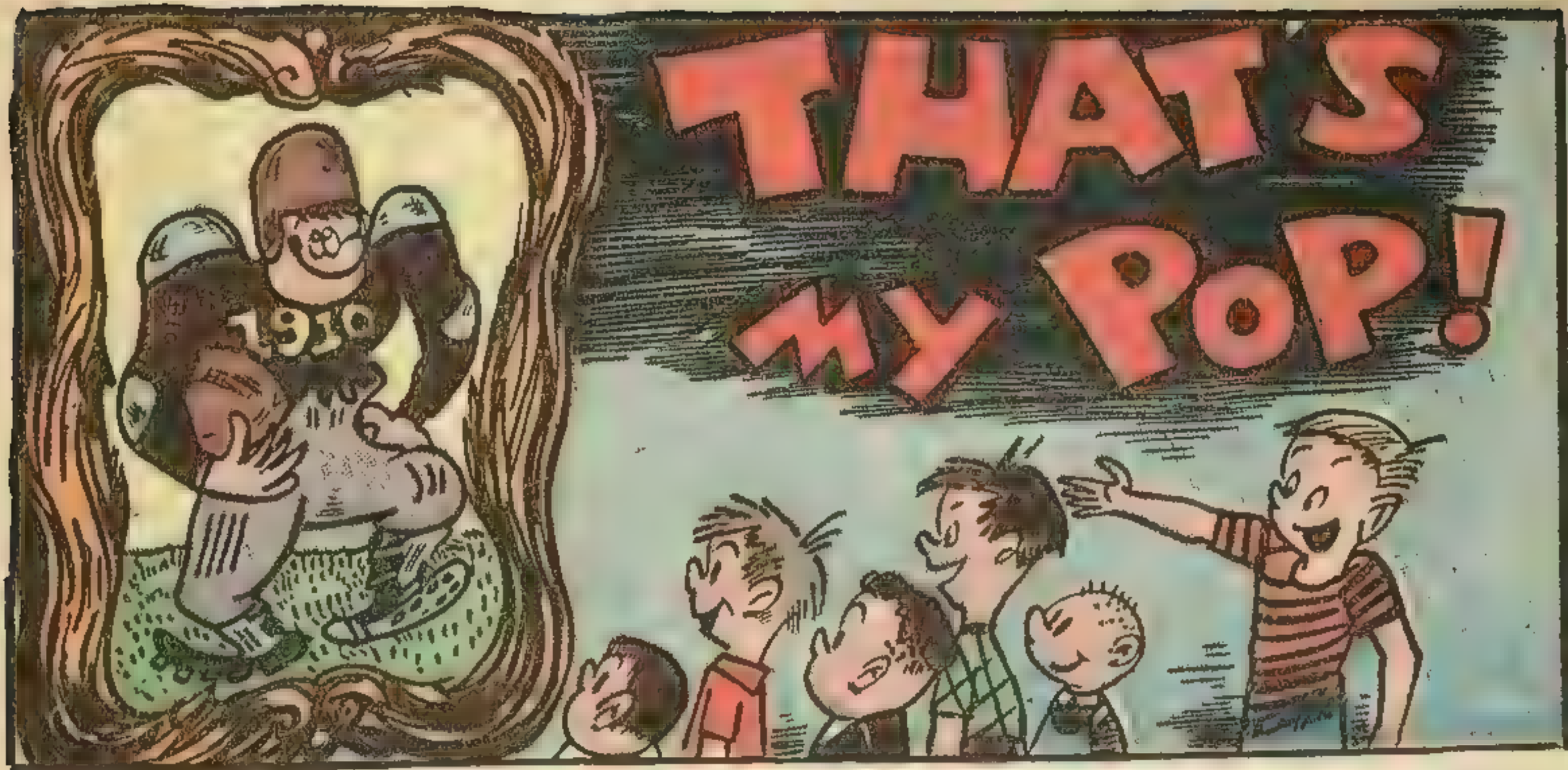
Running after her, with hand outstretched, he called eagerly, “Mamie! Mamie!”

Mamie turned and waited for him to reach her. And when he did . . . *blam!* With no effort at all, she overturned the laundry basket, sending its sopping contents all over Willie’s head!

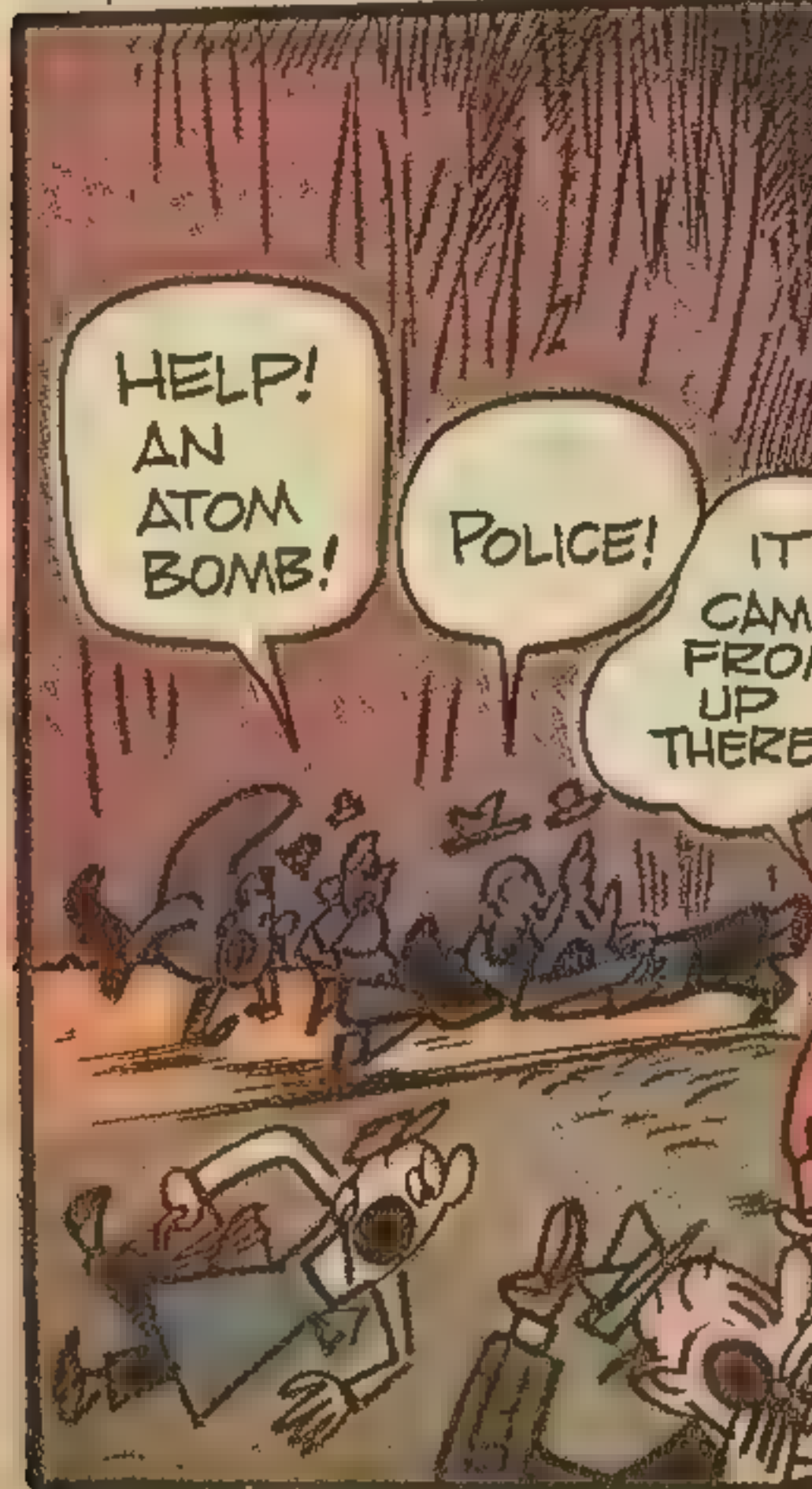
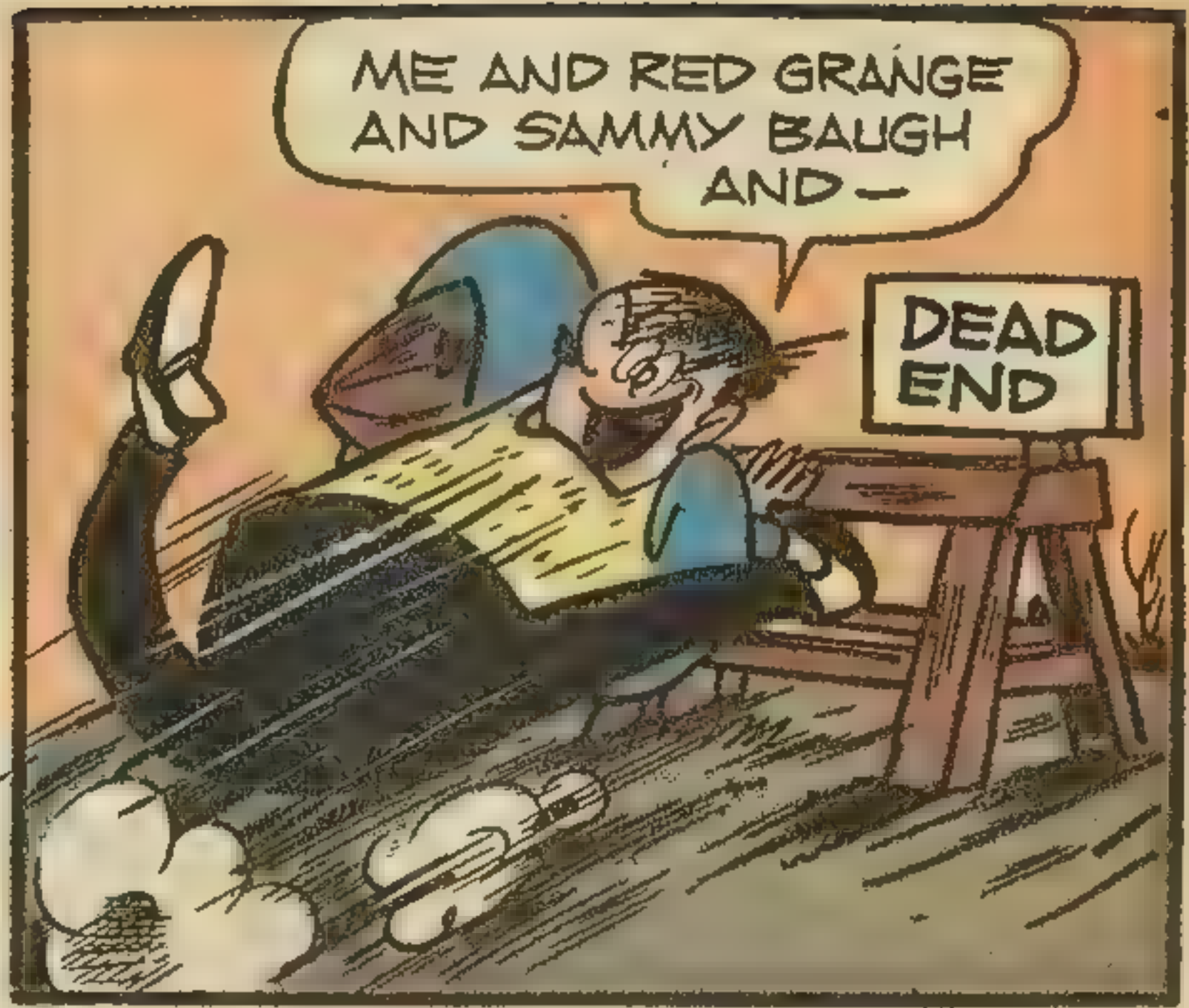
“I’ve had enough!” she screamed. “It’s oney *self-protection!* You been threatenin’ my life long enough, ya hooligan!”

Willie sighed wistfully.

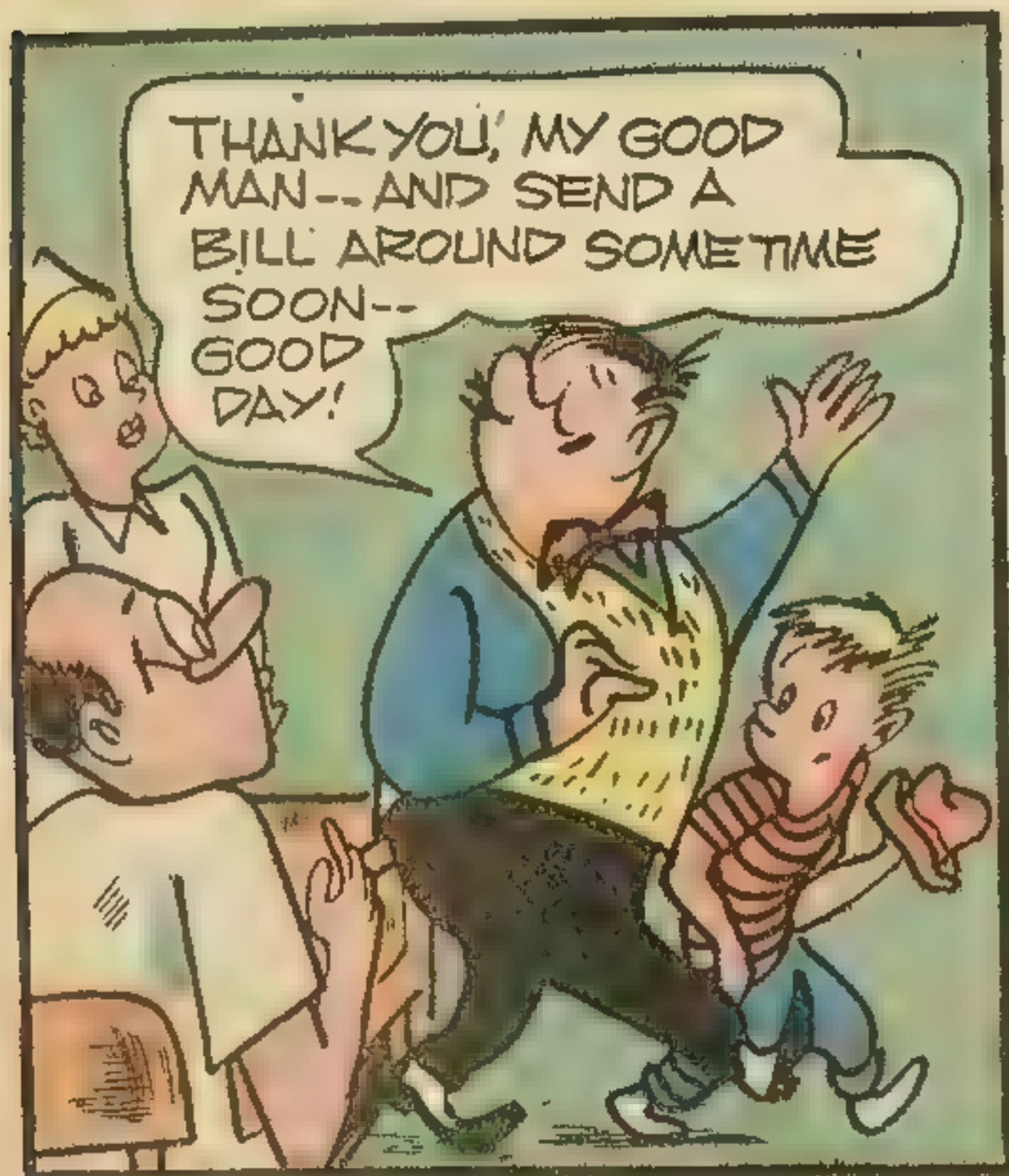
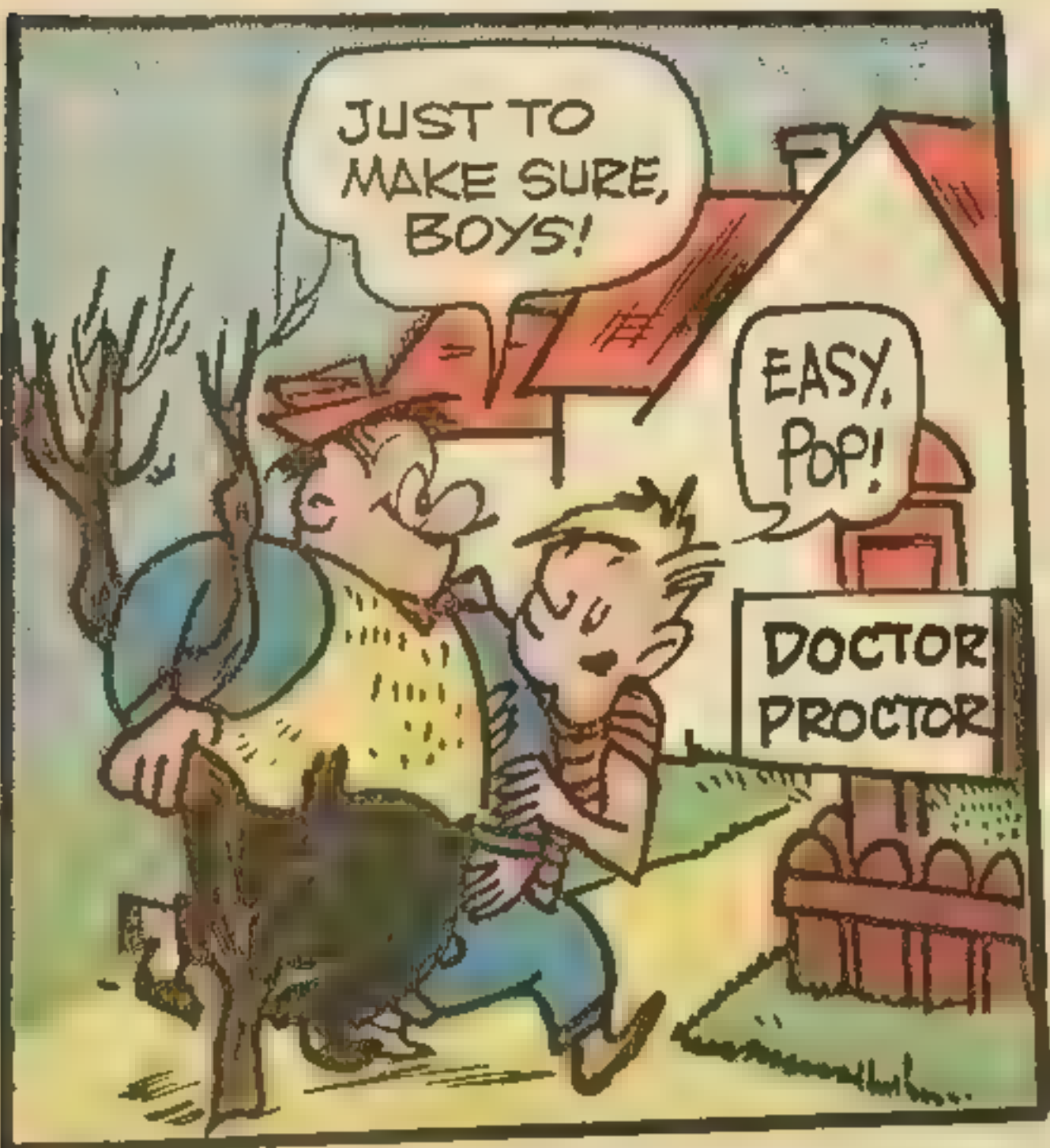
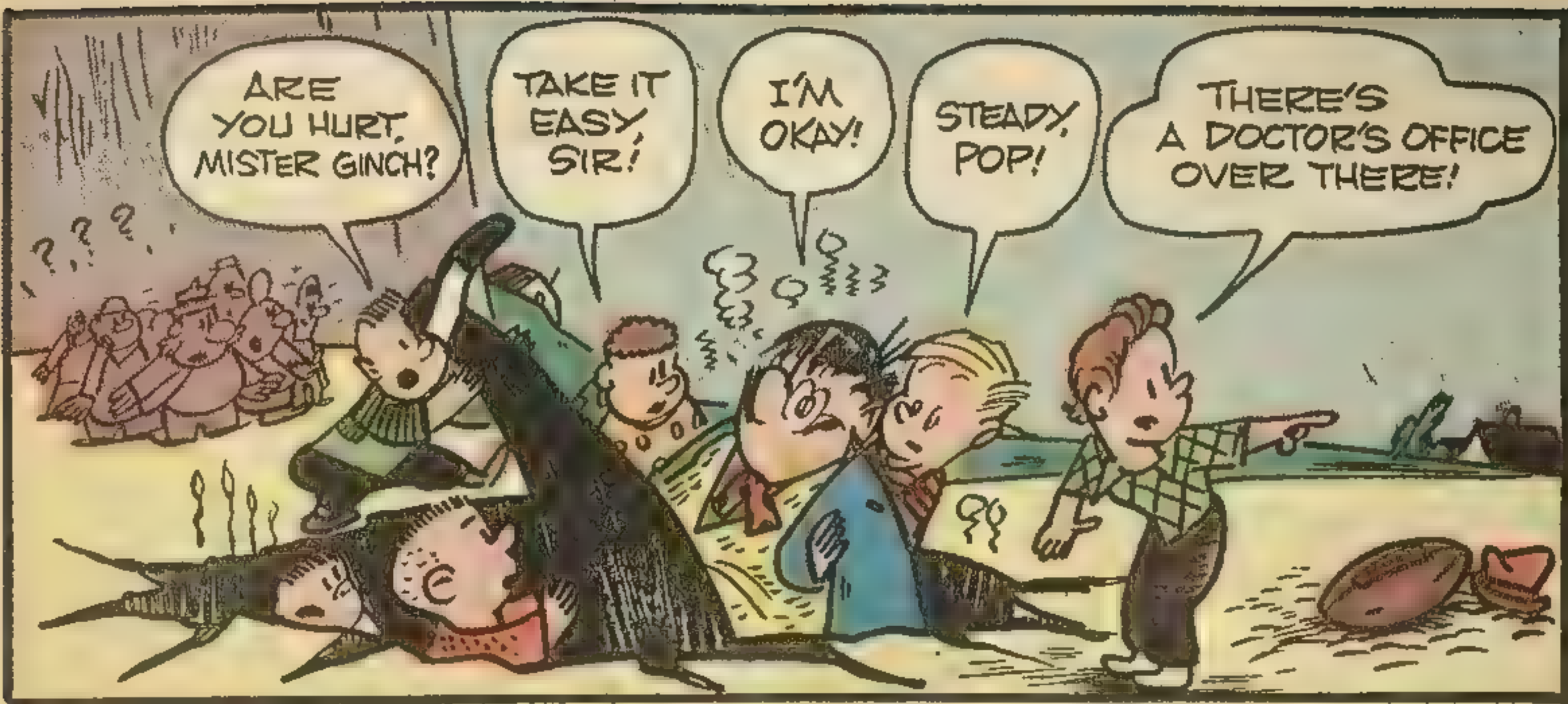










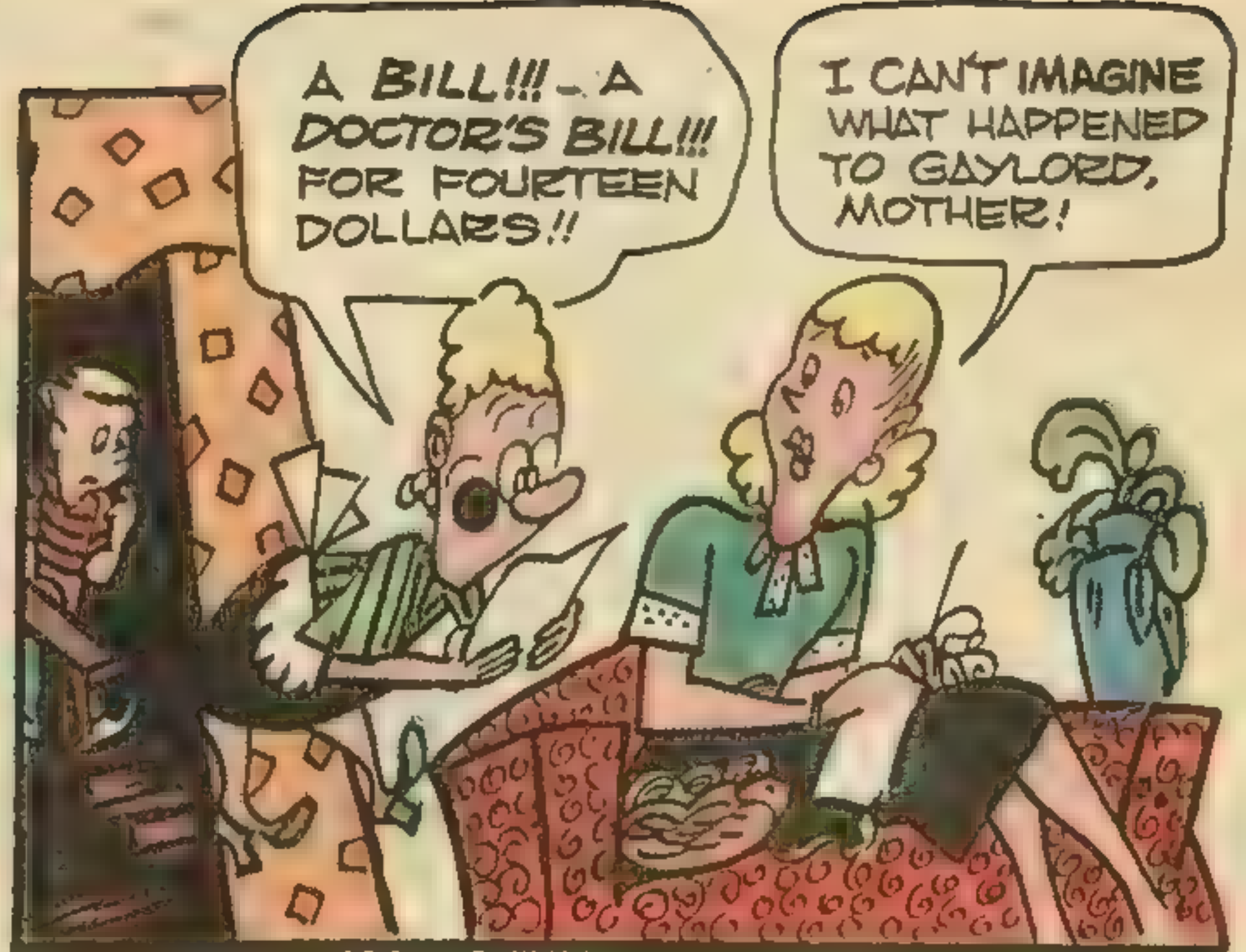






SPECIAL MESSAGE FOR GAYLORD GINCH!

MUST BE A SUMMONS!



A BILL!!! - A DOCTOR'S BILL!!! FOR FOURTEEN DOLLARS!!

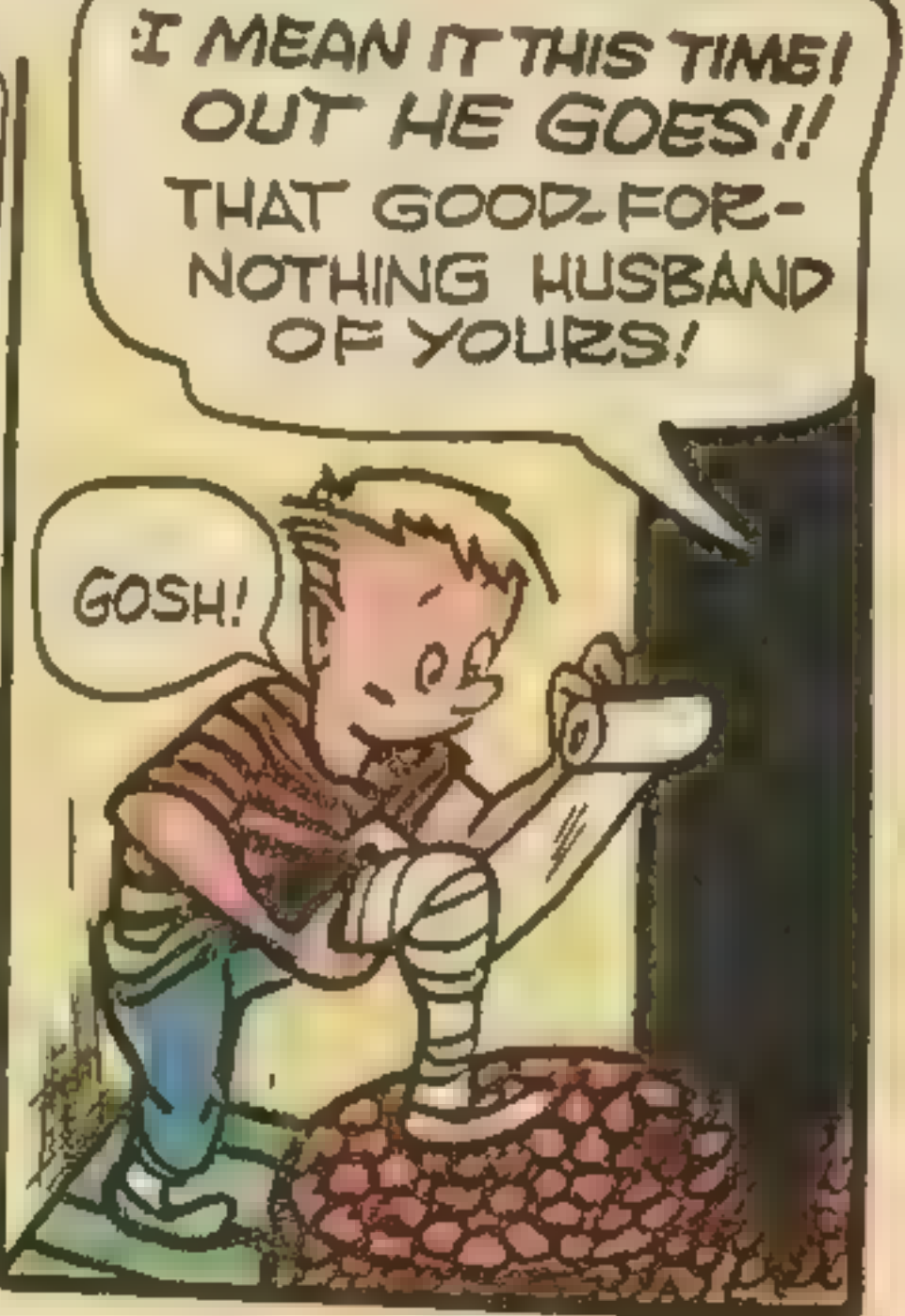
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT HAPPENED TO GAYLORD, MOTHER!



PROBABLY GOT BEAT UP IN A FIGHT--BAH! HE KNOWS I'LL HAVE TO PAY!

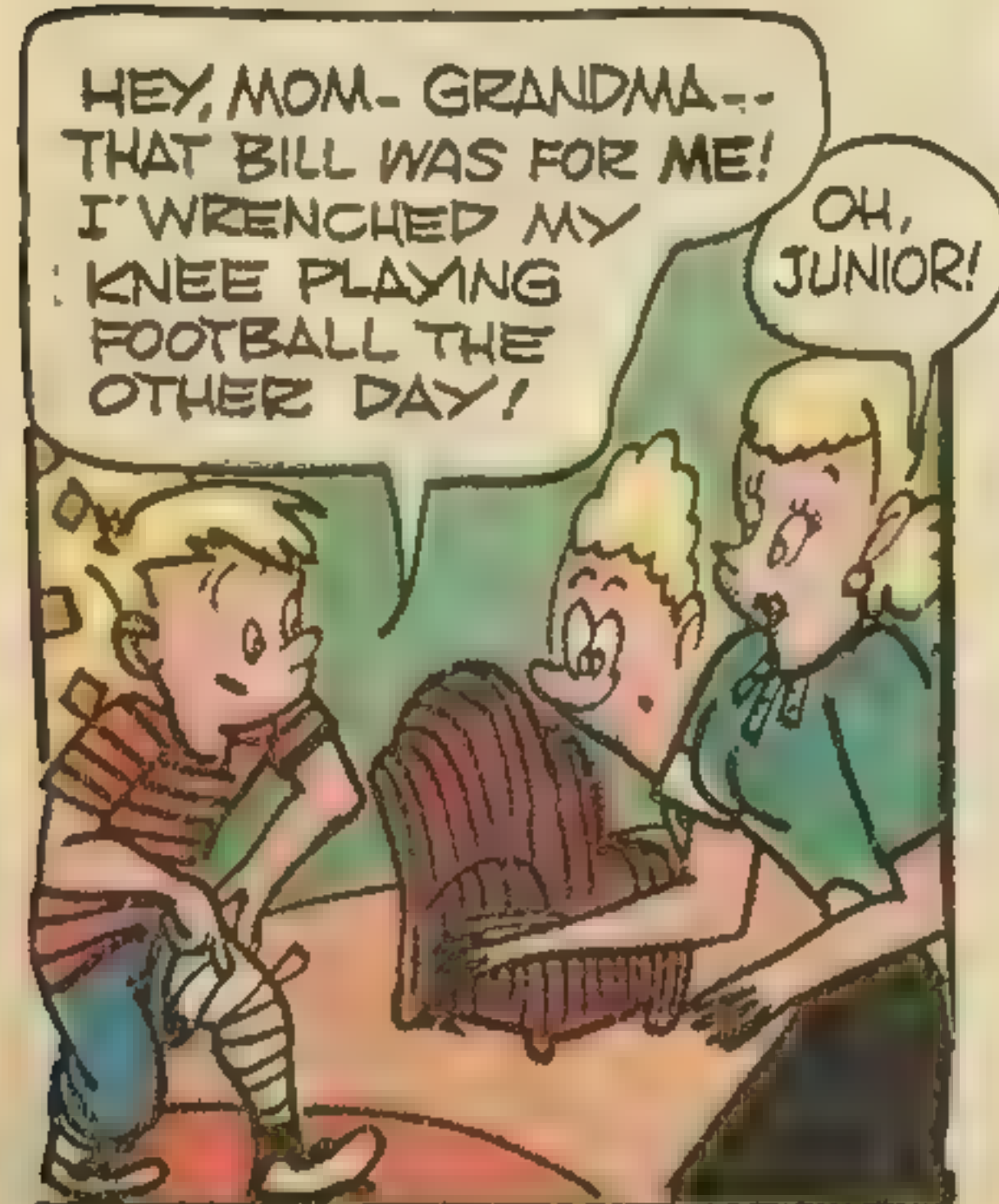


BUT I WON'T! -AND THIS IS THE LAST STRAW!



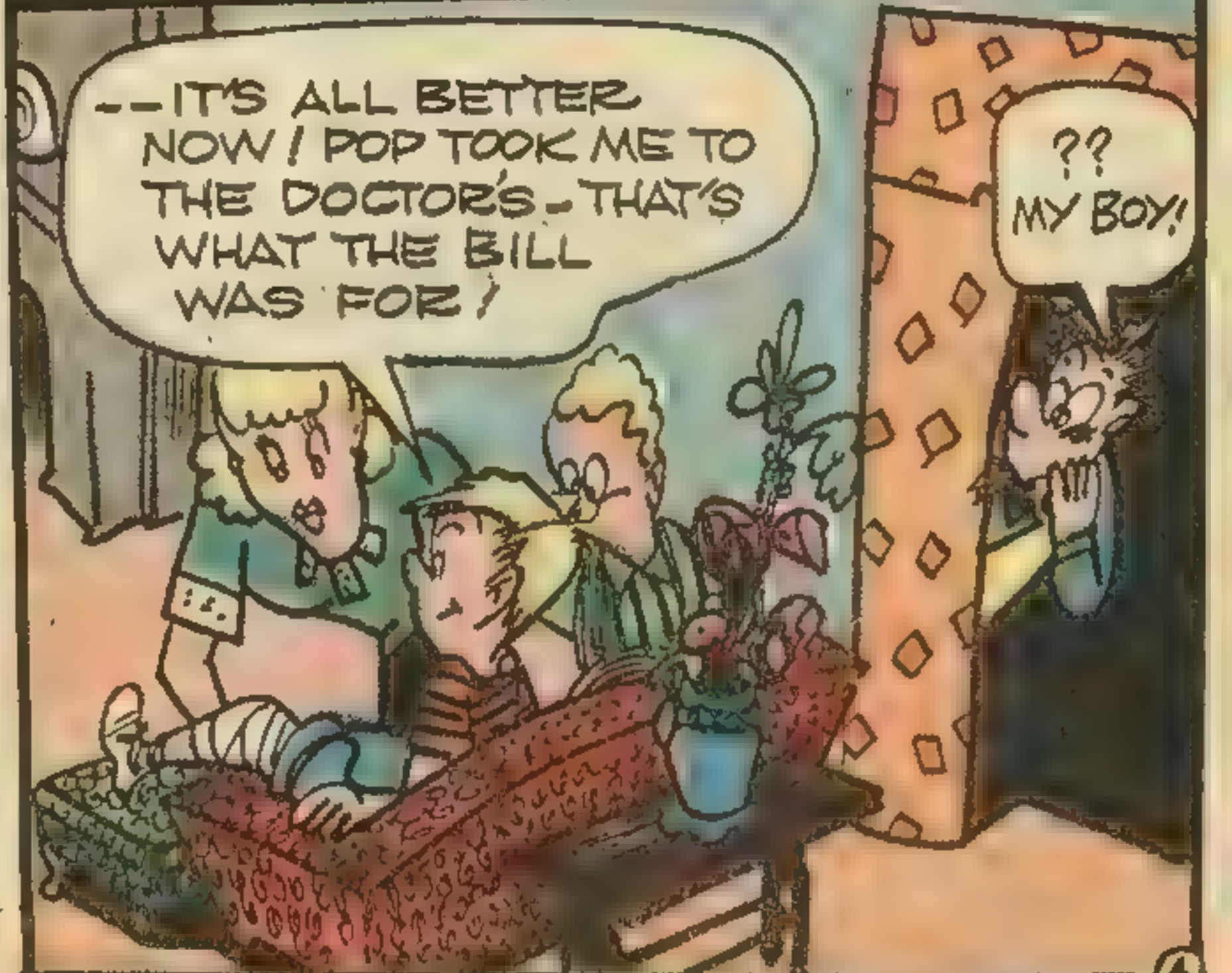
I MEAN IT THIS TIME! OUT HE GOES!! THAT GOOD-FOR-NOTHING HUSBAND OF YOURS!

GOSH!



HEY, MOM- GRANDMA-- THAT BILL WAS FOR ME! I' WRENCHED MY KNEE PLAYING FOOTBALL THE OTHER DAY!

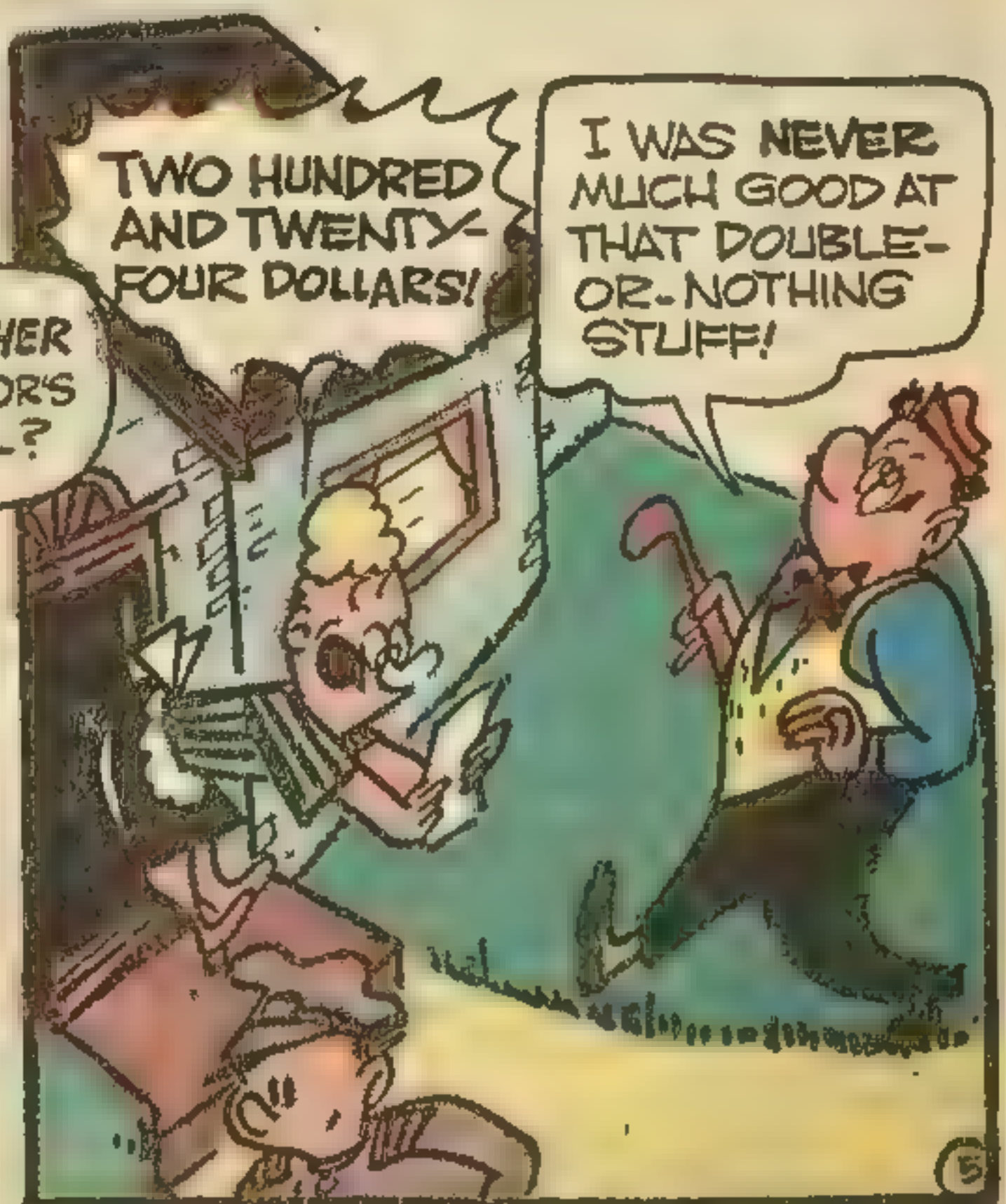
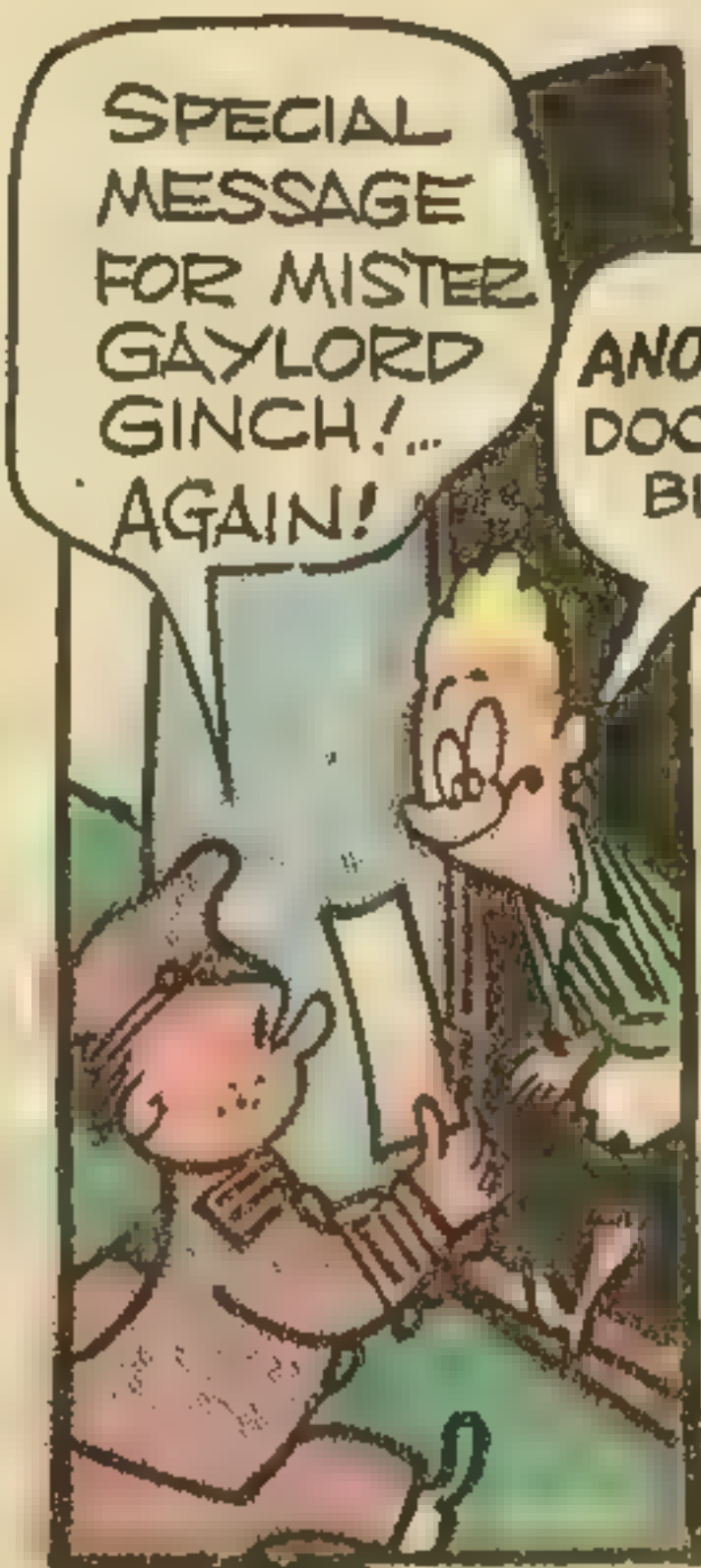
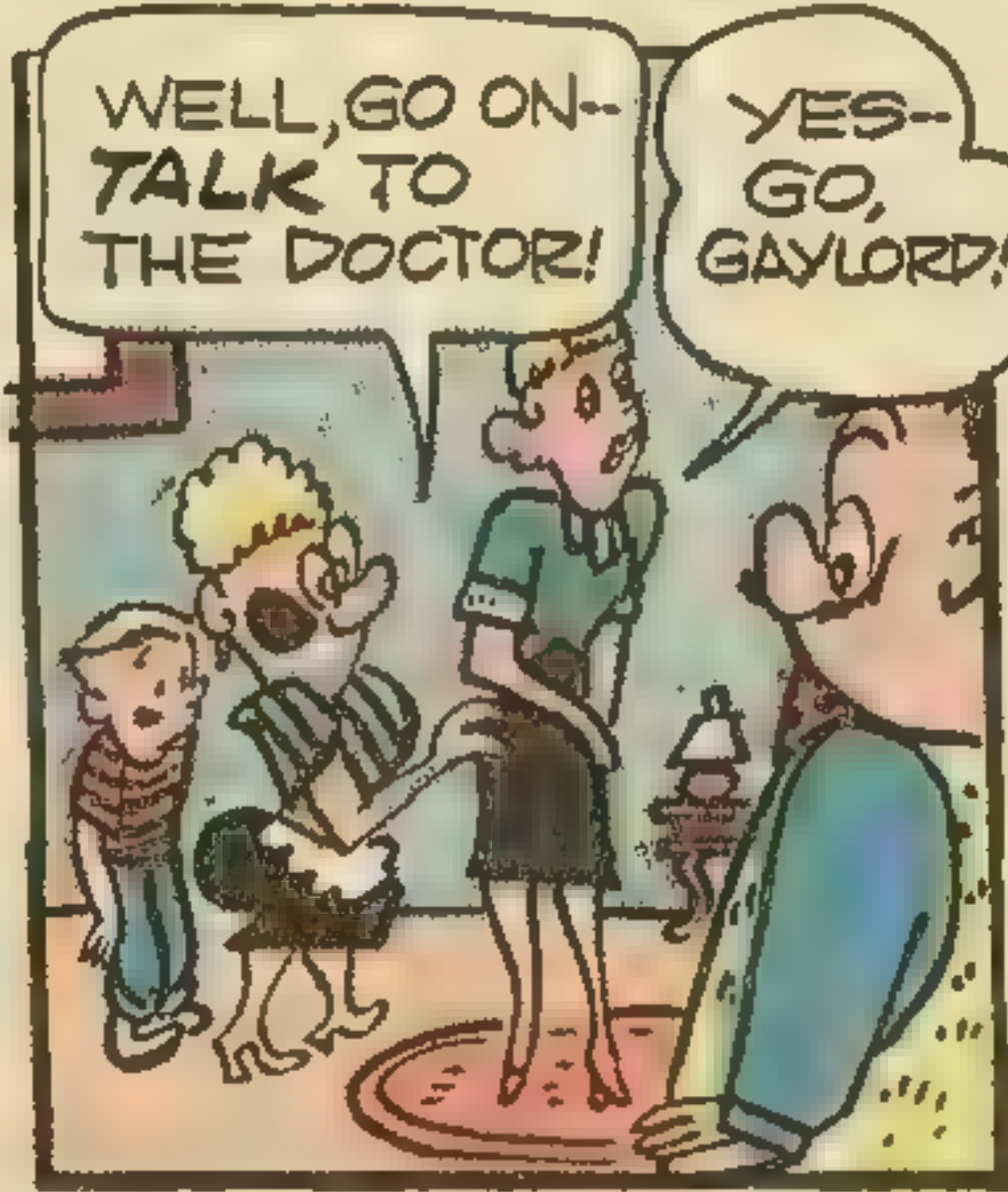
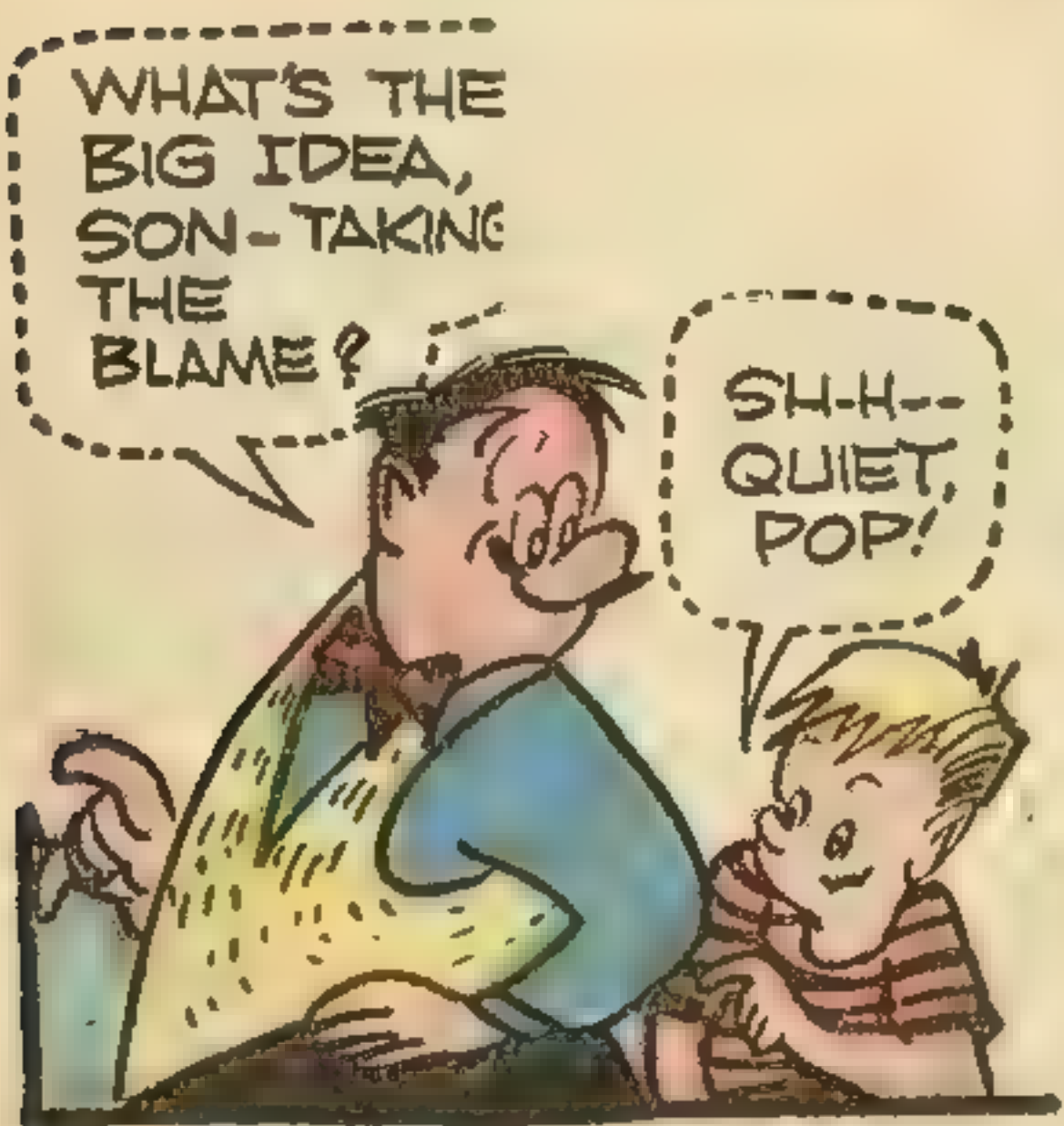
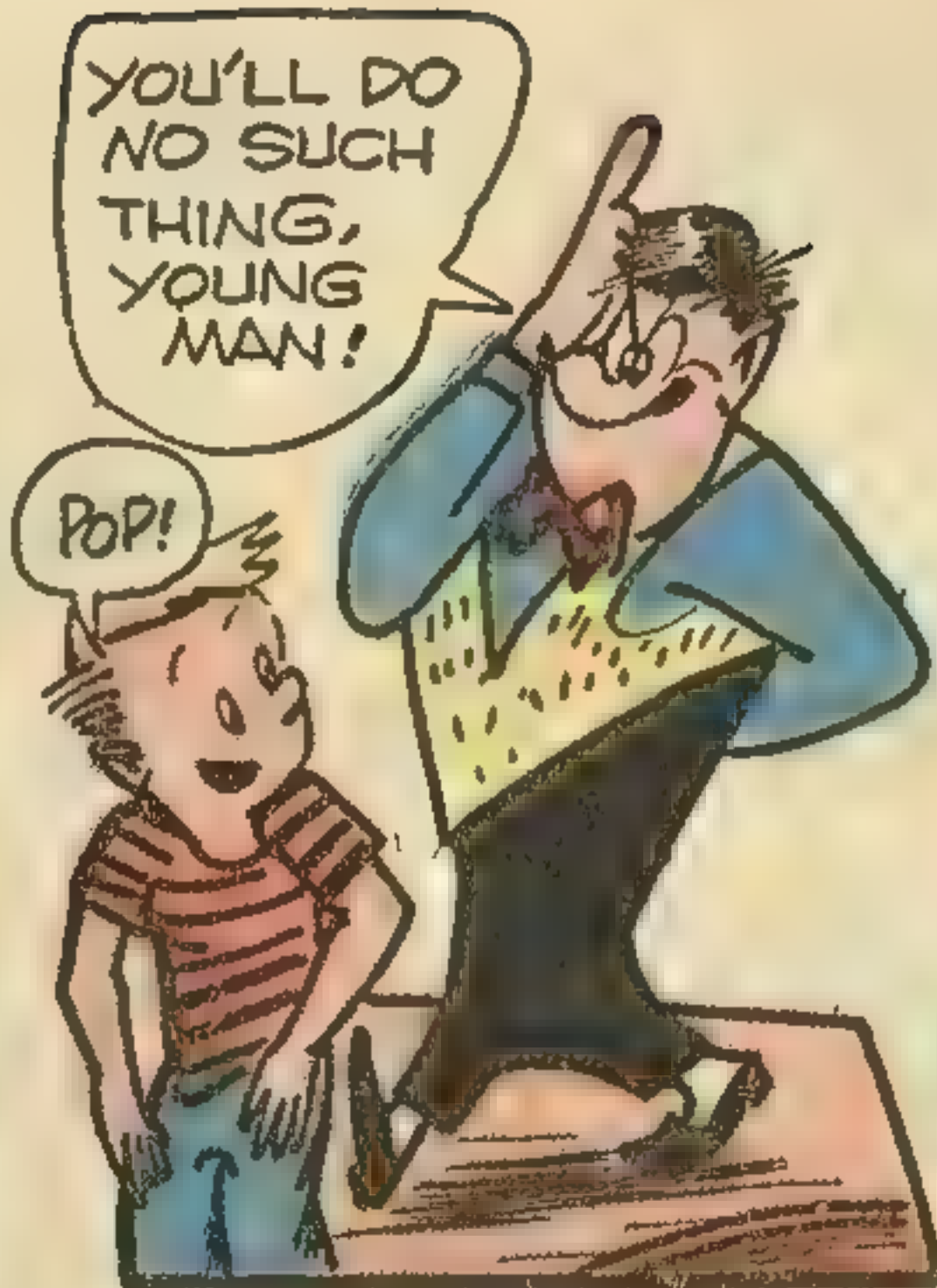
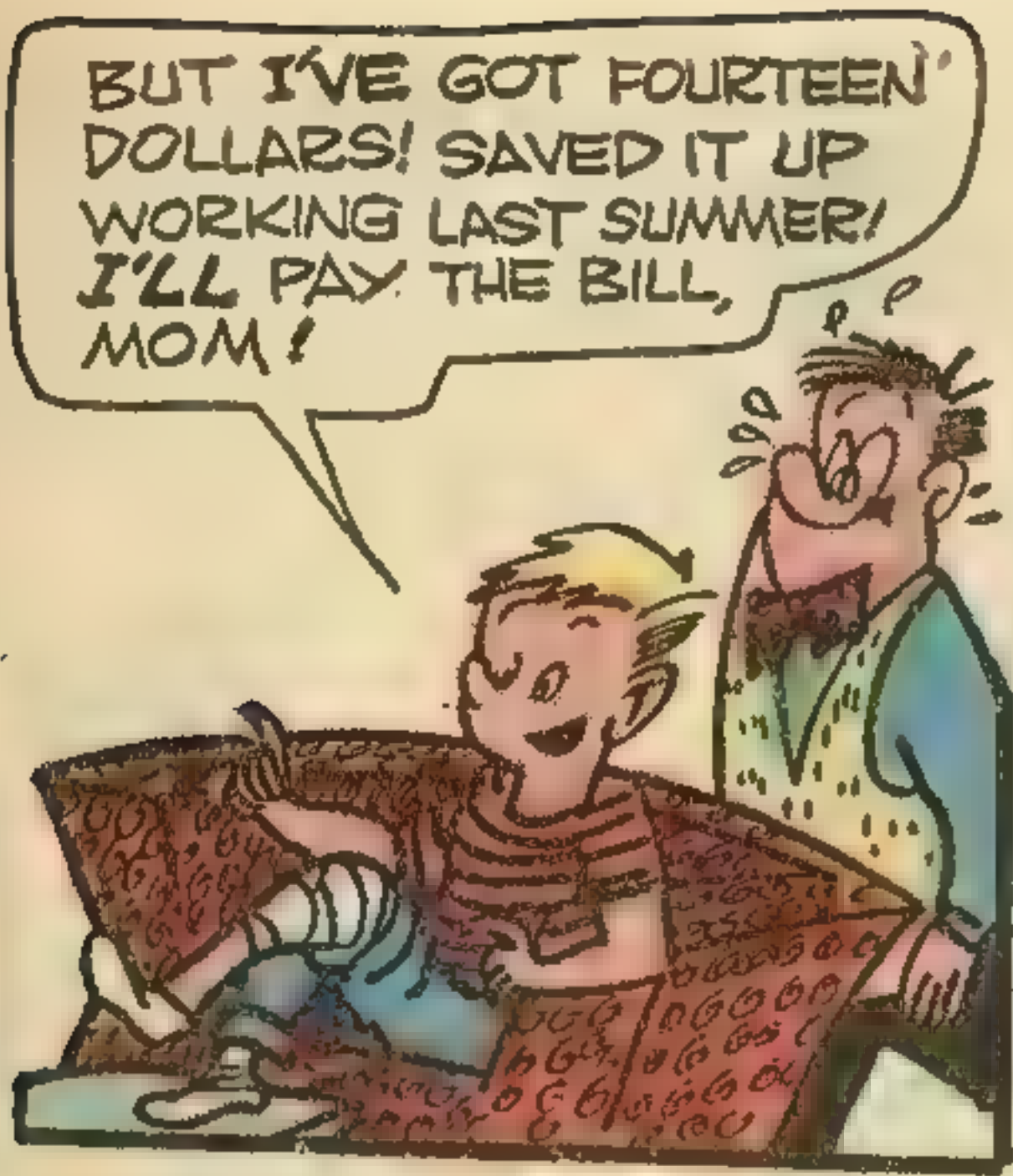
OH, JUNIOR!



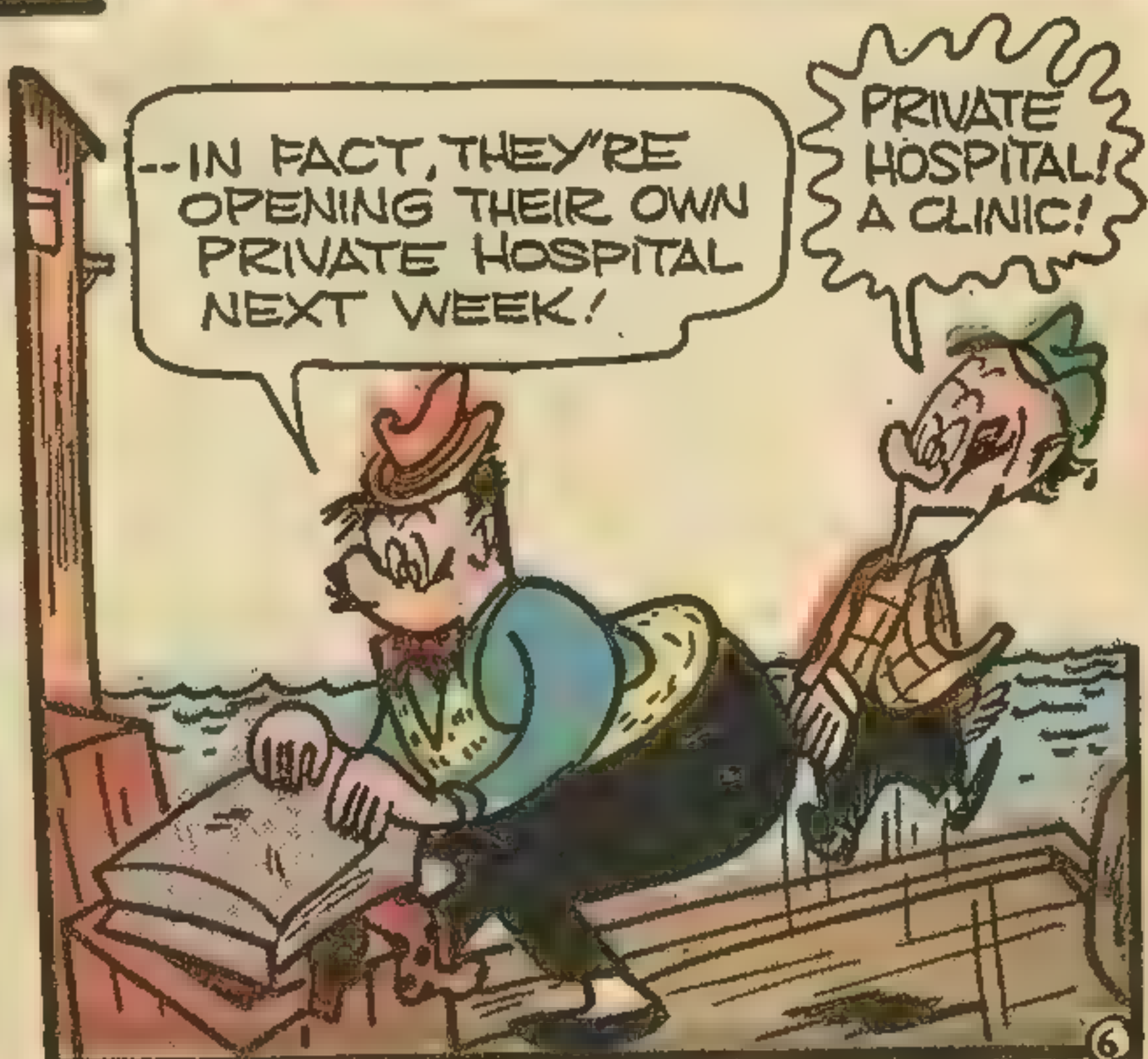
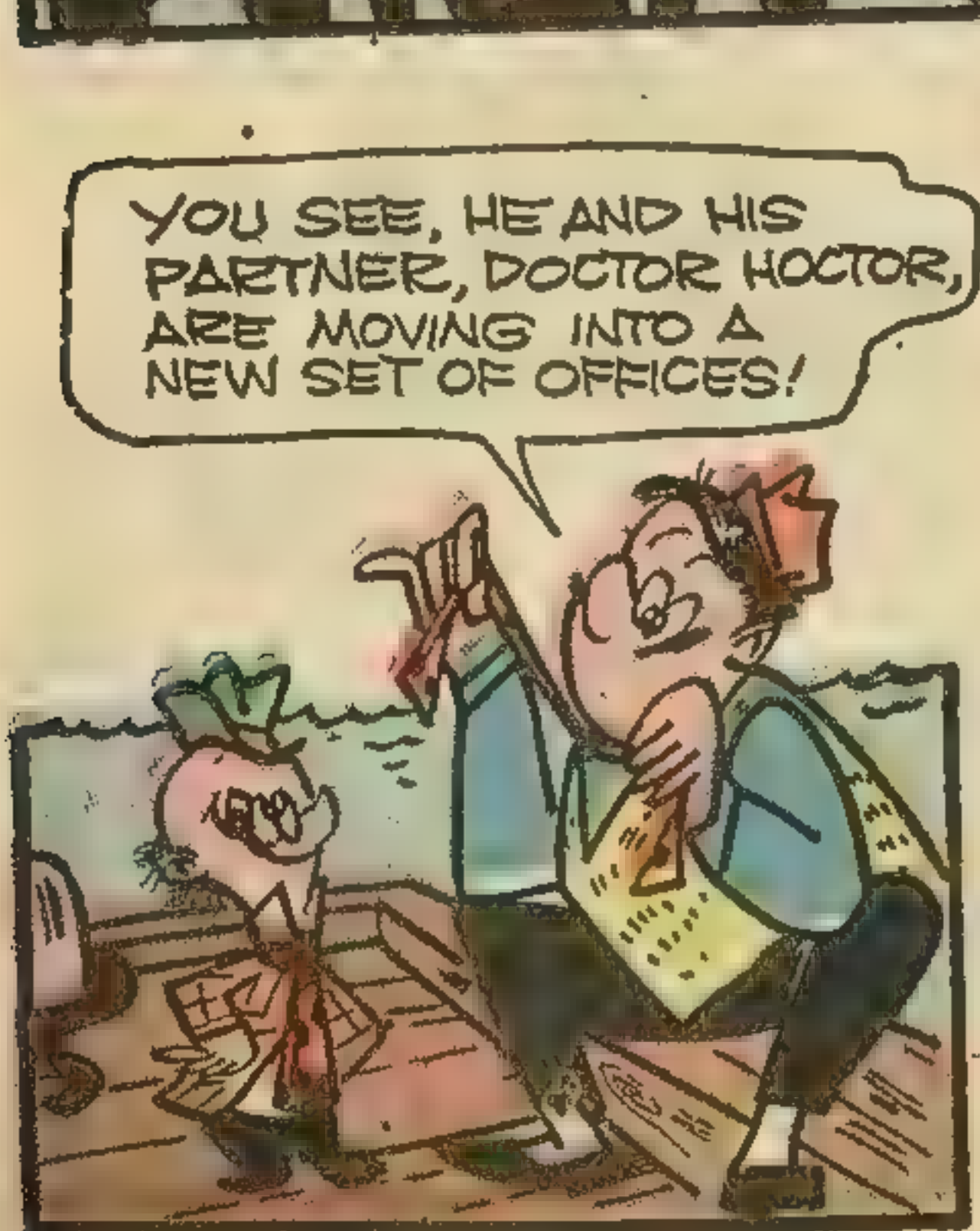
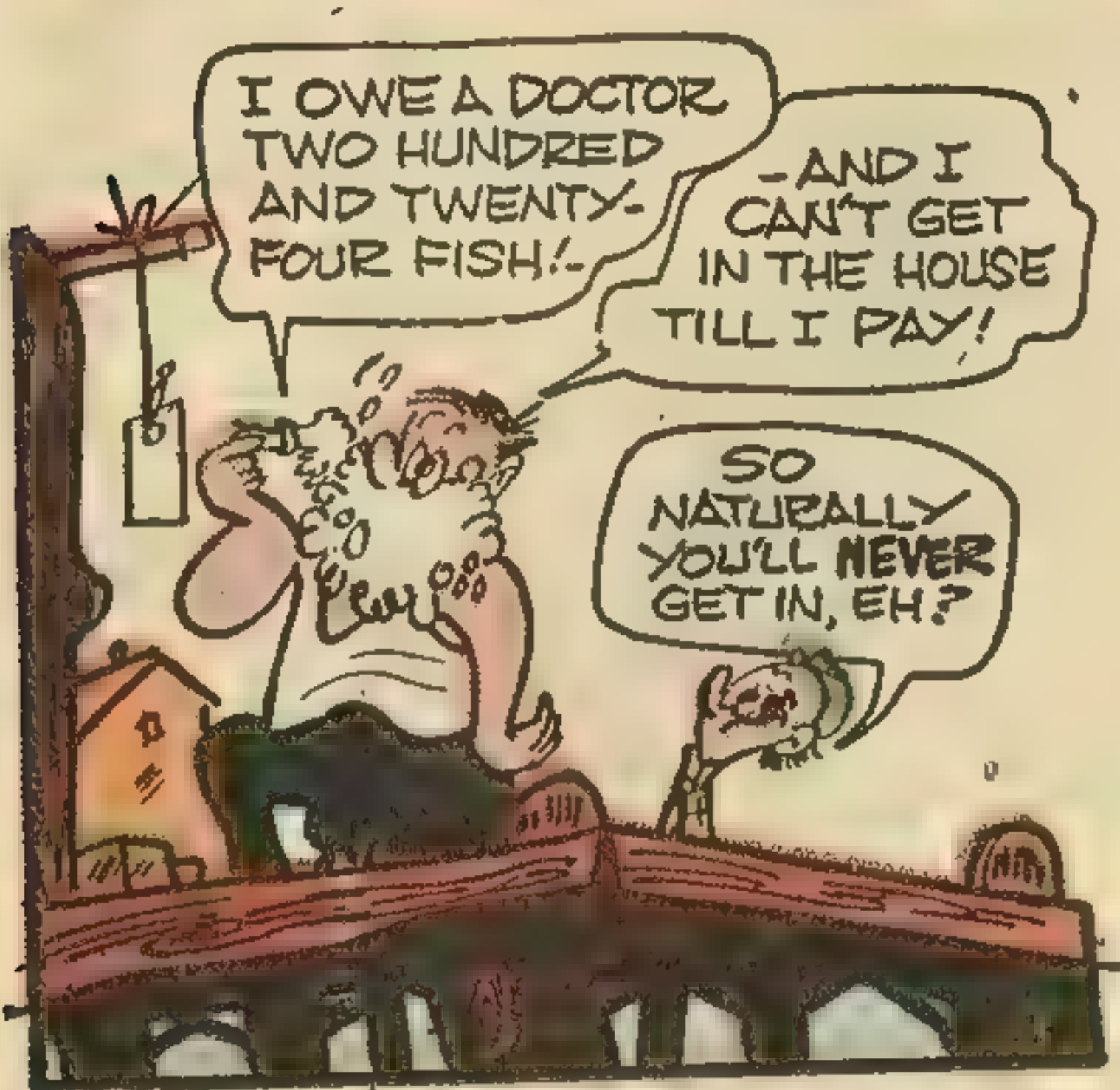
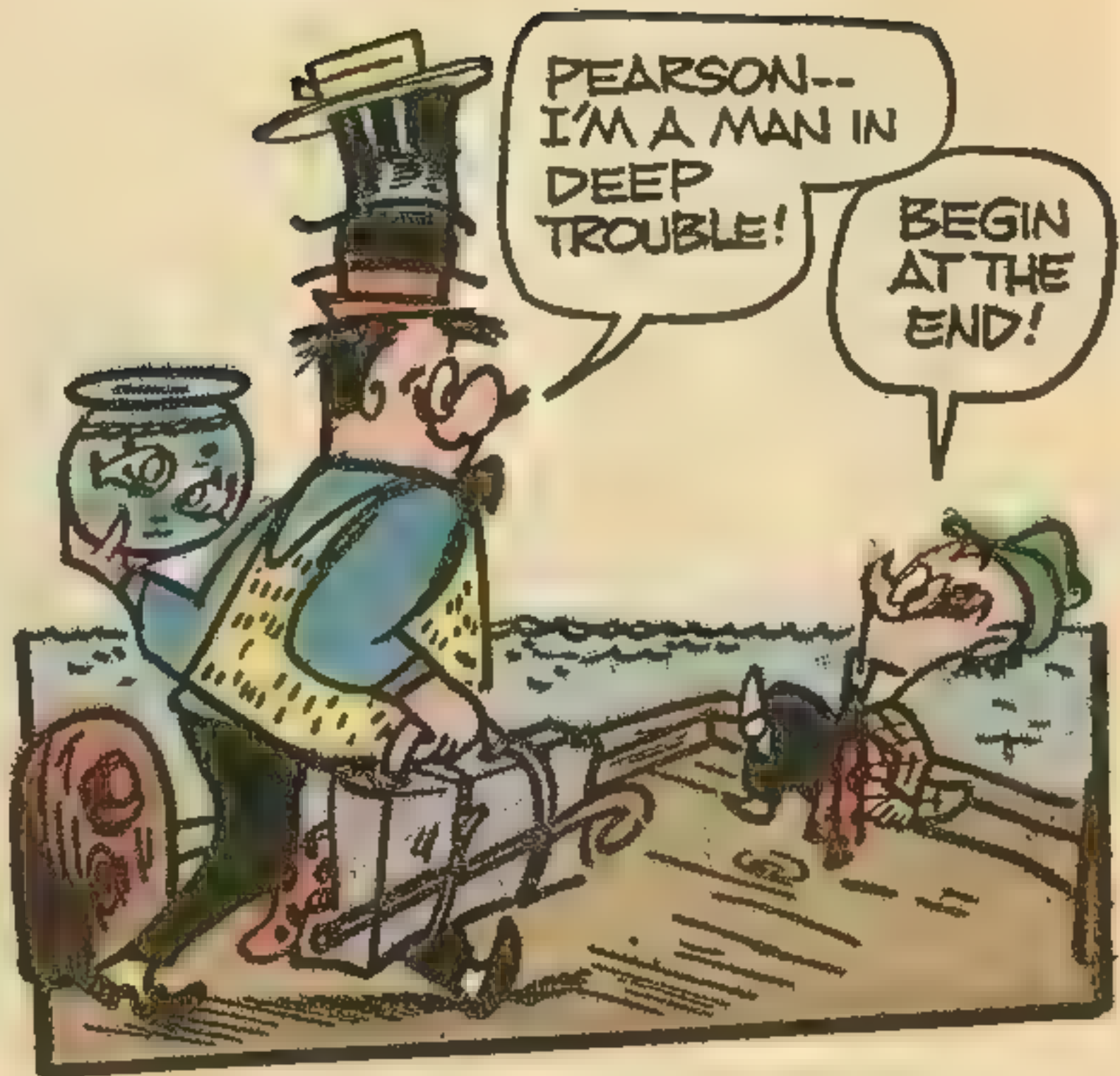
--IT'S ALL BETTER NOW! POP TOOK ME TO THE DOCTOR'S - THAT'S WHAT THE BILL WAS FOR!

?? MY BOY!

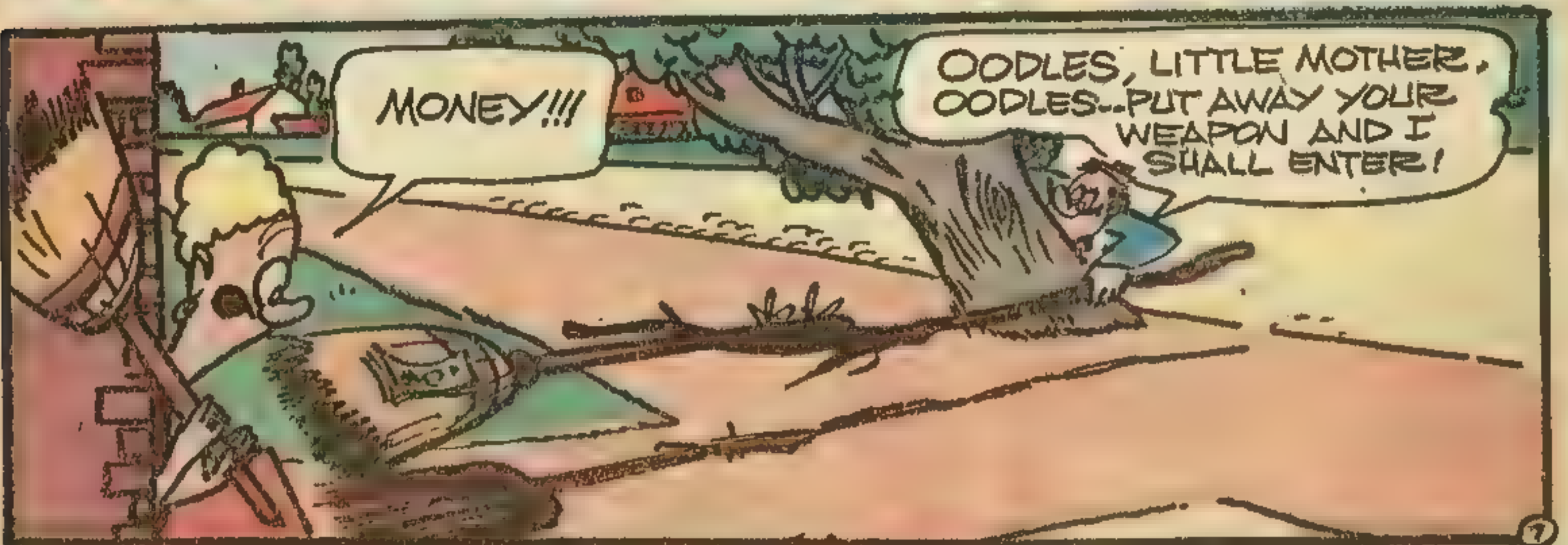
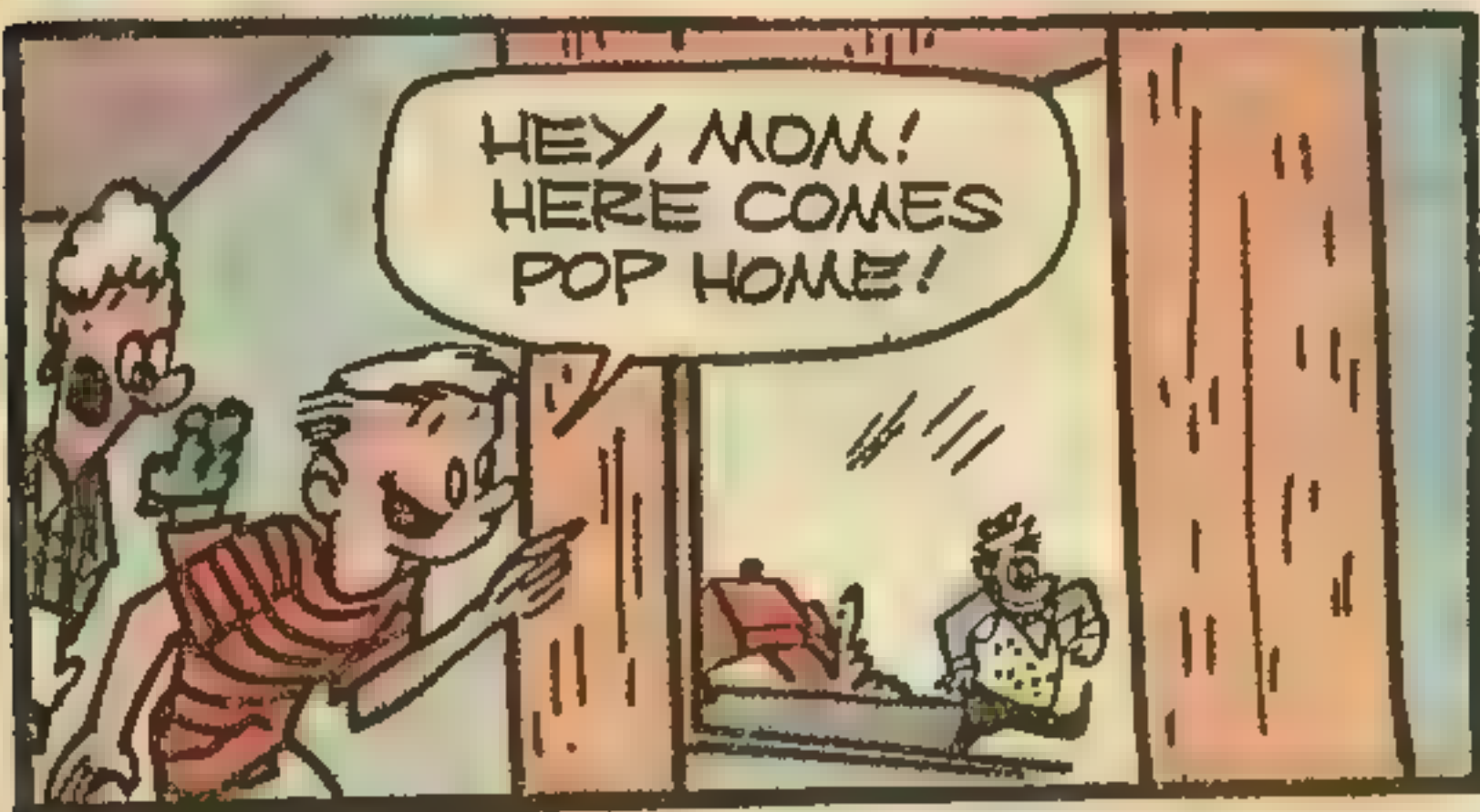




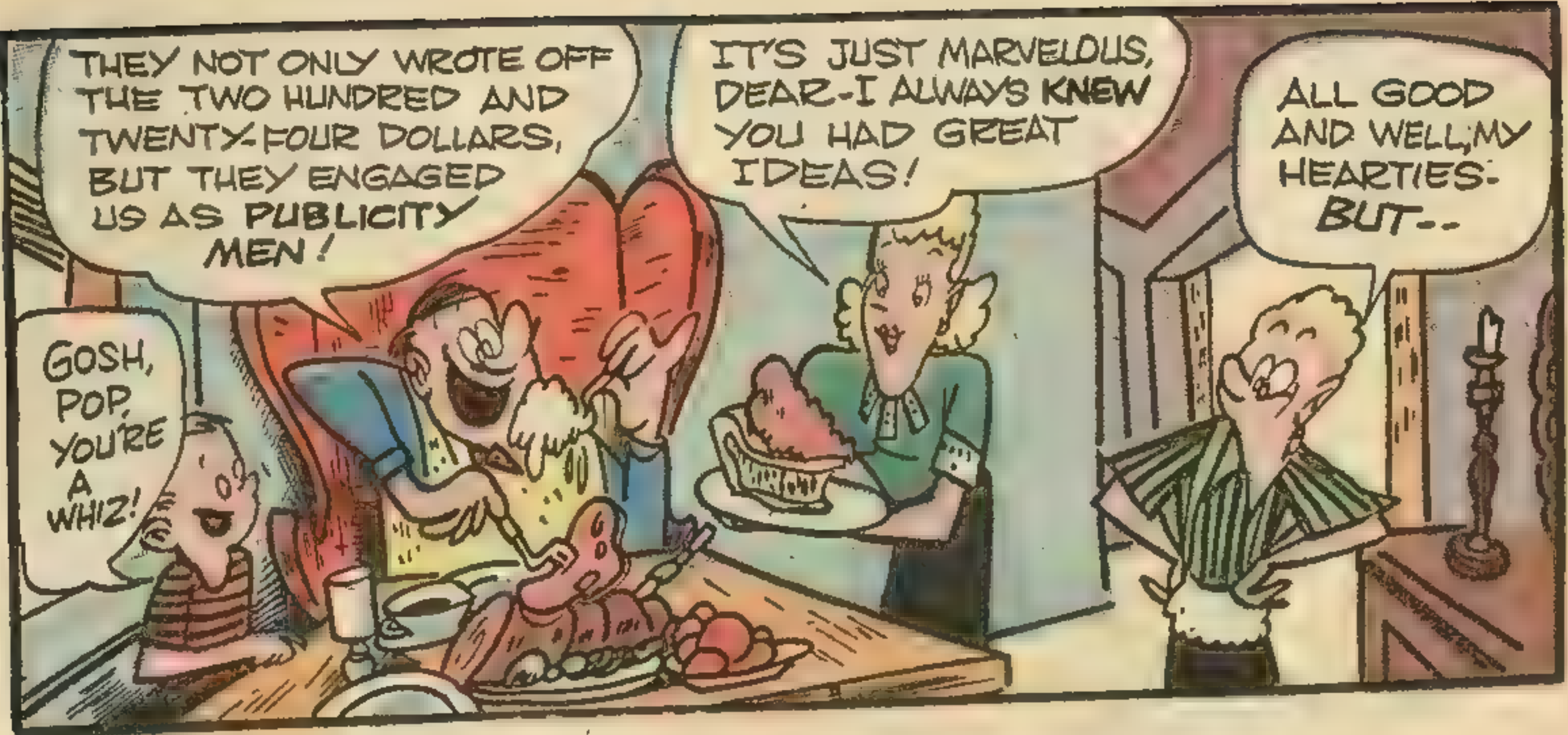










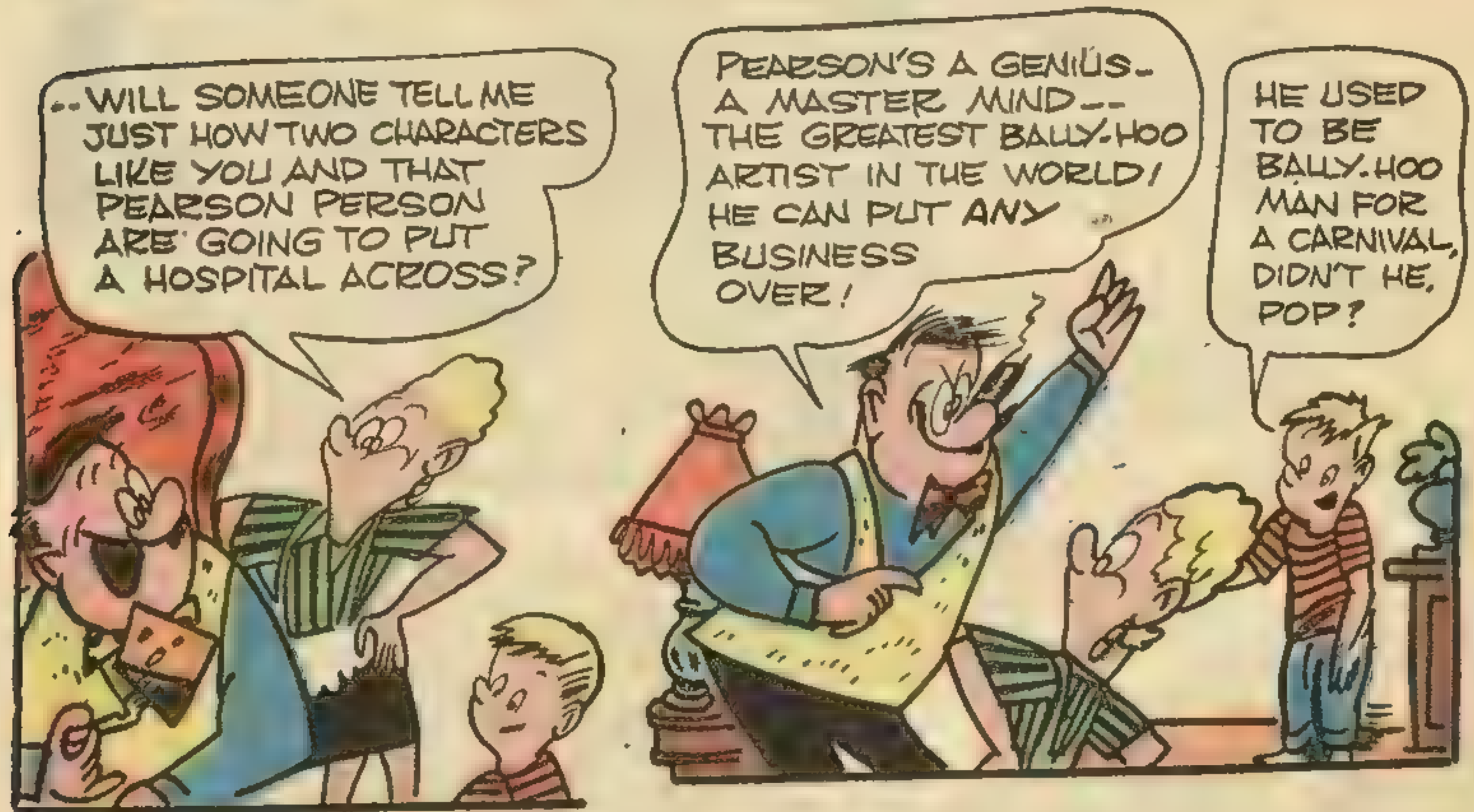


THEY NOT ONLY WROTE OFF THE TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR DOLLARS, BUT THEY ENGAGED US AS PUBLICITY MEN!

IT'S JUST MARVELLOUS, DEAR-I ALWAYS KNEW YOU HAD GREAT IDEAS!

ALL GOOD AND WELL, MY HEARTIES- BUT--

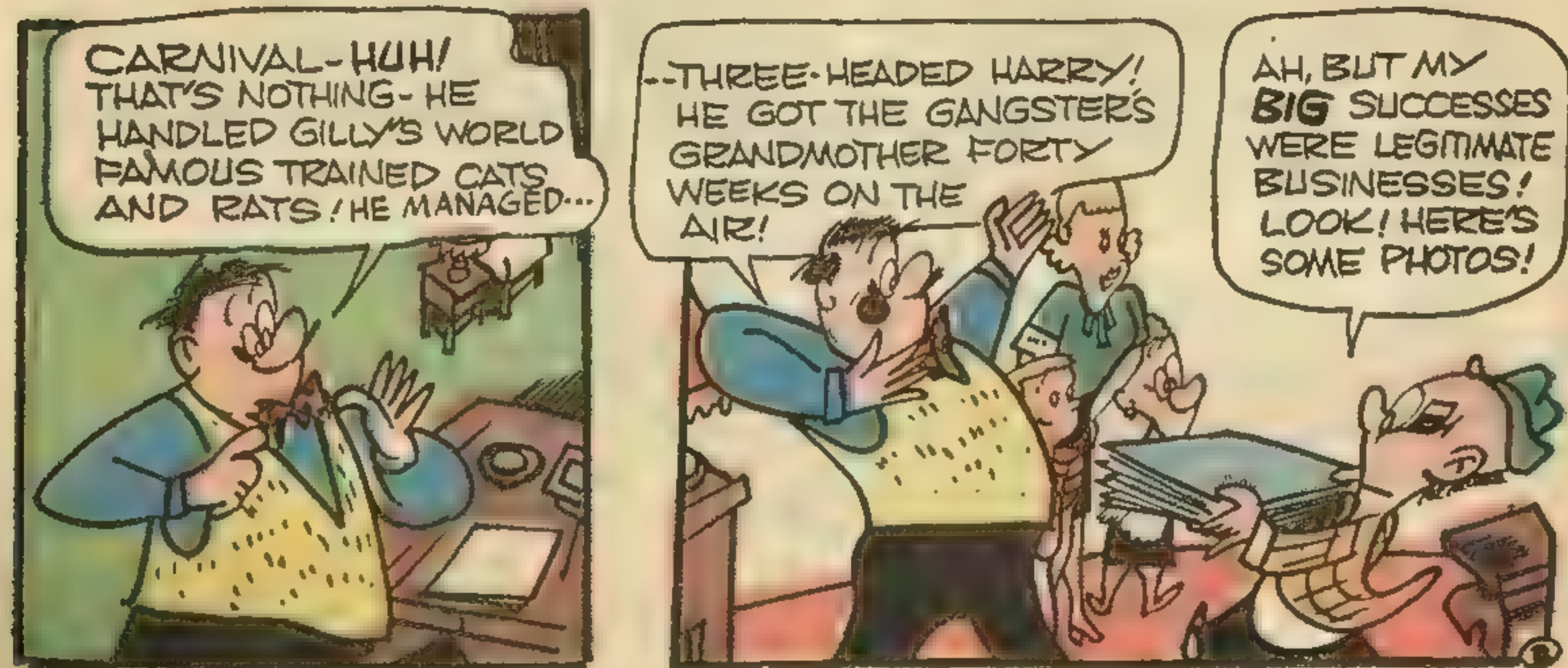
GOSH, POP, YOU'RE A WHIZ!



--WILL SOMEONE TELL ME JUST HOW TWO CHARACTERS LIKE YOU AND THAT PEARSON PERSON ARE GOING TO PUT A HOSPITAL ACROSS?

PEARSON'S A GENIUS-- A MASTER MIND-- THE GREATEST BALLY-HOO ARTIST IN THE WORLD! HE CAN PUT ANY BUSINESS OVER!

HE USED TO BE BALLY-HOO MAN FOR A CARNIVAL, DIDN'T HE, POP?



CARNIVAL-HUH! THAT'S NOTHING- HE HANDLED GILLY'S WORLD FAMOUS TRAINED CATS AND RATS! HE MANAGED...

--THREE-HEADED HARRY! HE GOT THE GANGSTER'S GRANDMOTHER FORTY WEEKS ON THE AIR!

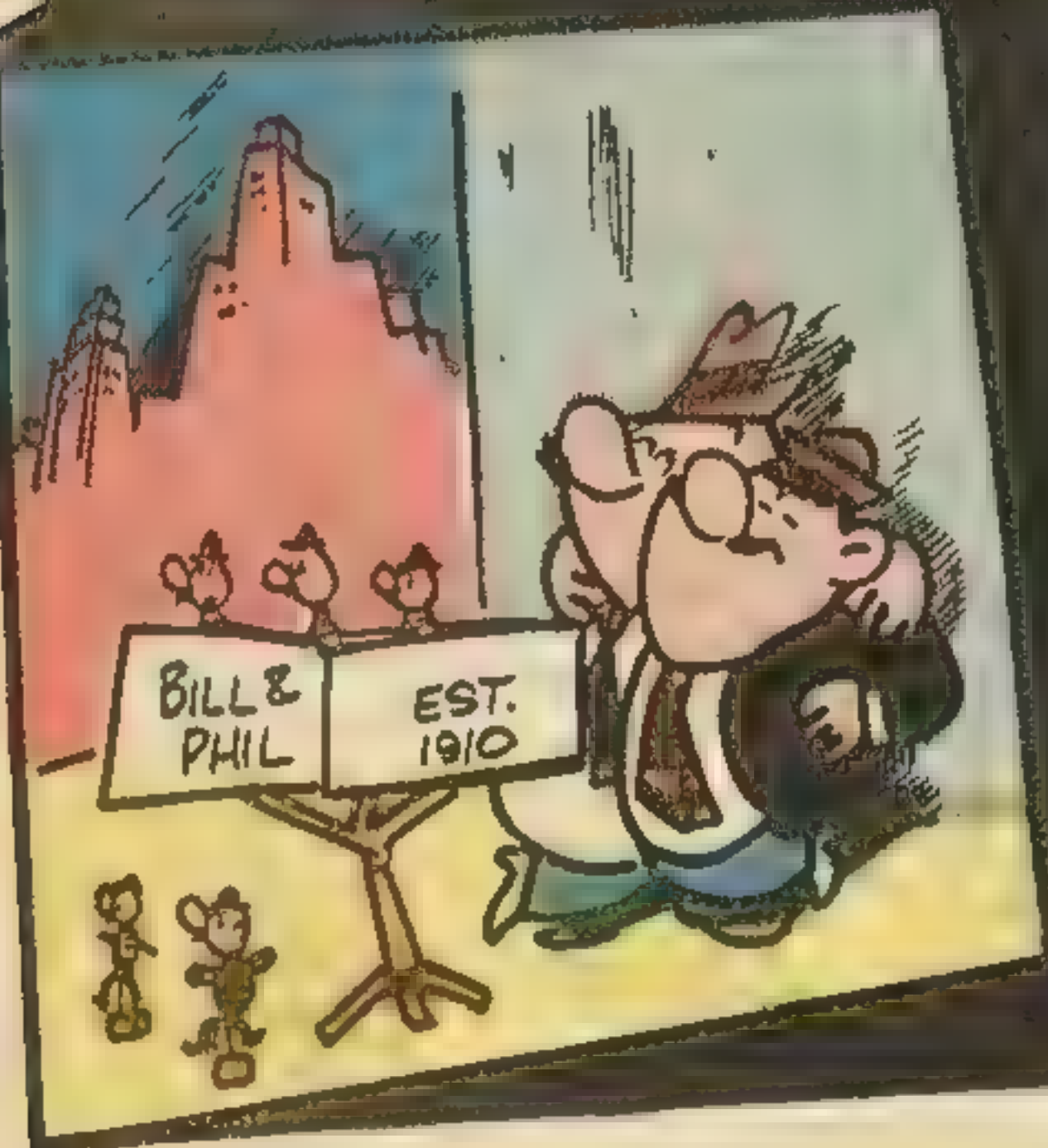
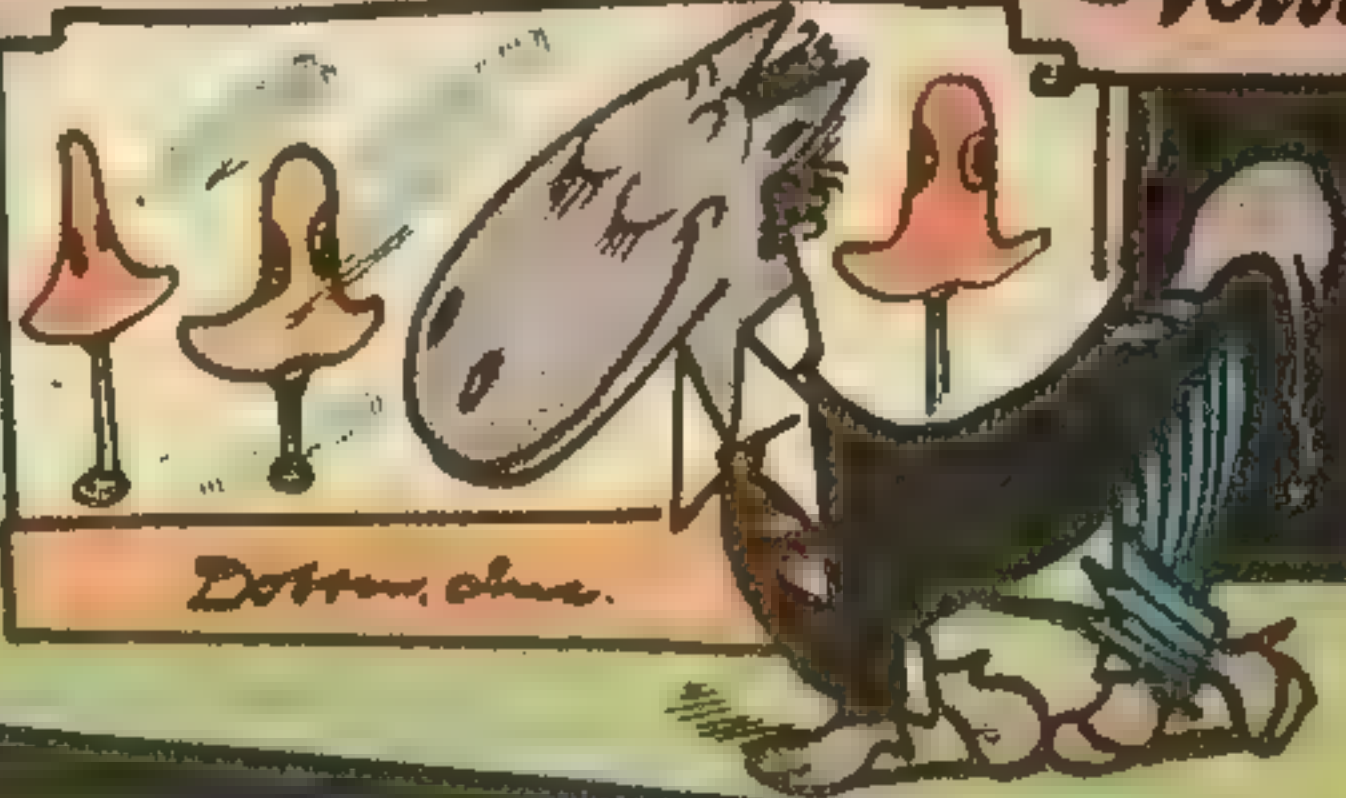
AH, BUT MY **BIG** SUCCESSES WERE LEGITIMATE BUSINESSES! LOOK! HERE'S SOME PHOTOS!



# SHIMKY'S HULA PARADISE



# Hats for Horses only By Dobbin



--AND FOR THAT HOSPITAL  
OPENING TONIGHT, I'VE  
GOT THE GREATEST  
STUNT EVER PULLED!  
I'LL PACK 'EM IN!  
SURE FIRE!  
NEVER MISSES!

CAN'T MISS. BIG SURPRISE--  
EVEN THE DOCTORS WON'T  
KNOW WHAT IT IS TILL THEY--  
WAIT! READ THIS AD--  
LOOK!

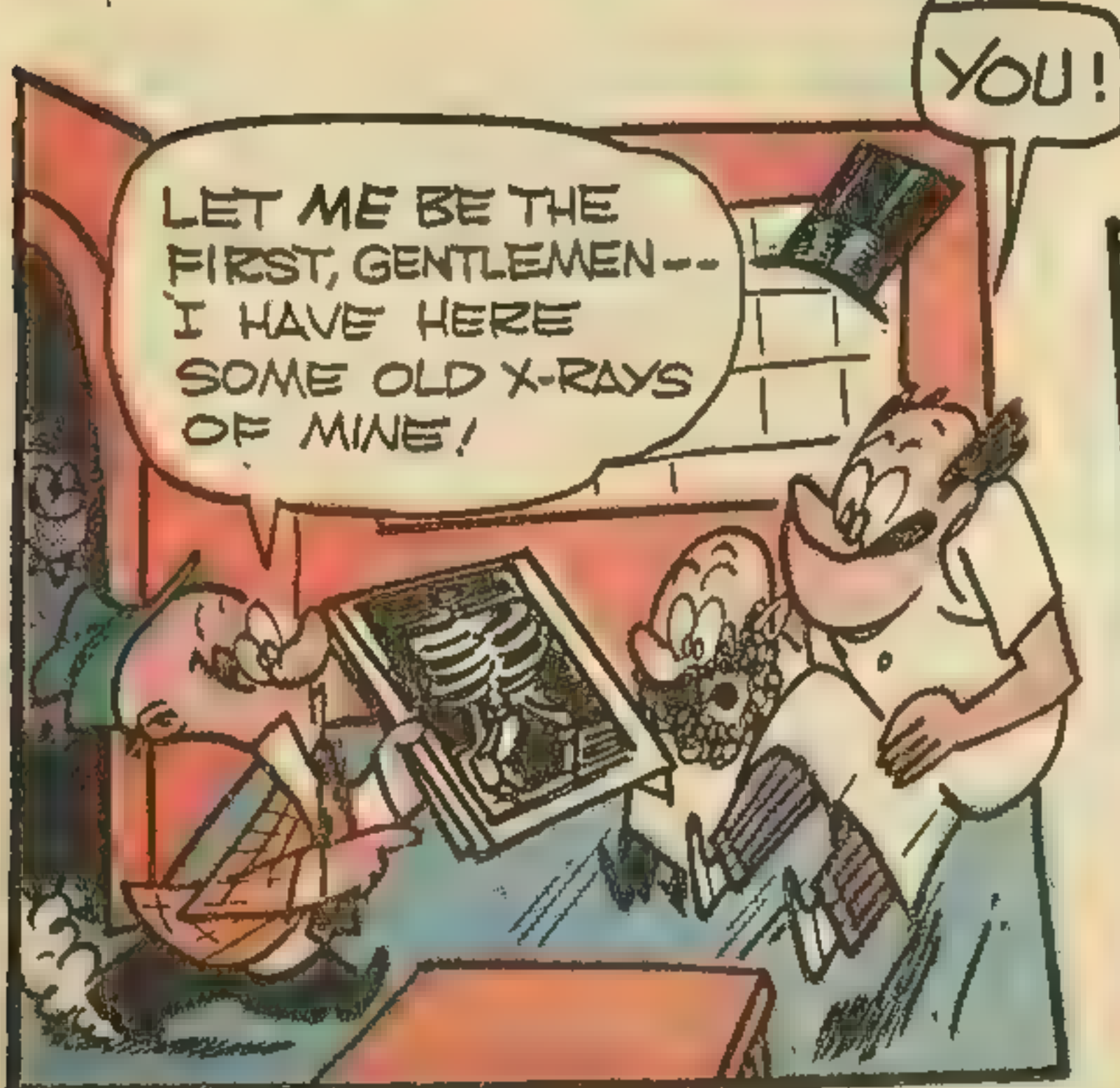
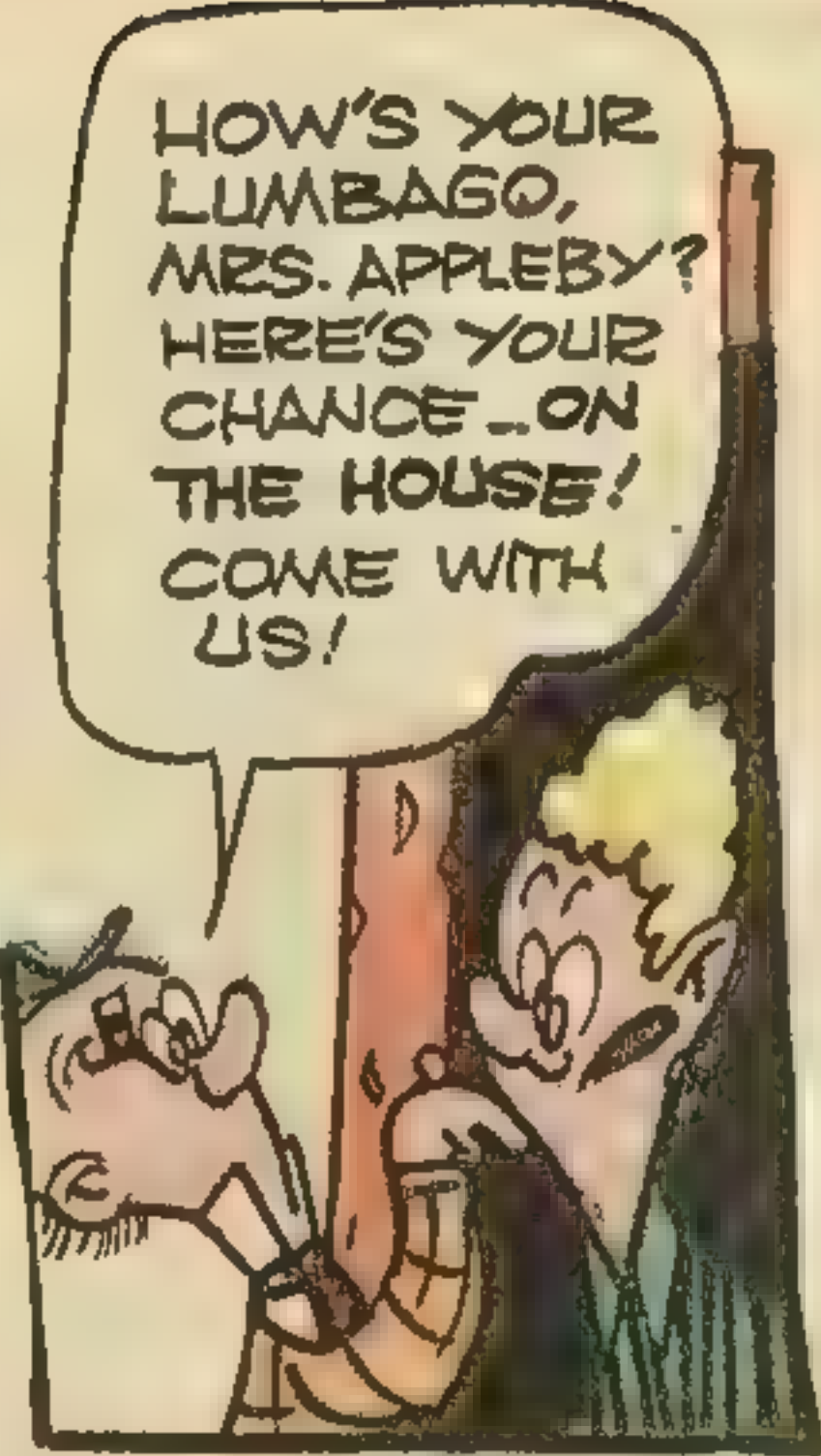
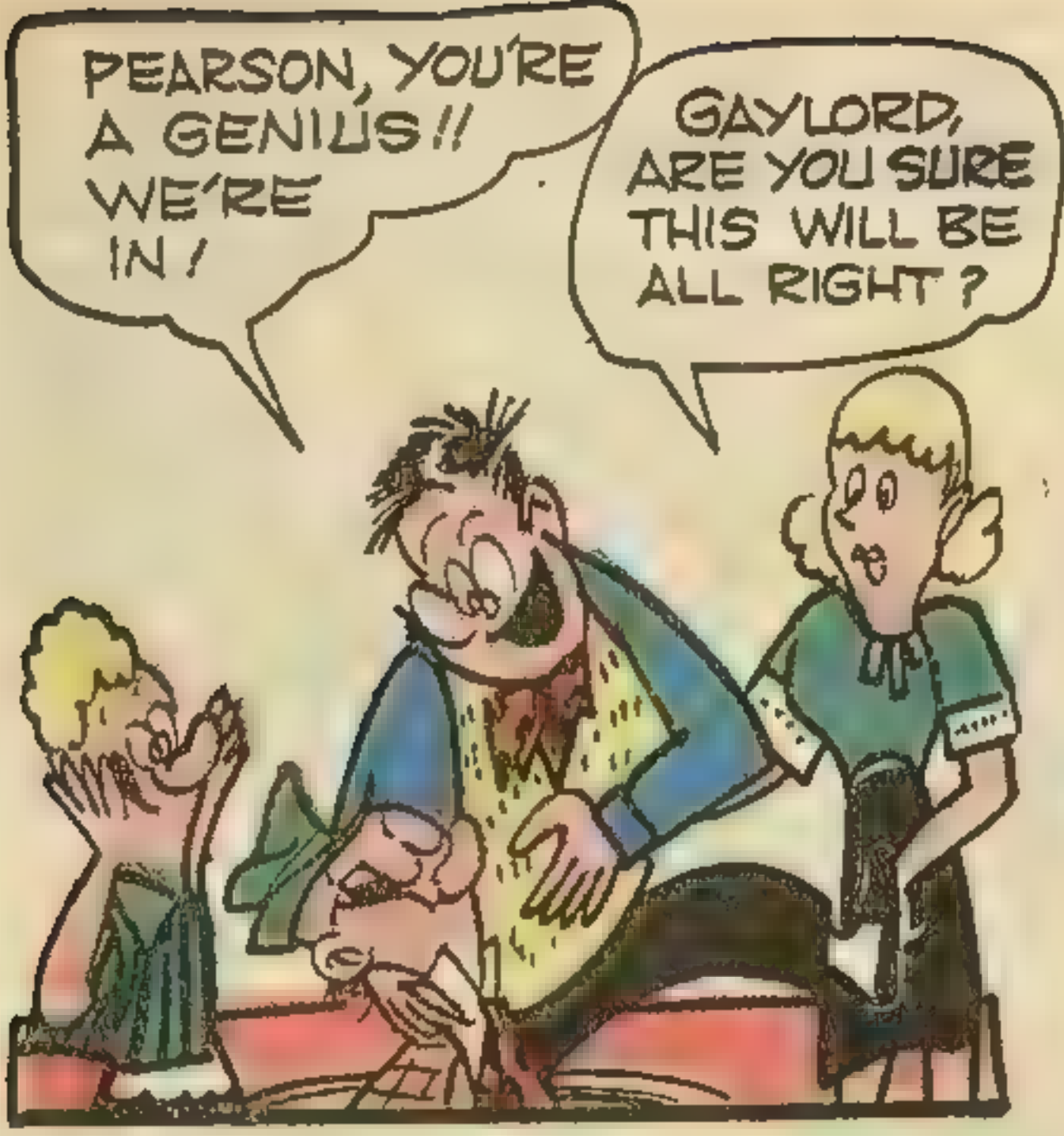
"DOCTORS PROCTOR  
AND HOCTOR PROUDLY  
ANNOUNCE THE OPENING  
OF THEIR NEW PRIVATE  
HOSPITAL AND CLINIC  
TONIGHT--"

"AT 2808  
BACKACHE  
BOULEVARD--  
AND AS AN  
ADDED  
ATTRACTION--"

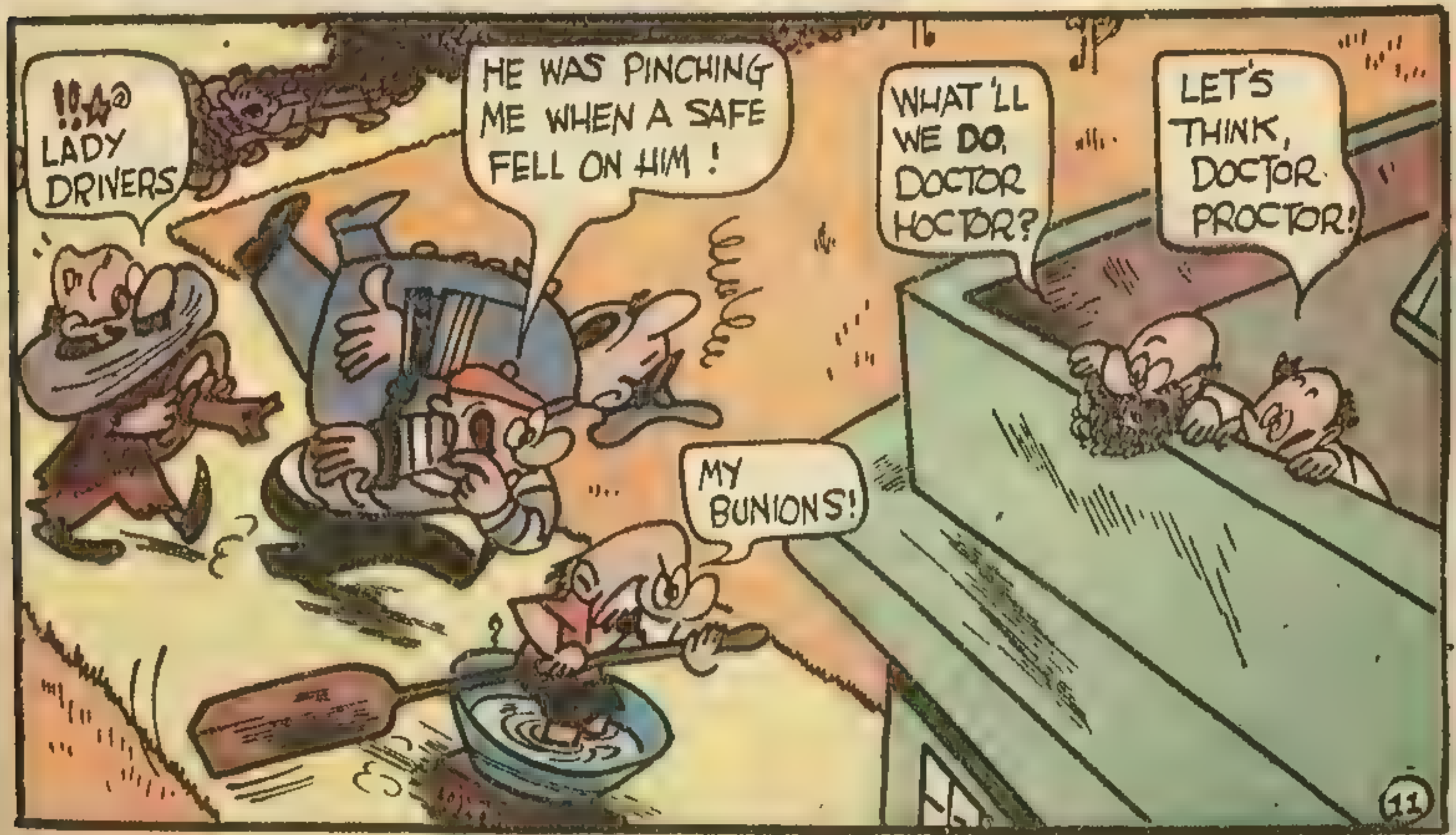
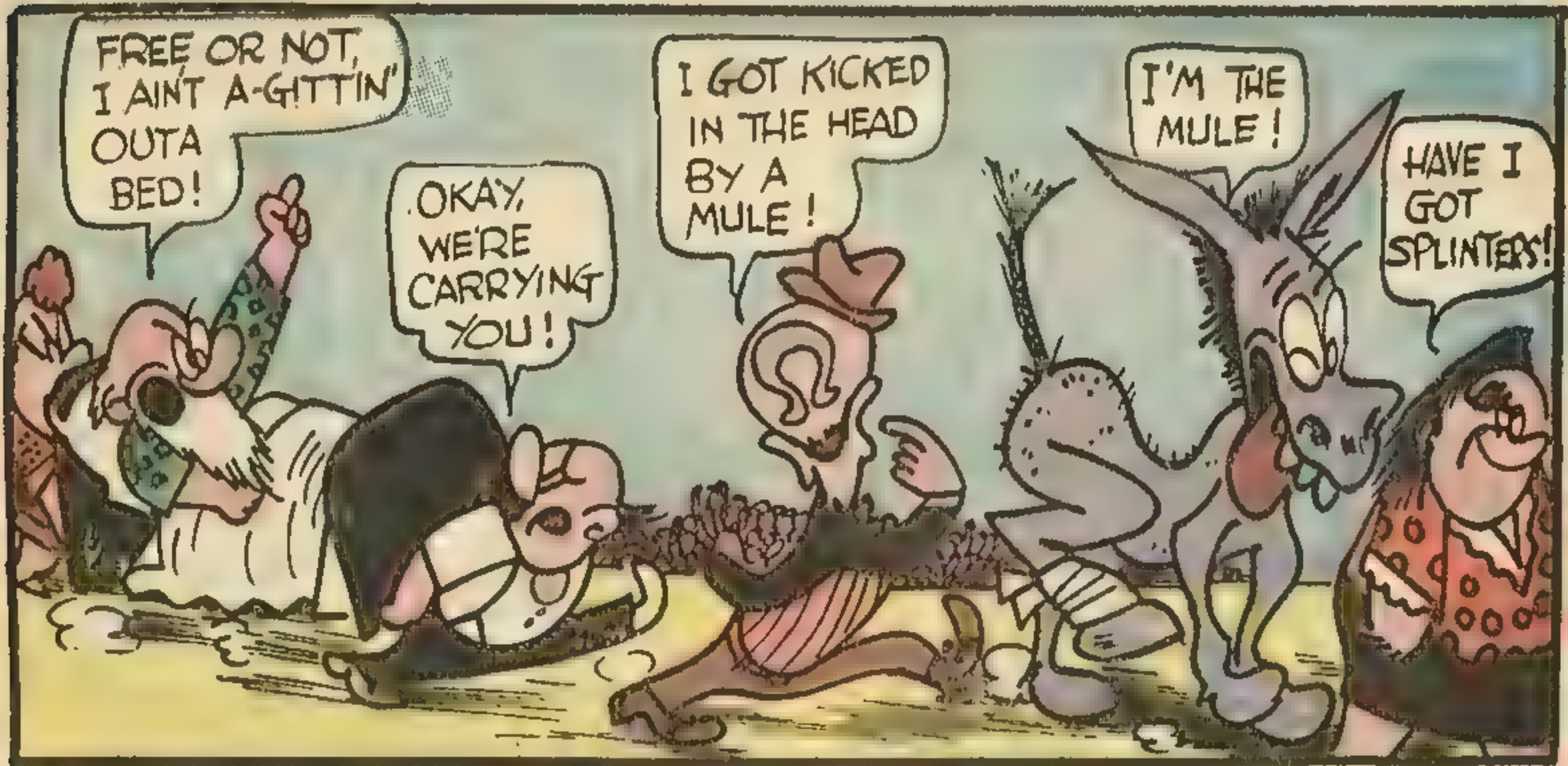
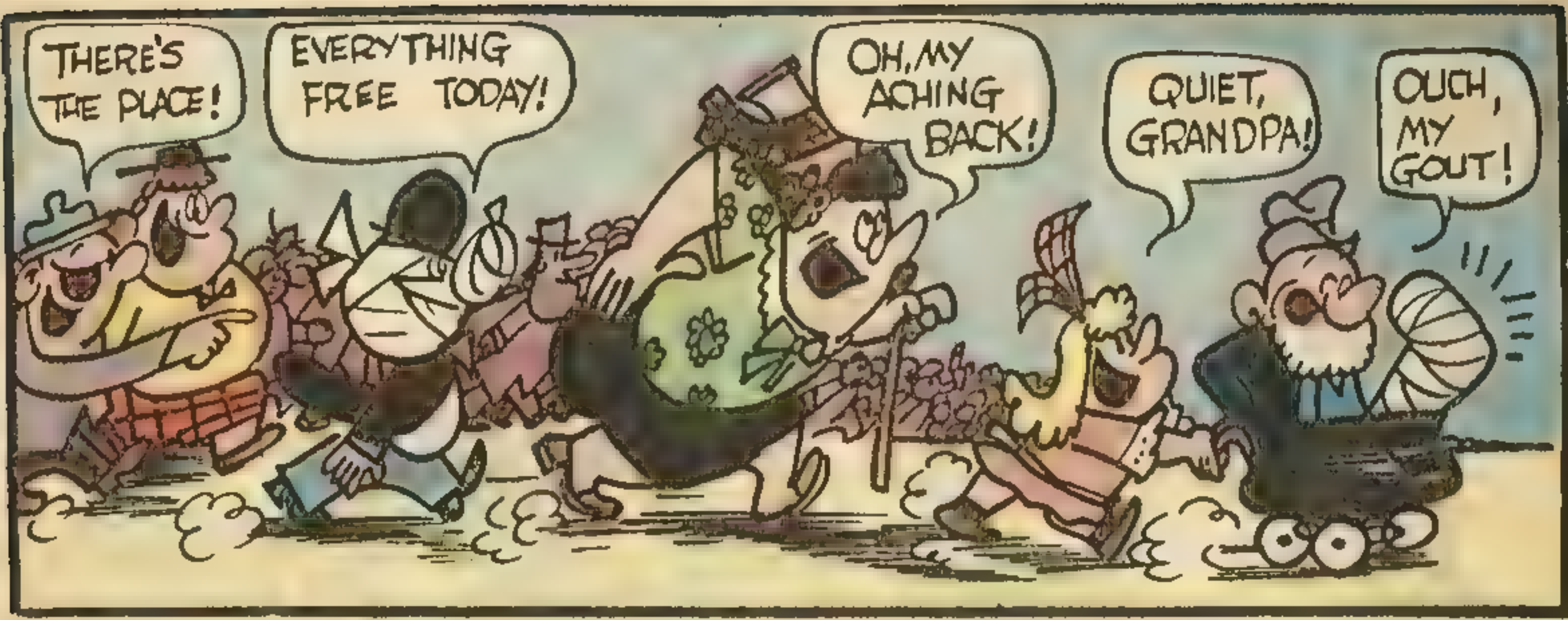
--ON THE OPENING NIGHT  
ONLY-- **EVERYTHING  
IS ON THE  
HOUSE!!**"

MY  
GOSH!

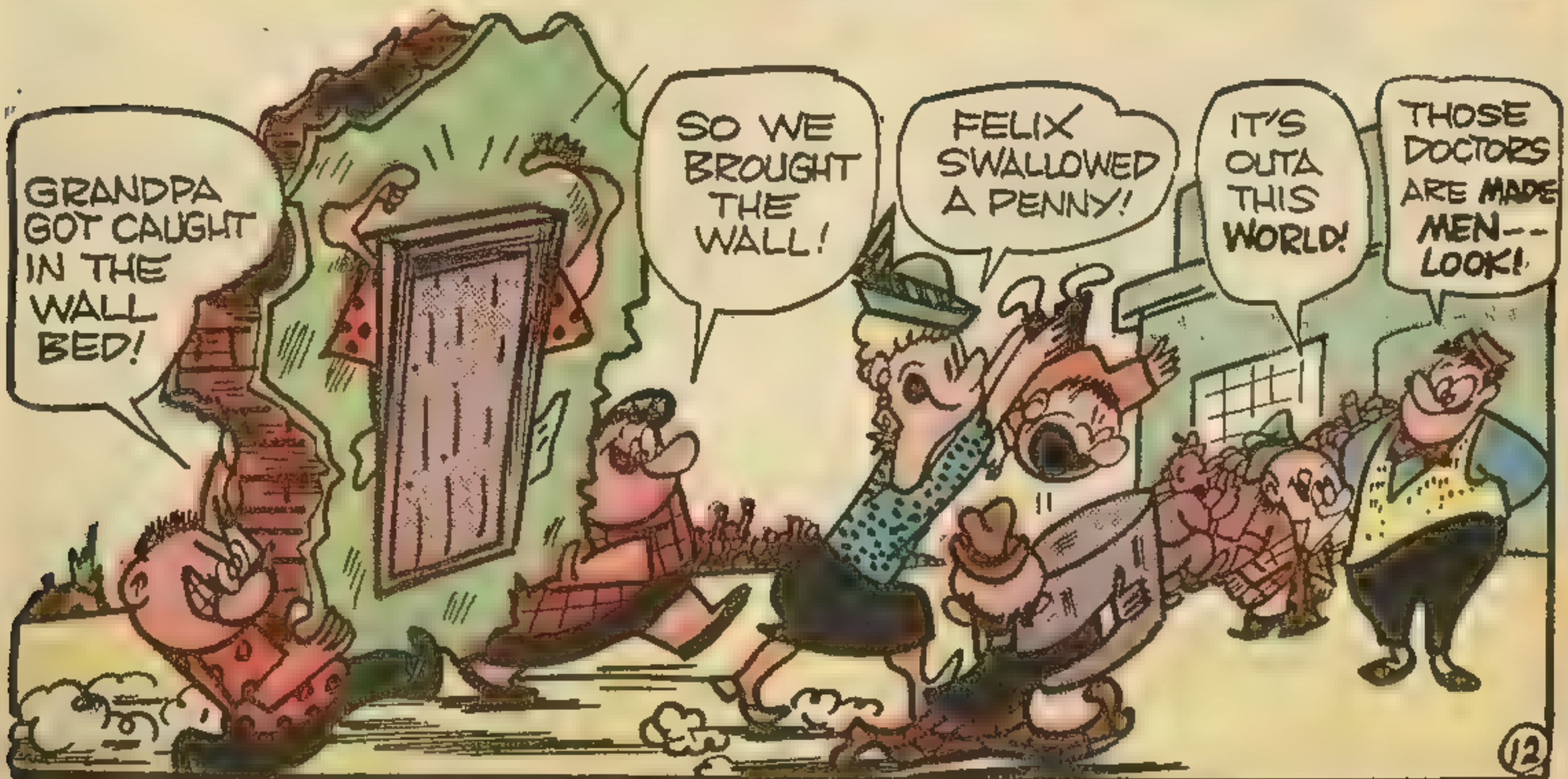
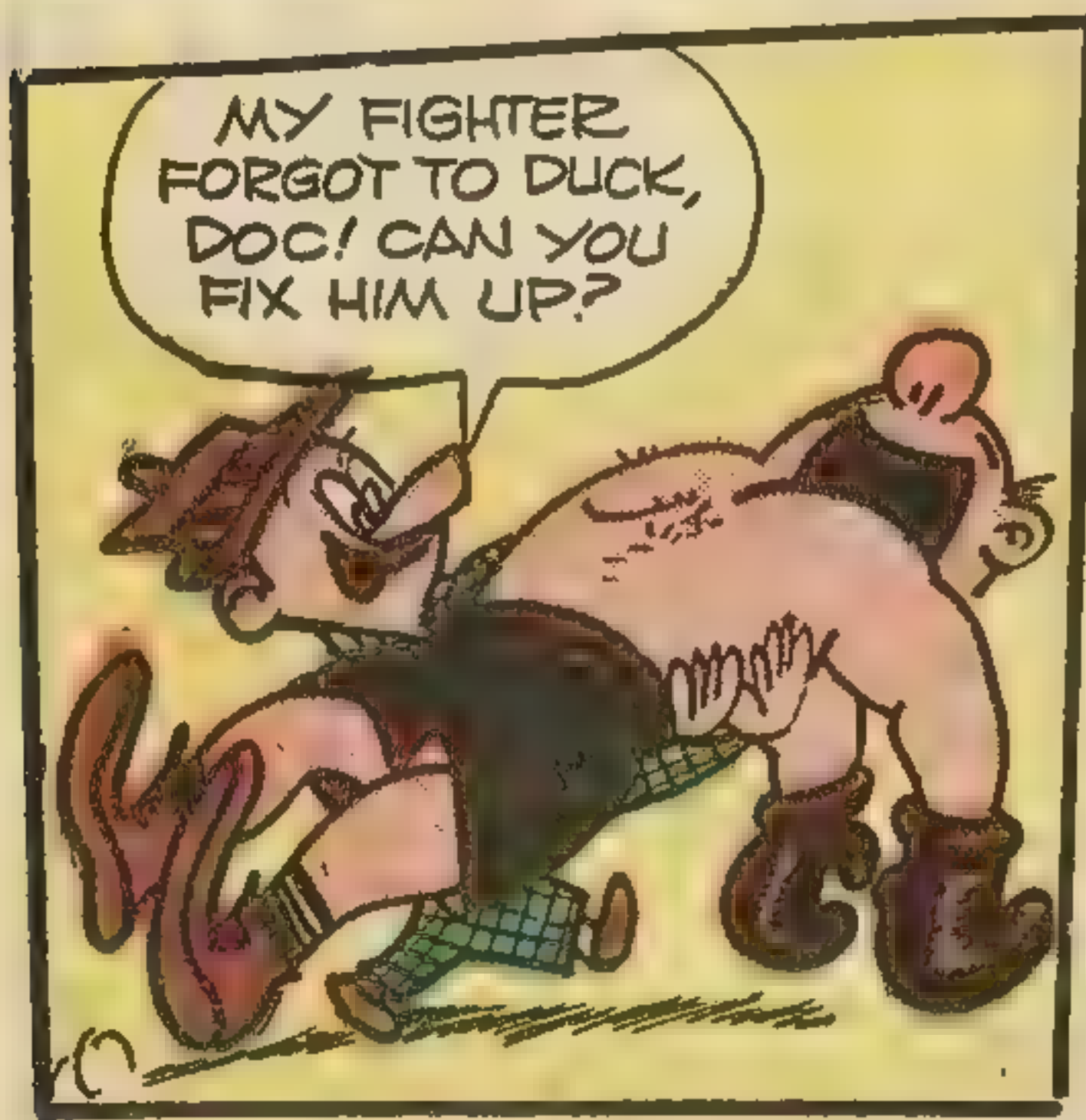
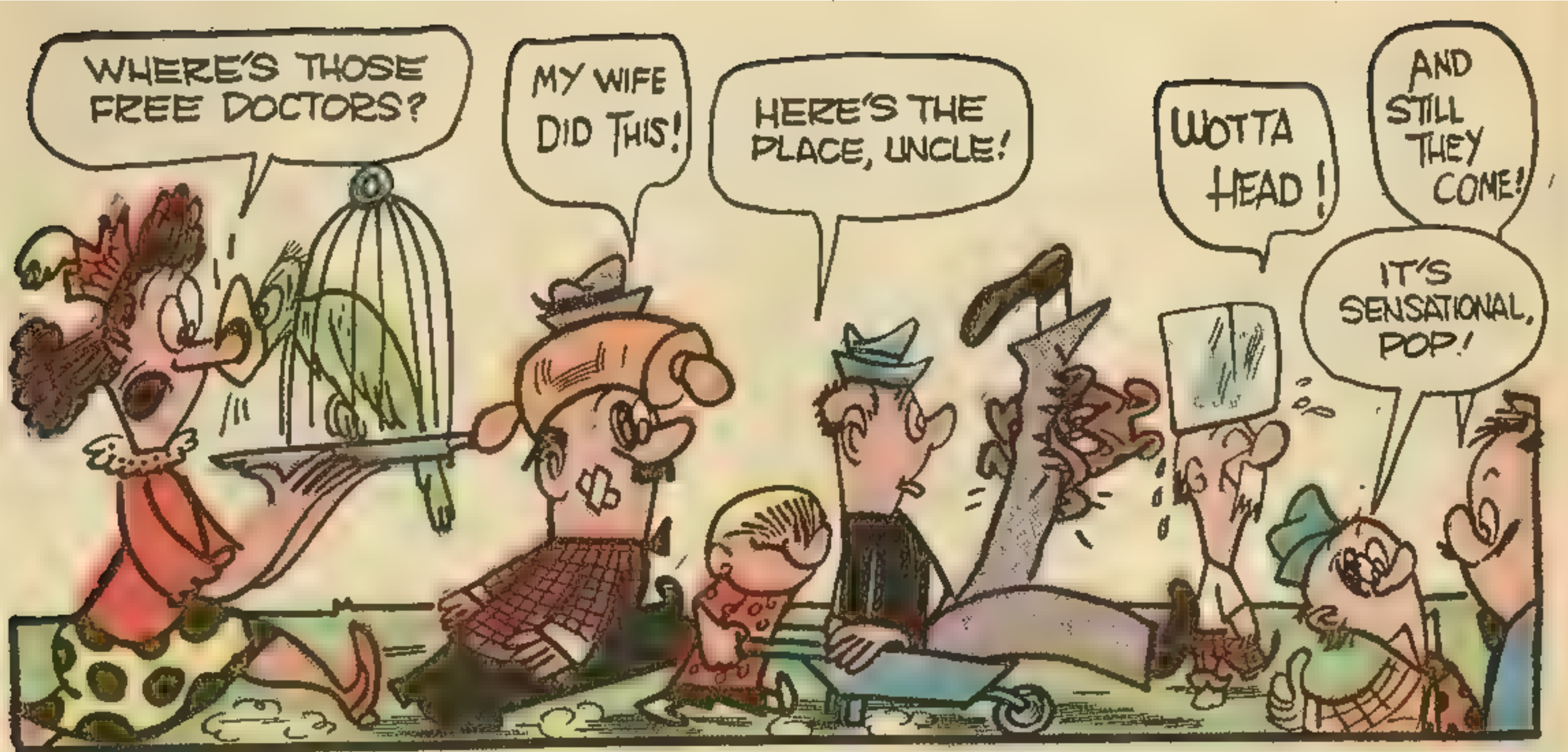














I WAS PASSING  
A HORNET'S  
NEST!

WE WANT  
TO BE  
PSYCHO-  
ANALYZED!

WAIT, KIDS,  
I'LL BACK UP  
THE TRUCK!

So!

TELL DOCTOR  
YOU ALL GOT  
MEASLES!

WE GOT  
MEASLES!

HELP!

LOOK,  
POP!

WHY, DOCTORS!  
WHERE ARE  
YOU GOING?

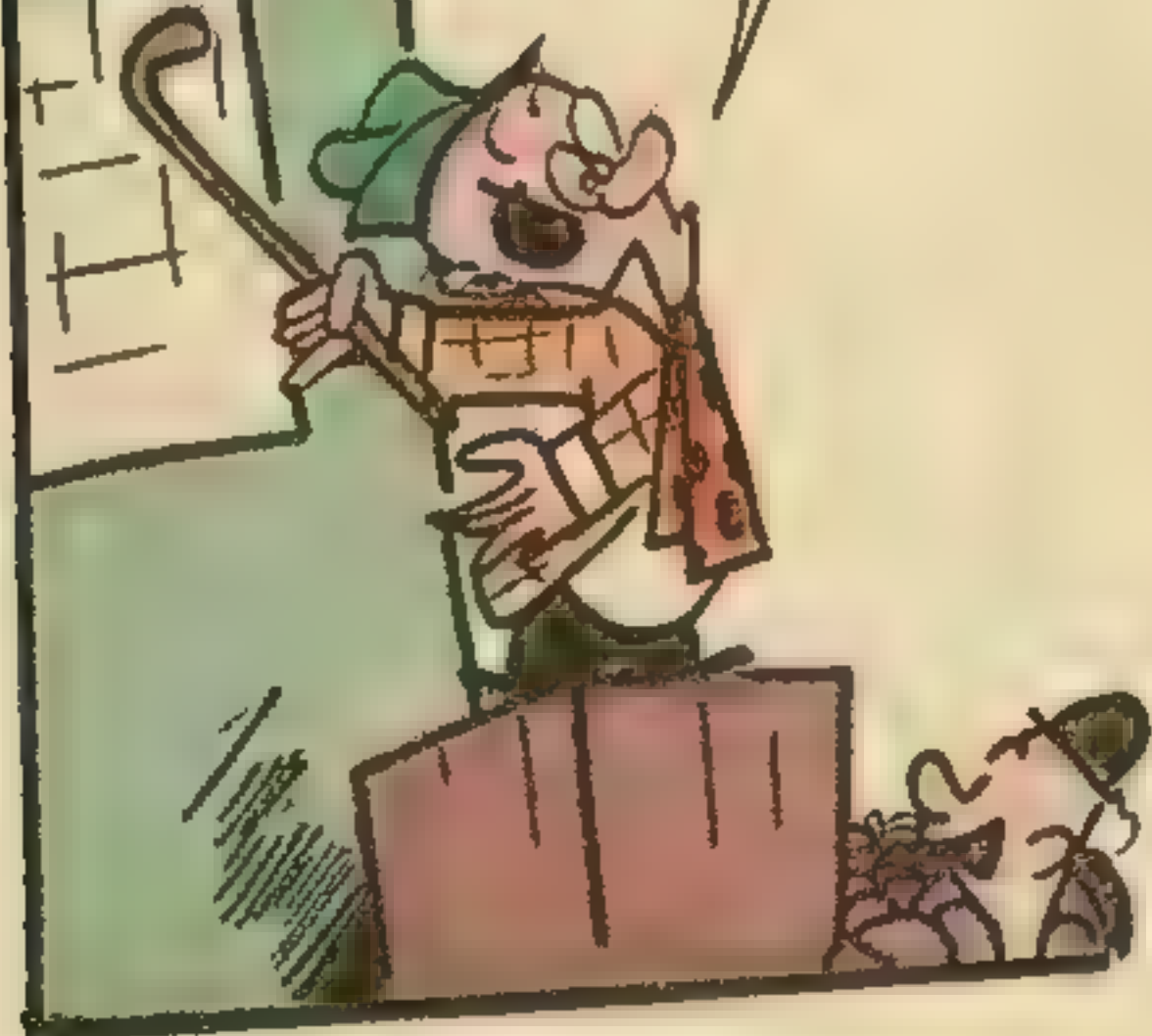
TO THE  
**MAYO  
CLINIC!**

HOW ABOUT  
THAT SEETHING  
MULTITUDE,  
PEARSON?

FOR THEM I  
HAVE HERE A  
FEW BOOKLETS  
WHICH I DUG  
UP.. FORTUN-  
ATELY!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!



TONIGHT AT THE HOCTOR AND PROCTOR HOSPITAL CLINIC, EVERYTHING IS ON THE HOUSE -- AS YOU SEE!



FREE!

YEA!

WOW!

YOW!

THE ADVERTISEMENT STATED SO ---



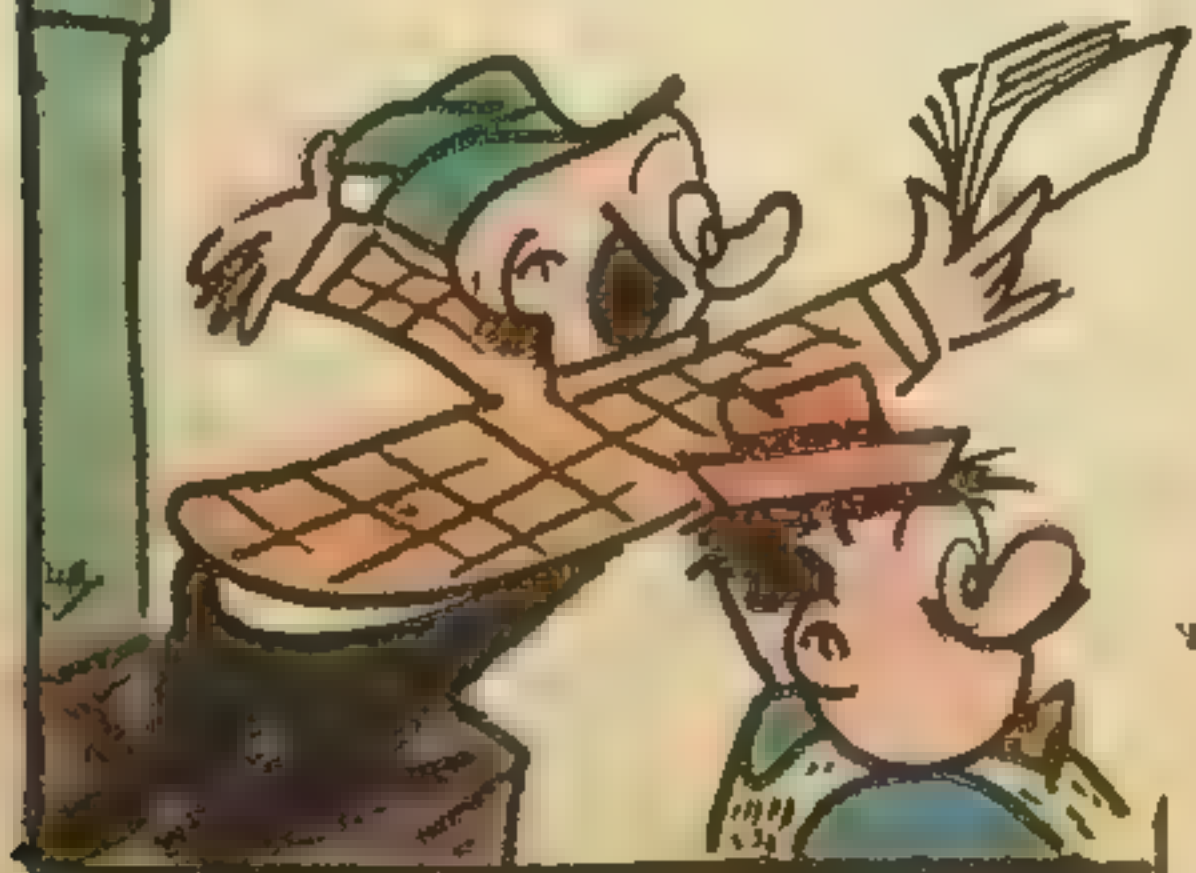
AND--



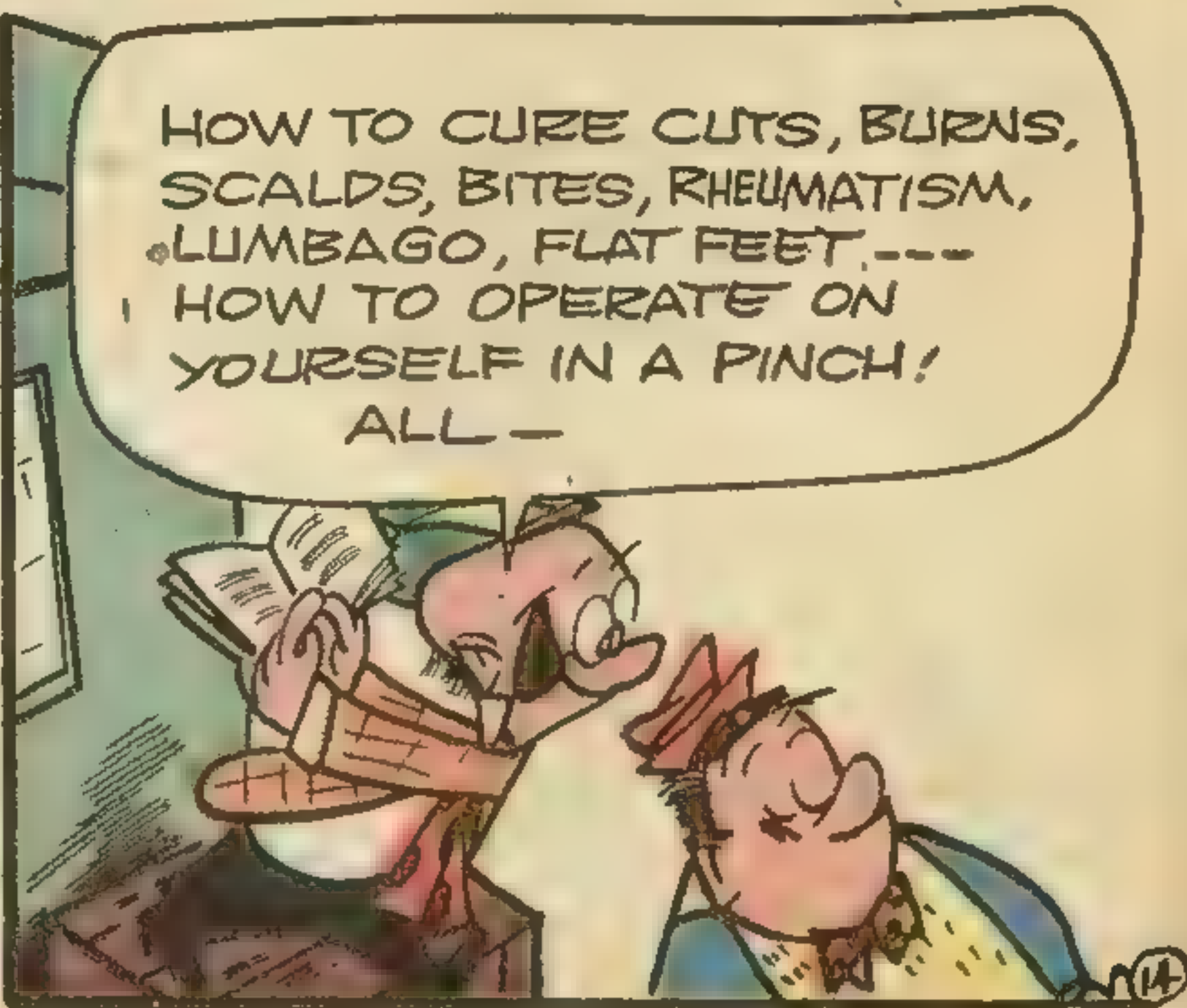
-- IN ADDITION TO THIS, WE HAVE AN ADDED ATTRACTION!



FOR YOUR BENEFIT ONLY--THIS WONDERFUL LITTLE FIRST AID BOOKLET!

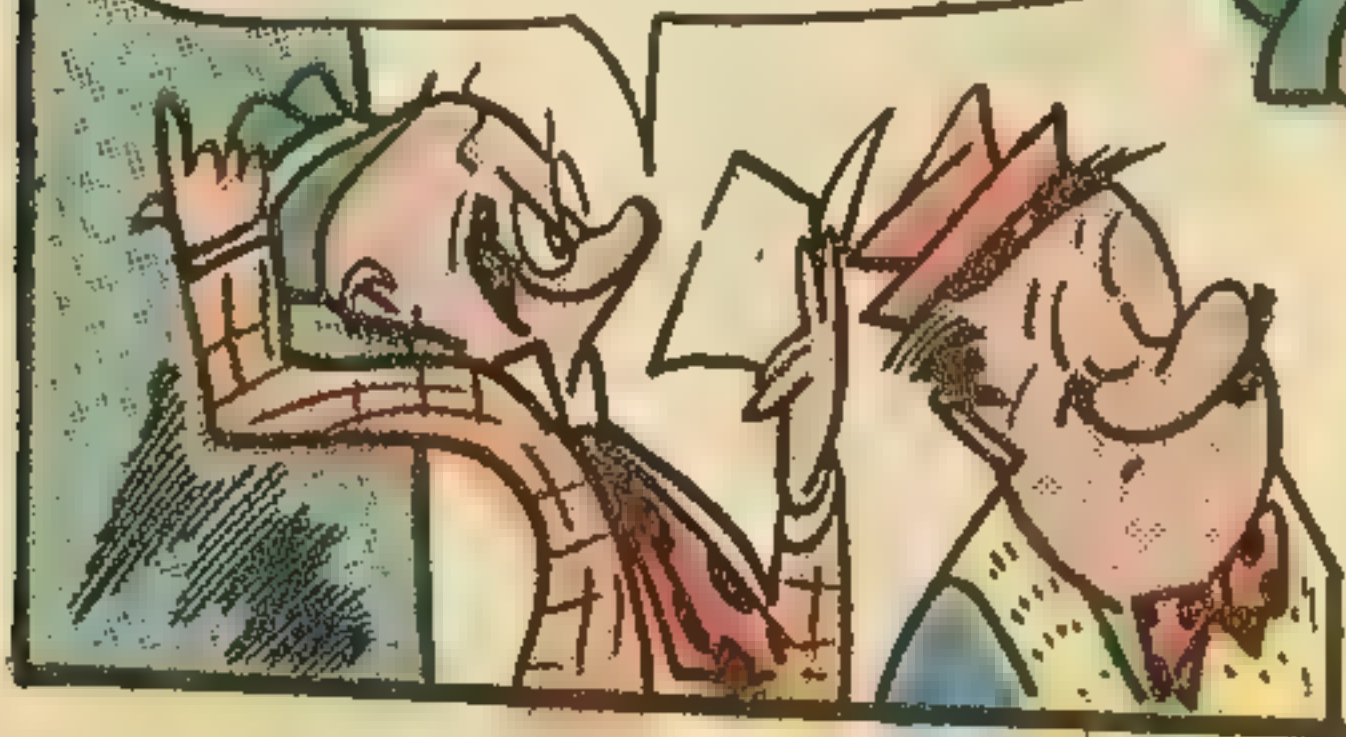


HOW TO CURE CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, BITES, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, FLAT FEET, --- HOW TO OPERATE ON YOURSELF IN A PINCH! ALL --



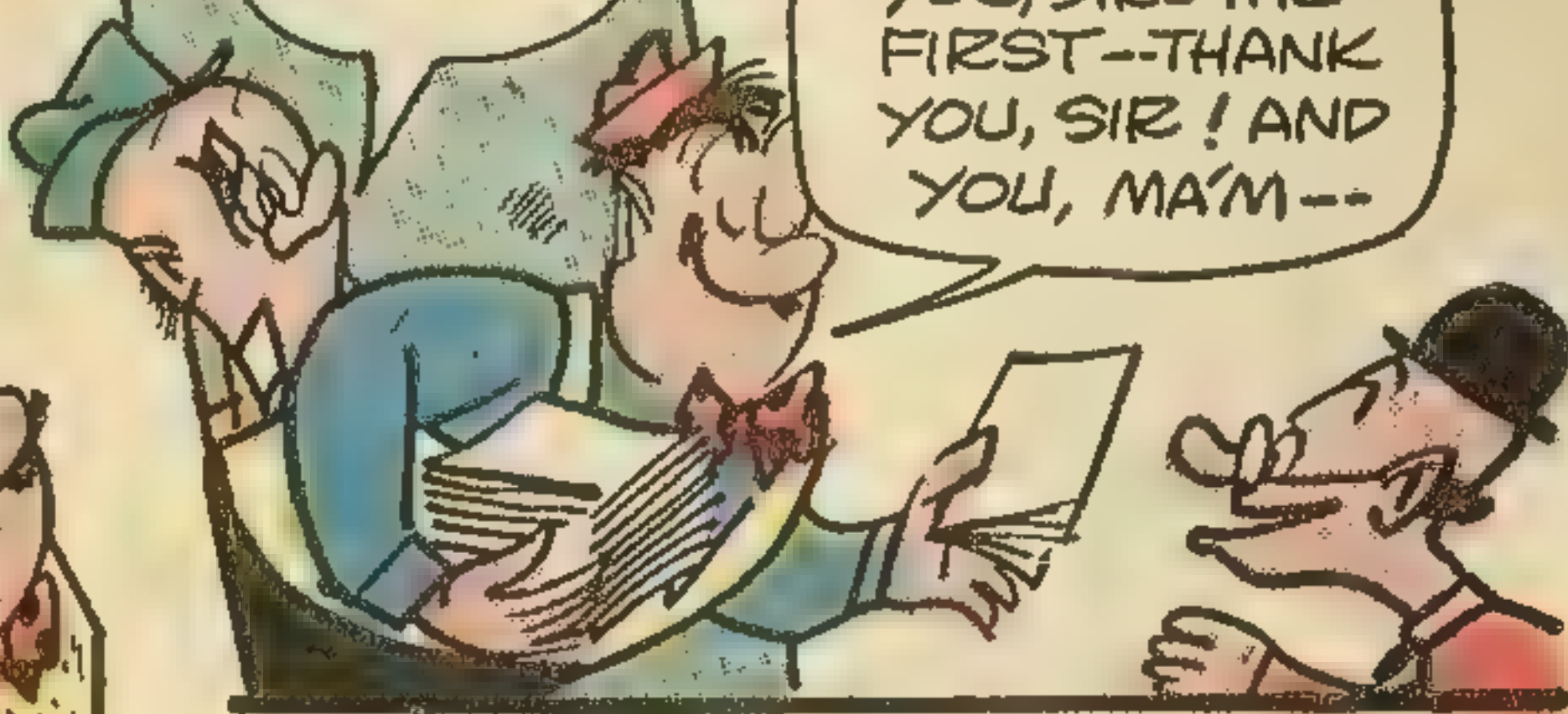


- ABSOLUTELY FREE!!  
- BUT FOR THE SMALL  
SUM OF FIVE CENTS.  
A NICKEL - A HALF - A  
DIME, FOLKS - JUST  
TO COVER THE COST  
OF PRINTING!



MY ASSISTANT, MISTER GAYLORD  
GINCH, WILL PASS THEM  
OUT AMONG  
YOU!

YOU, SIR - THE  
FIRST - THANK  
YOU, SIR! AND  
YOU, MA'M -



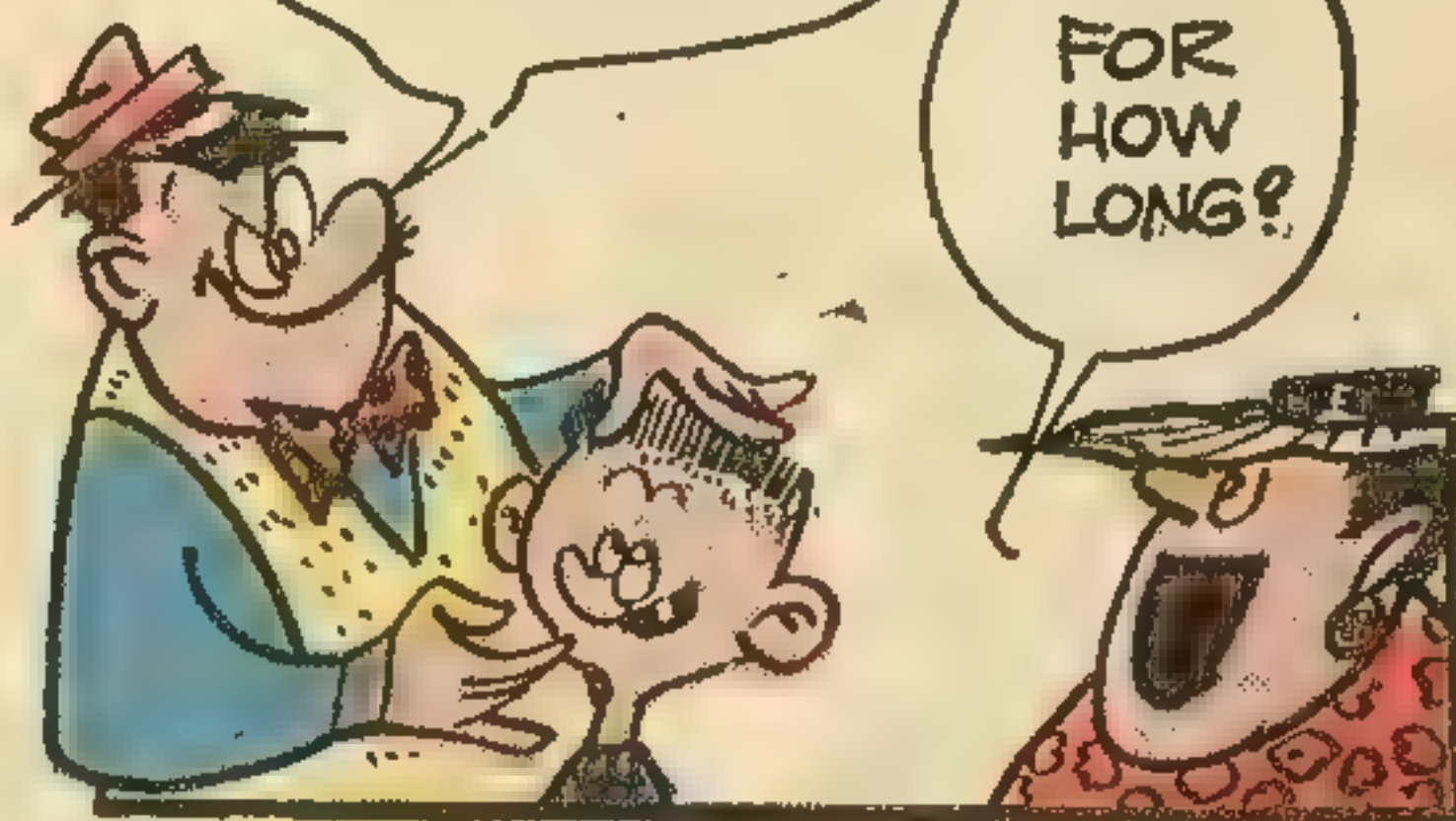
THANK  
YOU!

MY FELIX HAS  
TROUBLE WITH  
HIS NERVES!  
WHAT SHOULD  
HE DO?



TELL HIM TO  
LIE IN THE TUB  
EVERY DAY!

FOR  
HOW  
LONG?



TWENTY YEARS!  
NEXT -

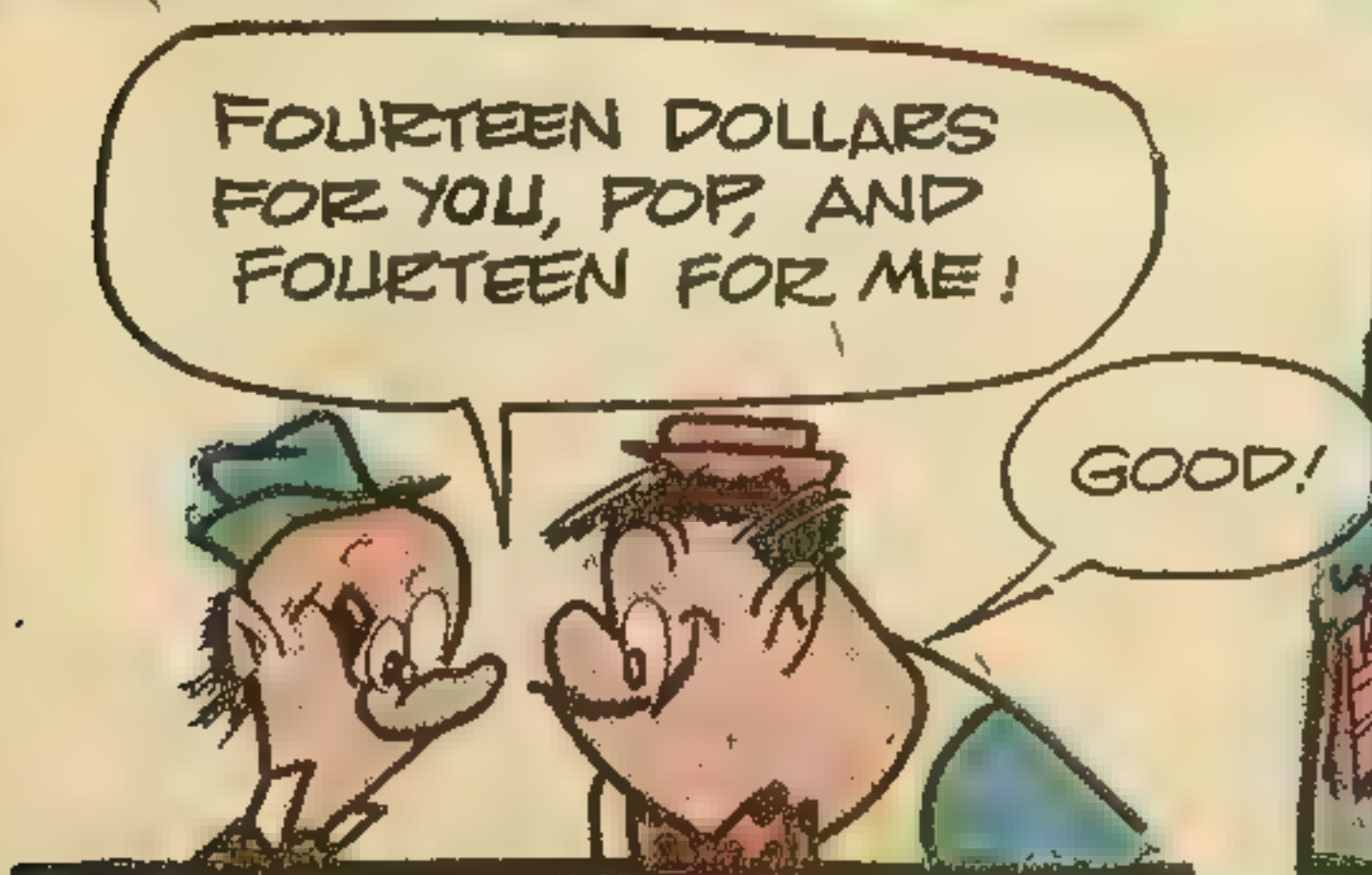


THANK YOU, SIR -  
AND THAT IS ALL!  
GOOD NIGHT, FOLKS!



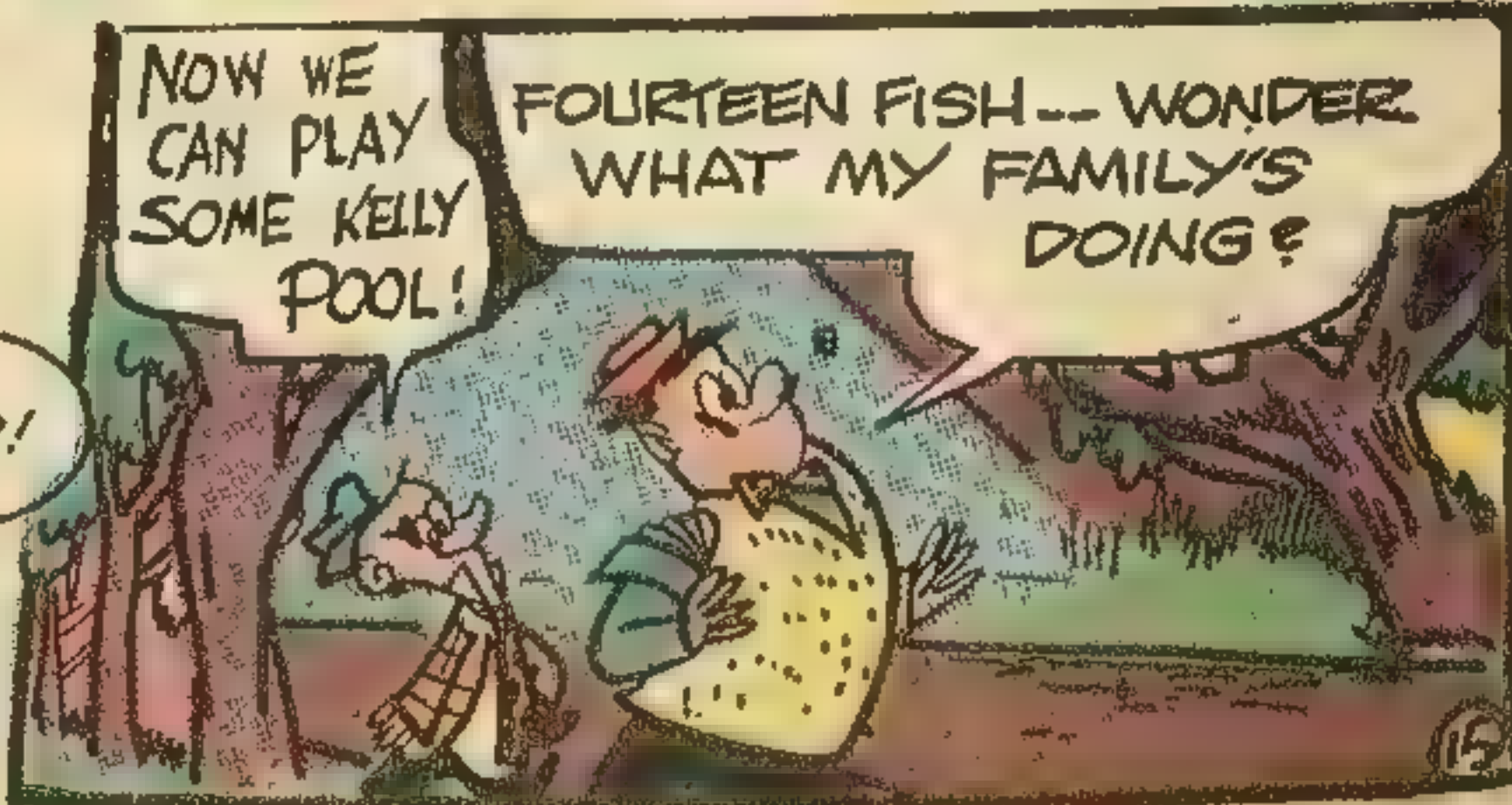
FOURTEEN DOLLARS  
FOR YOU, POP, AND  
FOURTEEN FOR ME!

GOOD!

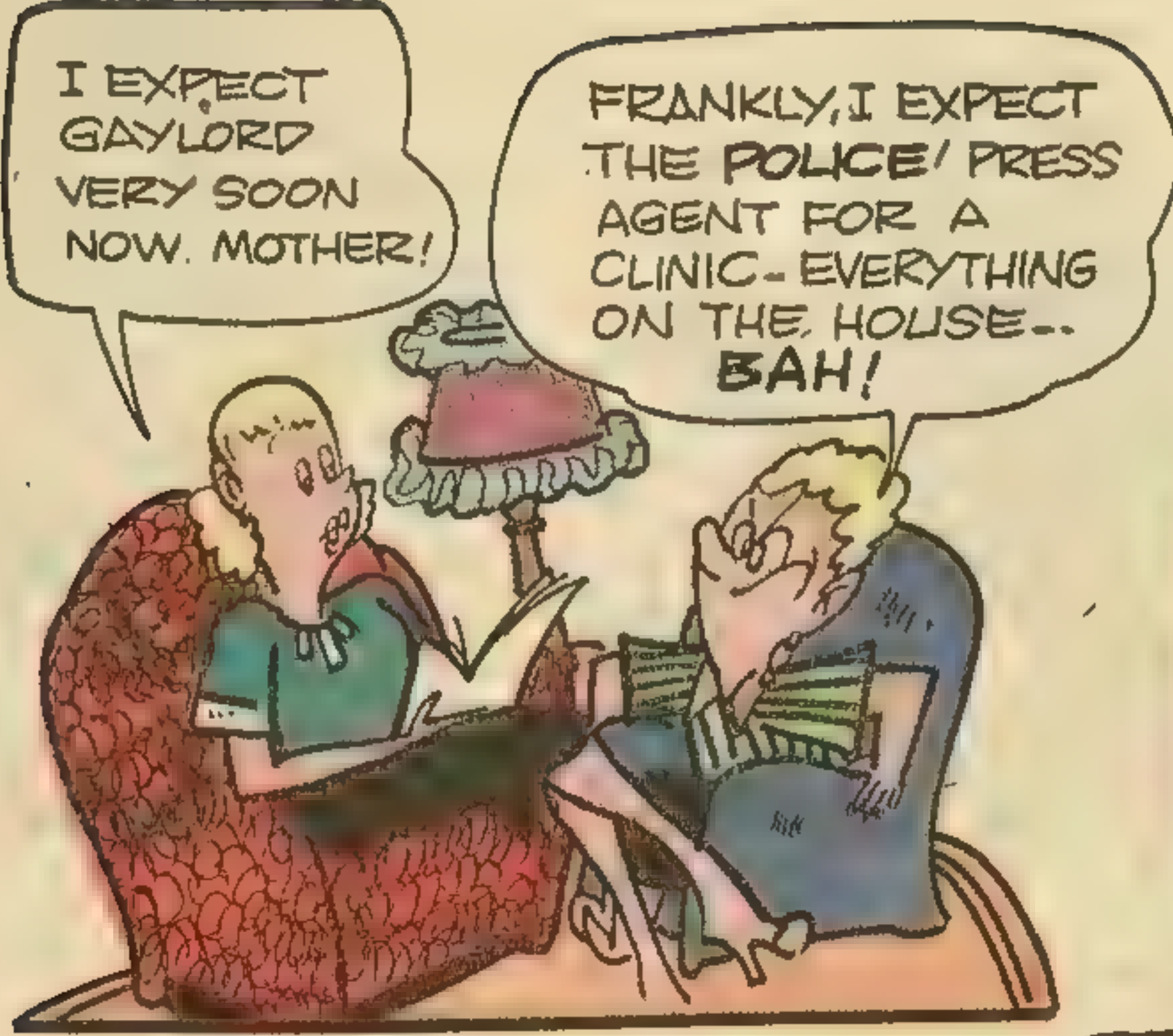


NOW WE  
CAN PLAY  
SOME KELLY  
POOL!

FOURTEEN FISH - WONDER  
WHAT MY FAMILY'S  
DOING?





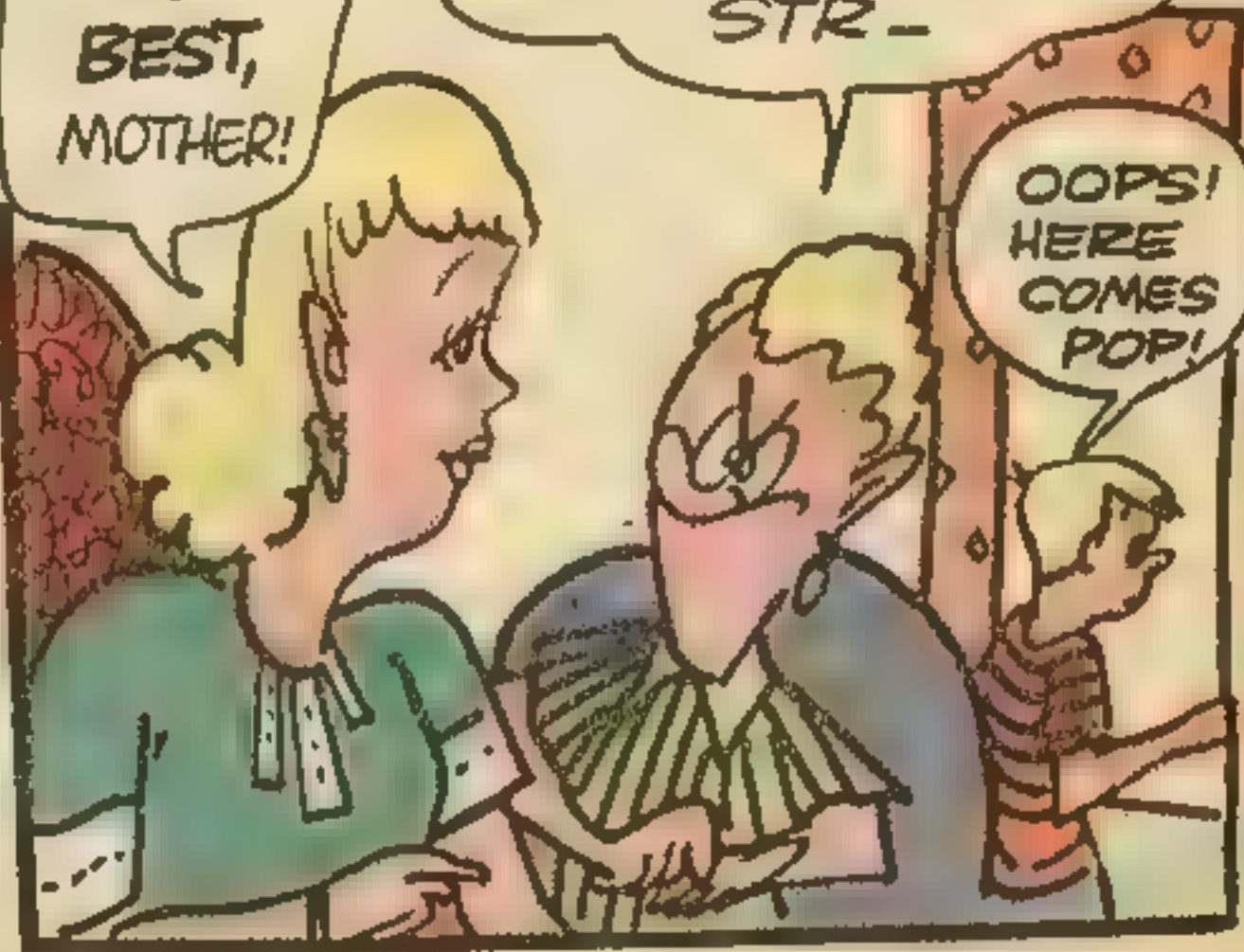


I EXPECT GAYLORD VERY SOON NOW. MOTHER!

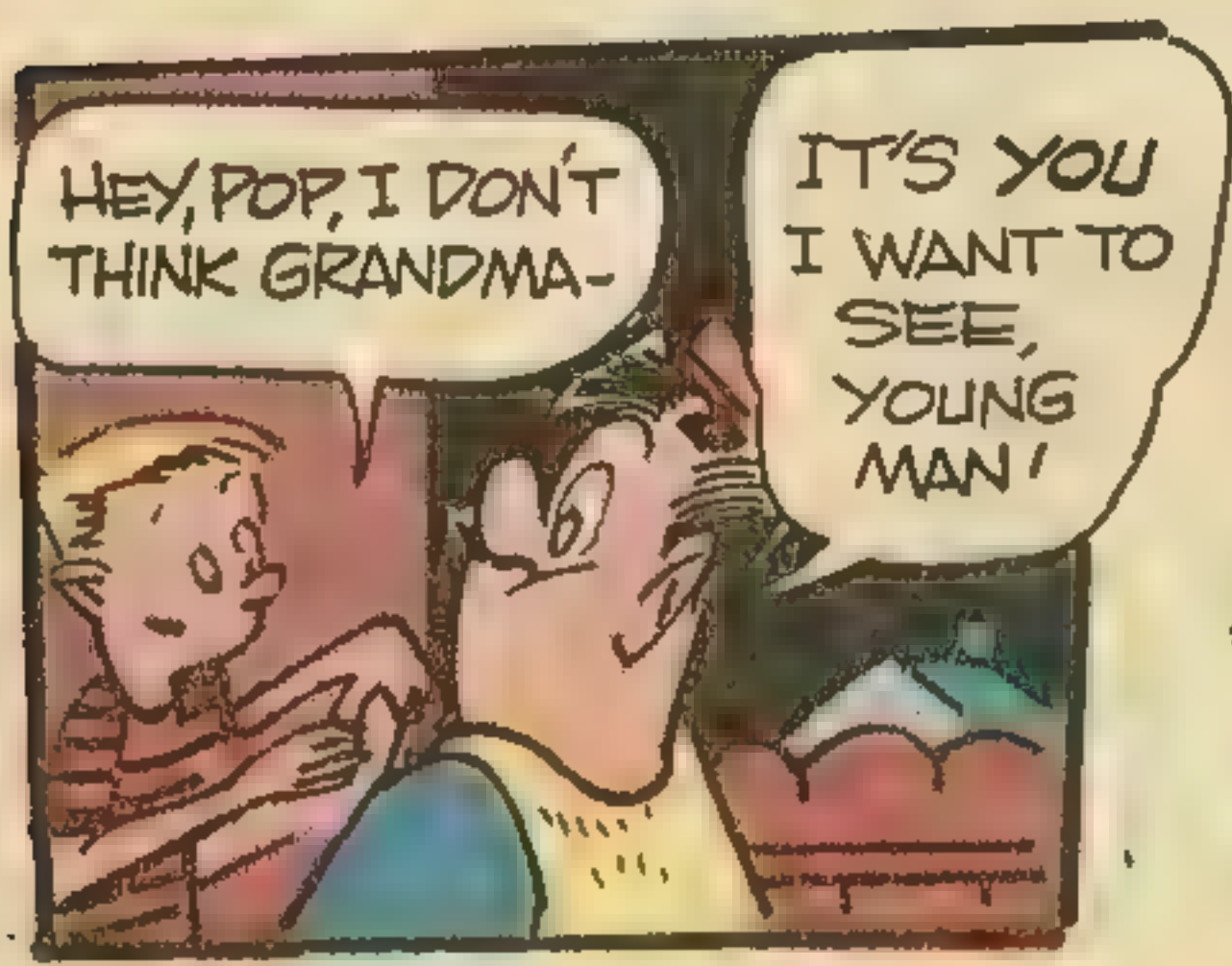
FRANKLY, I EXPECT THE POLICE! PRESS AGENT FOR A CLINIC- EVERYTHING ON THE HOUSE-- BAH!

OH, GAYLORD IS TRYING HIS BEST, MOTHER!

THAT'S NO EXCUSE! HE'S GOT REAL ABILITY- HE'S A FATHER- HE SHOULD BE FIRM- STR--

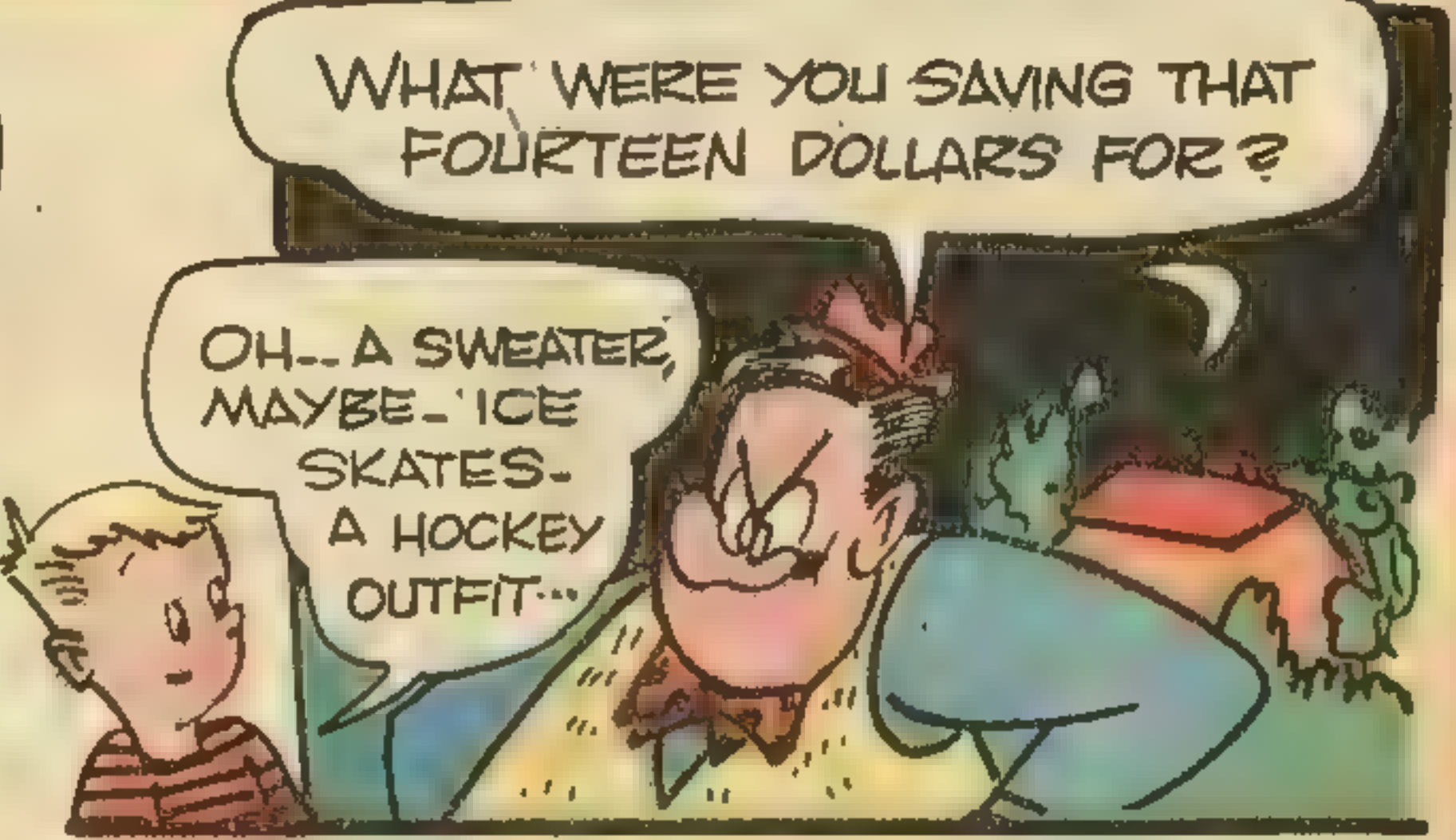


OOPS! HERE COMES POP!



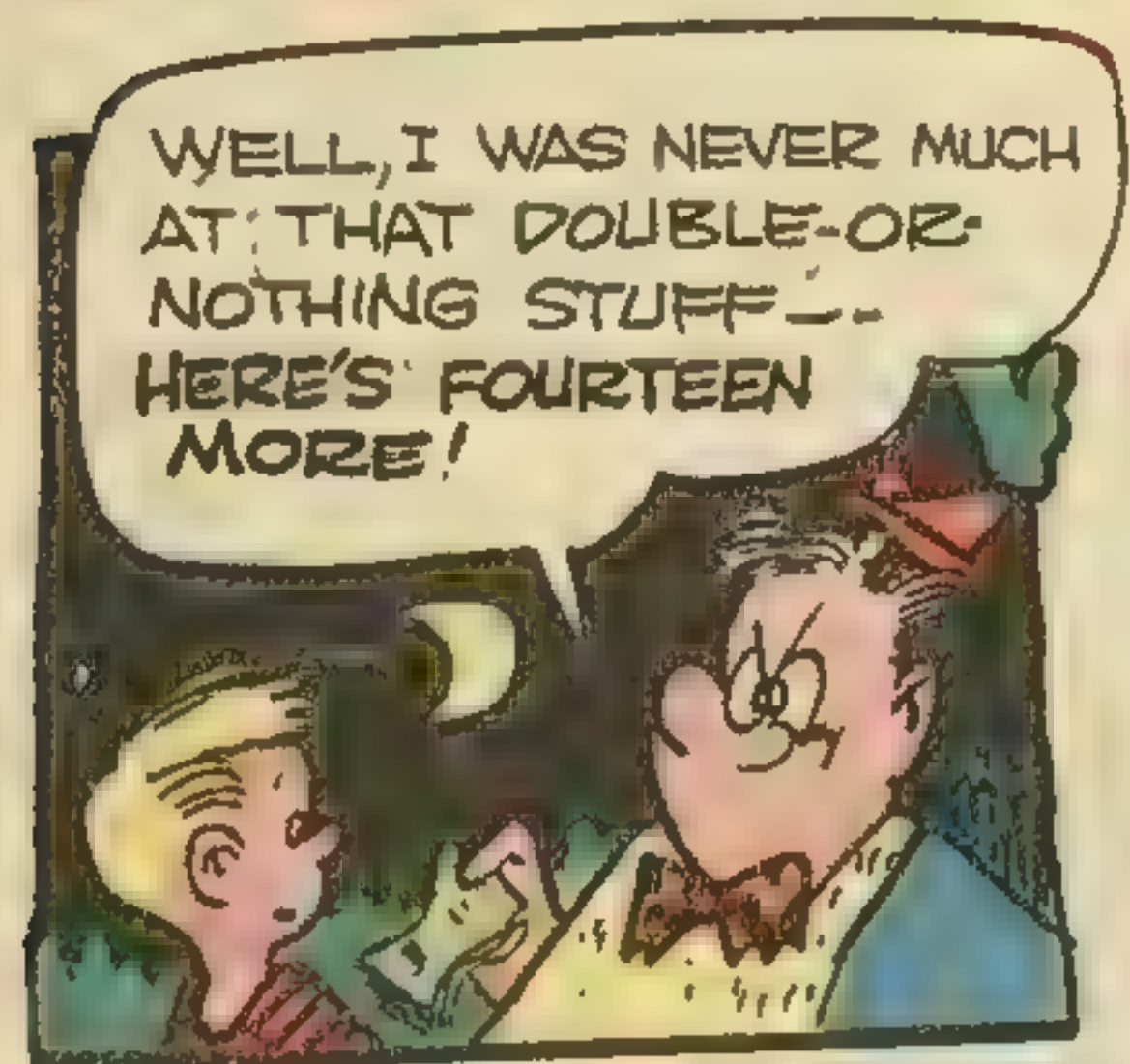
HEY, POP, I DON'T THINK GRANDMA-

IT'S YOU I WANT TO SEE, YOUNG MAN!

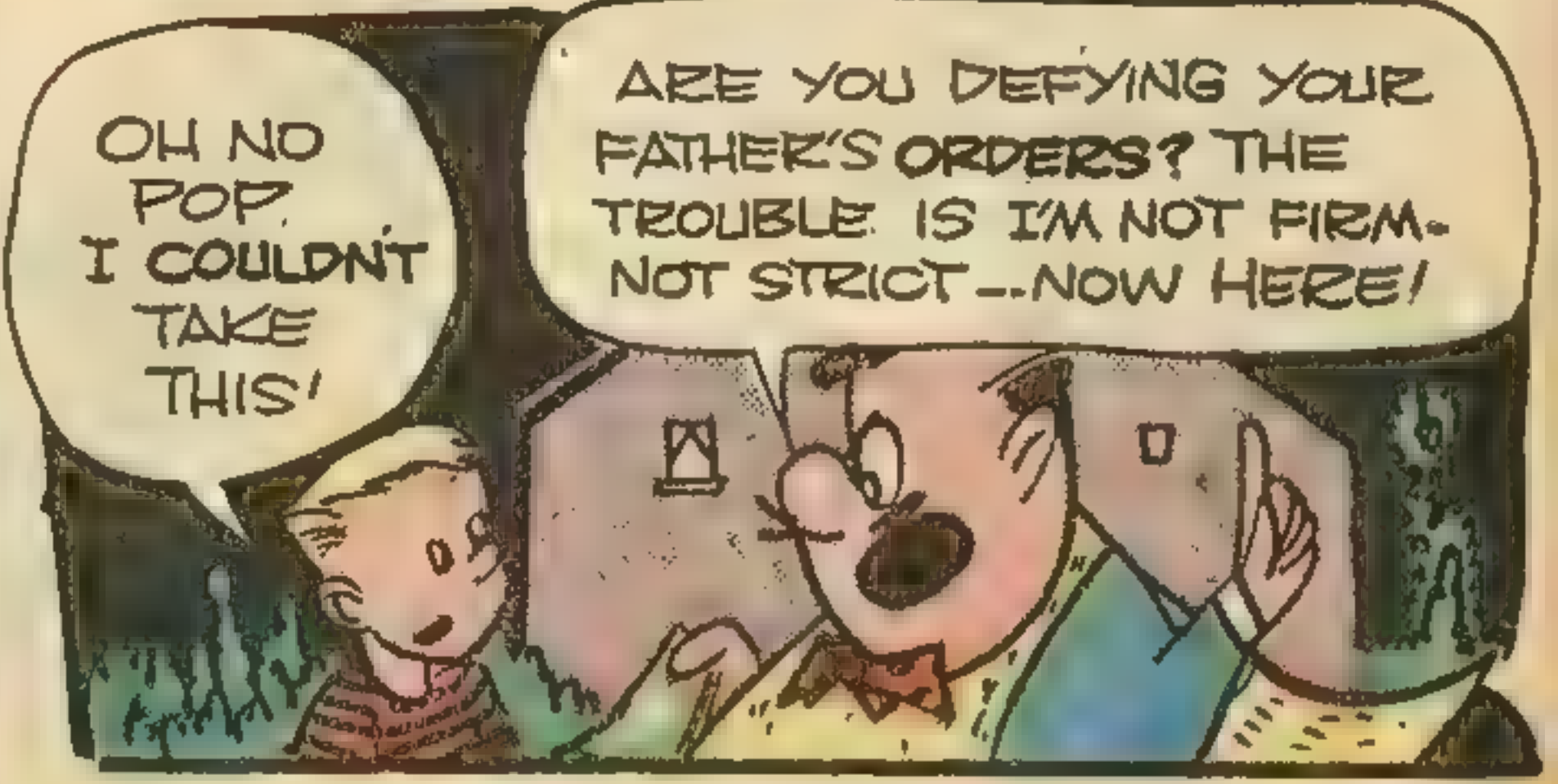


WHAT WERE YOU SAVING THAT FOURTEEN DOLLARS FOR?

OH-- A SWEATER, MAYBE-- ICE SKATES-- A HOCKEY OUTFIT--

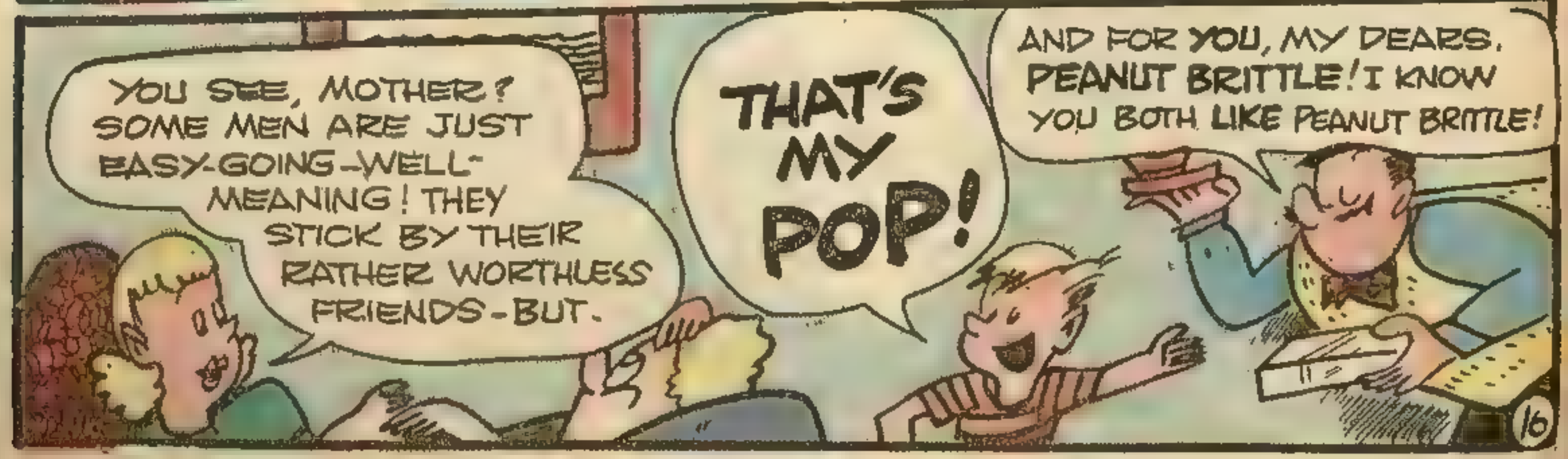


WELL, I WAS NEVER MUCH AT THAT DOUBLE-OR-NOTHING STUFF-- HERE'S FOURTEEN MORE!



OH NO POP, I COULDN'T TAKE THIS!

ARE YOU DEFYING YOUR FATHER'S ORDERS? THE TROUBLE IS I'M NOT FIRM-- NOT STRICT-- NOW HERE!

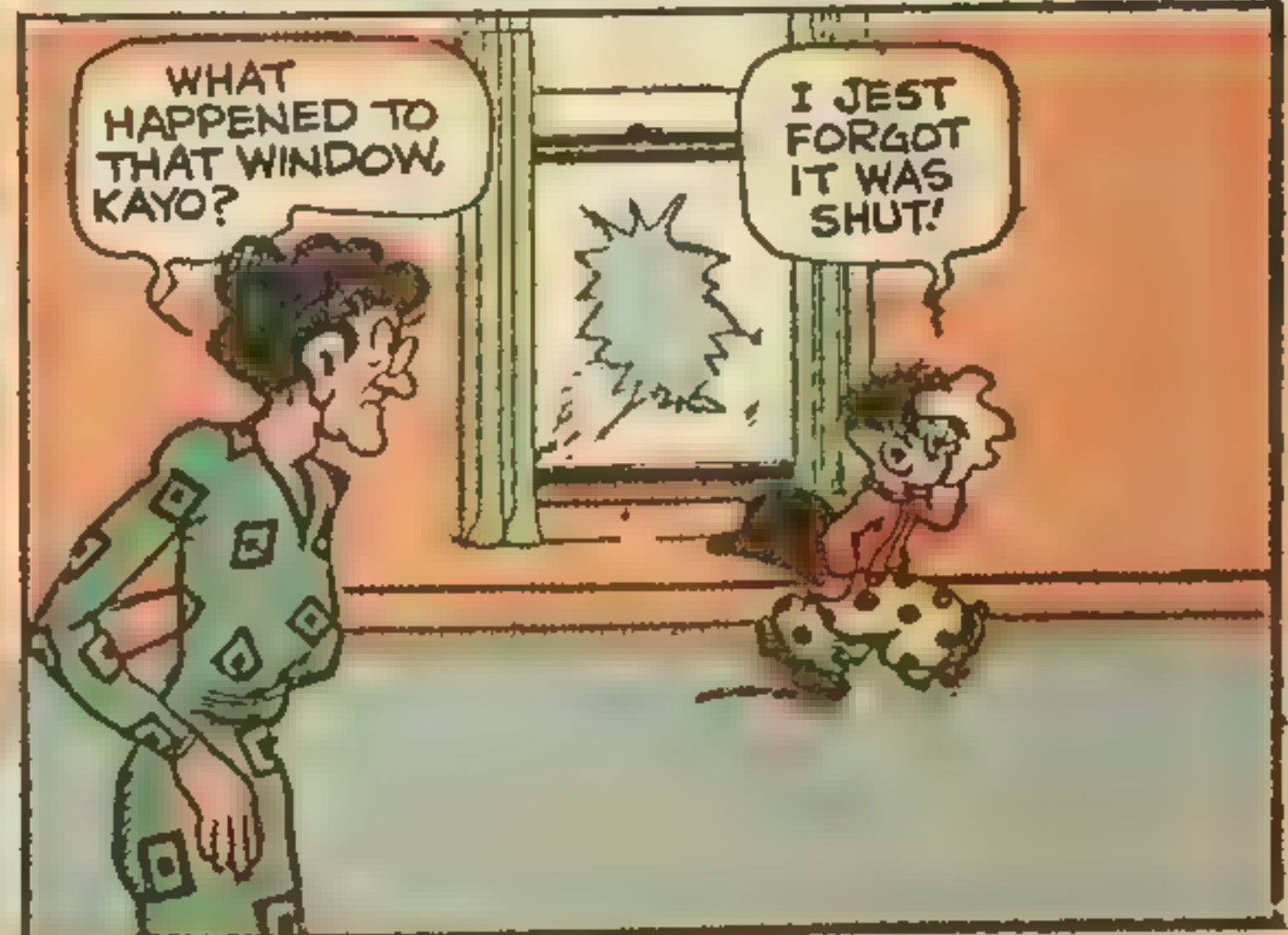
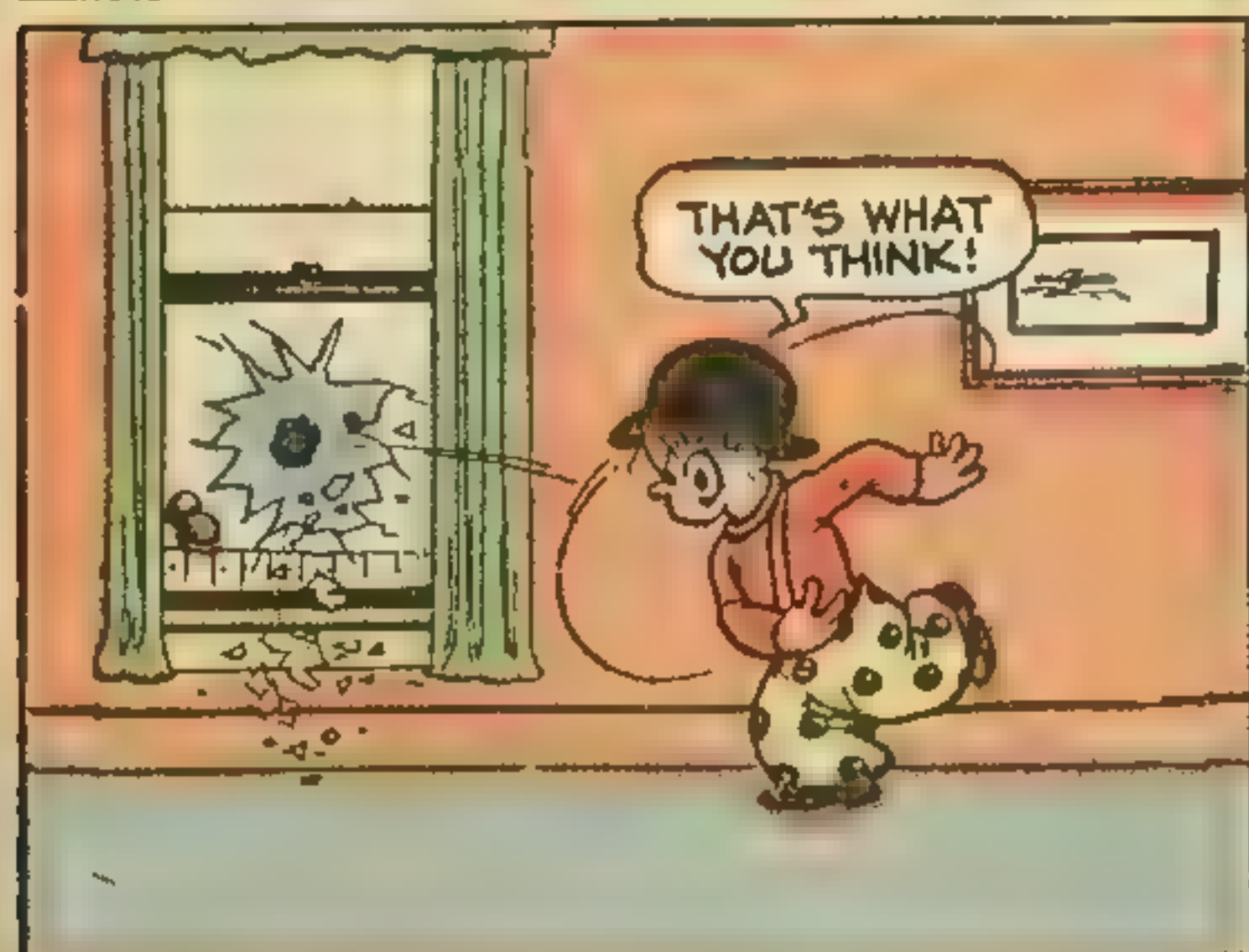
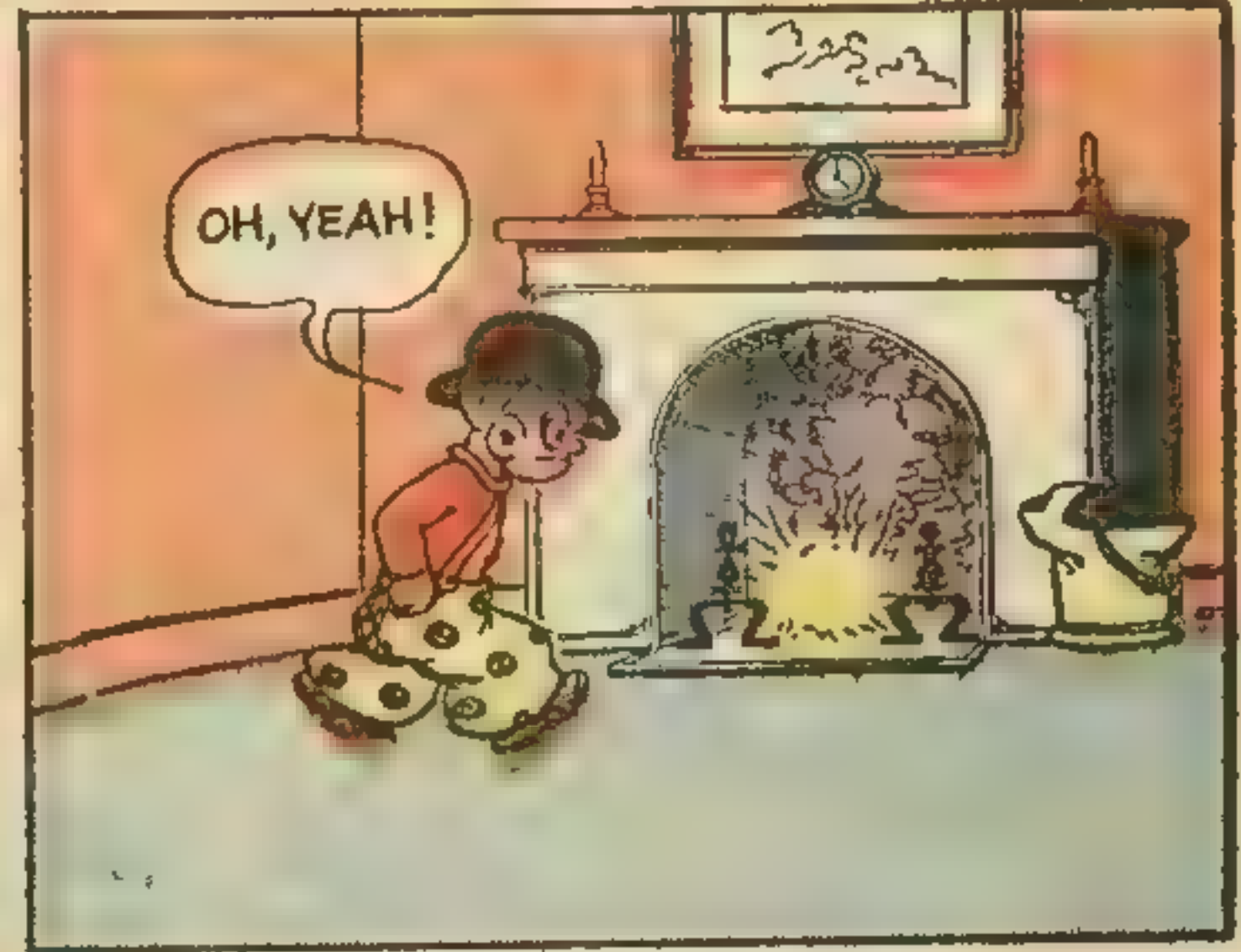
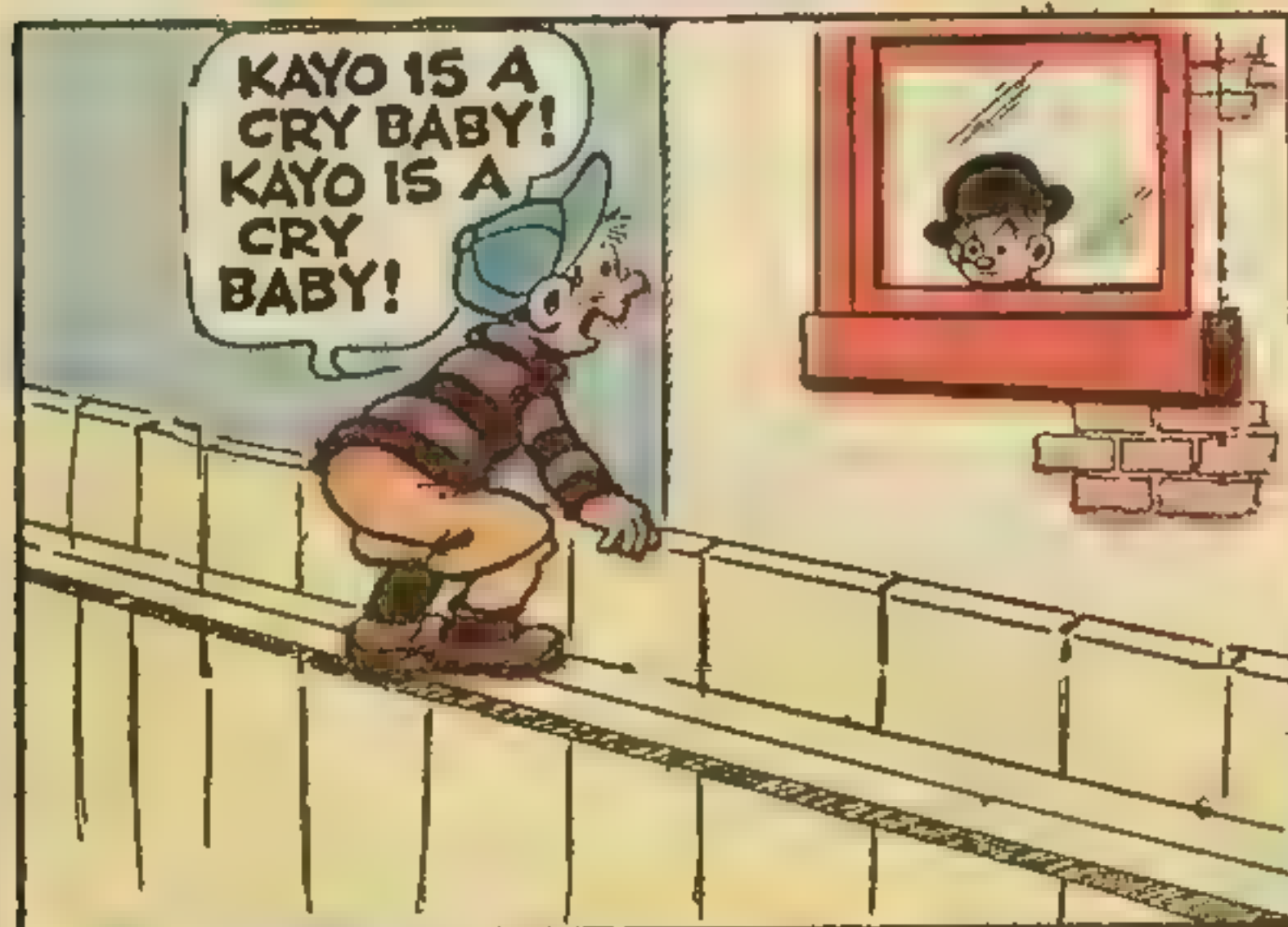
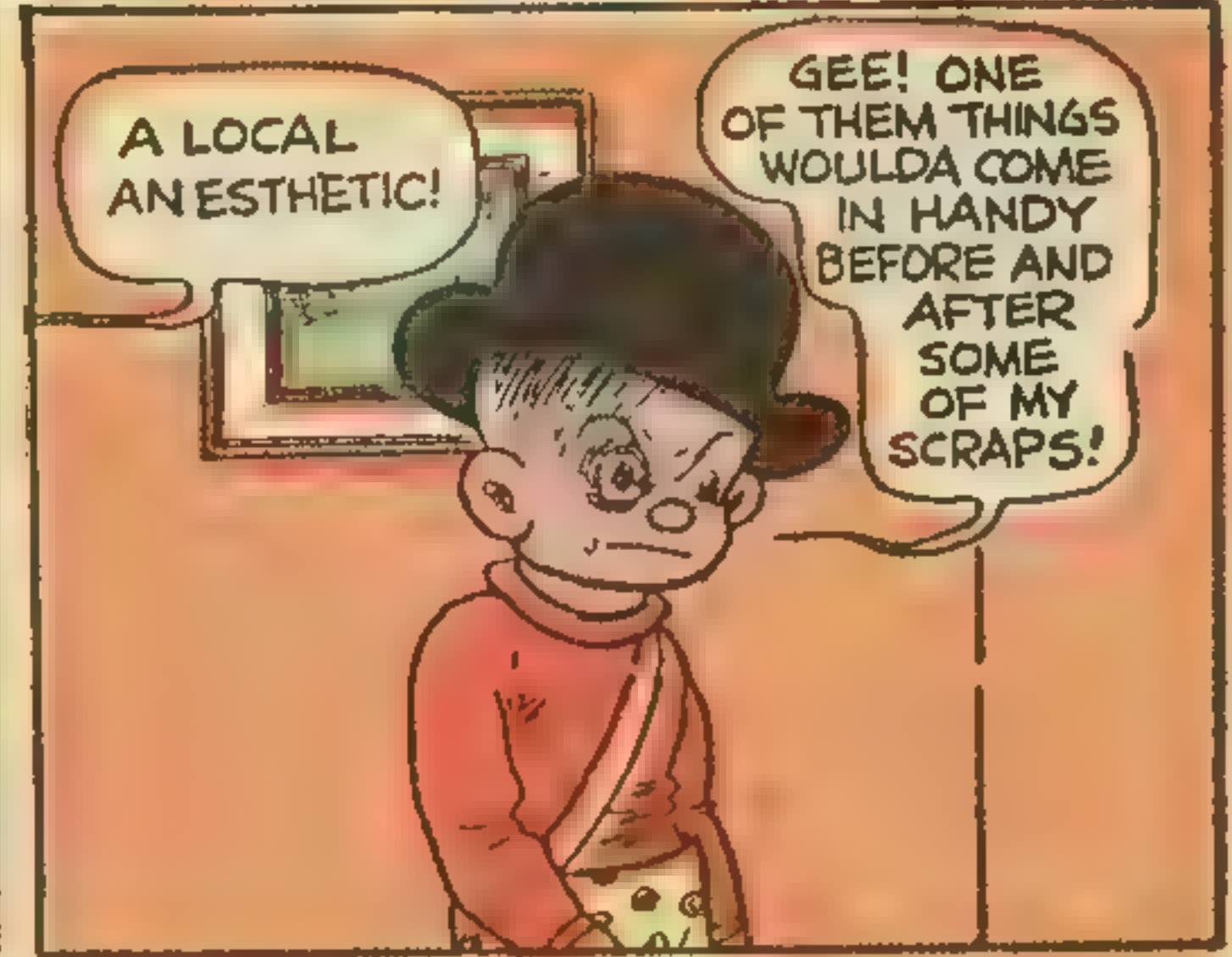
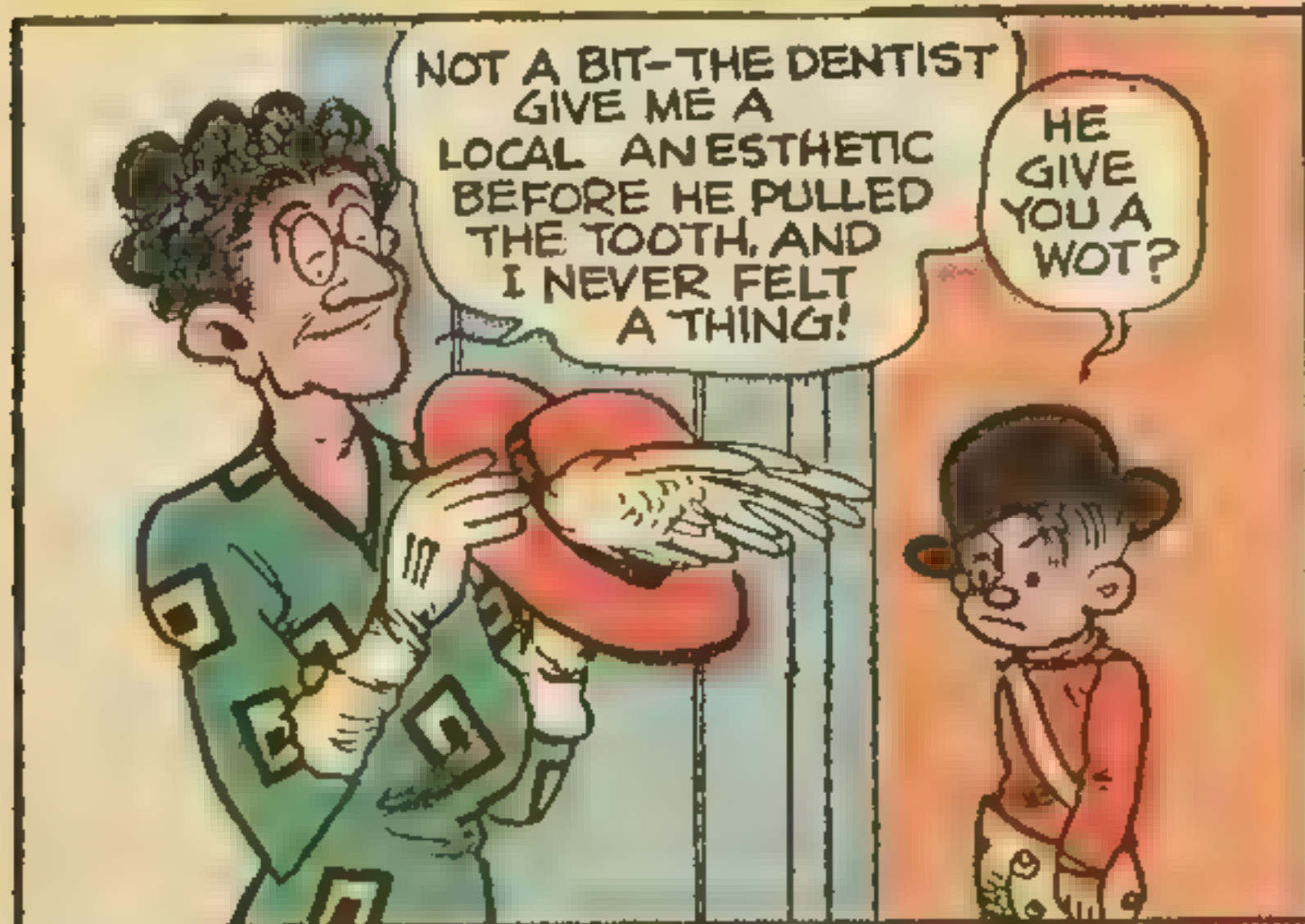
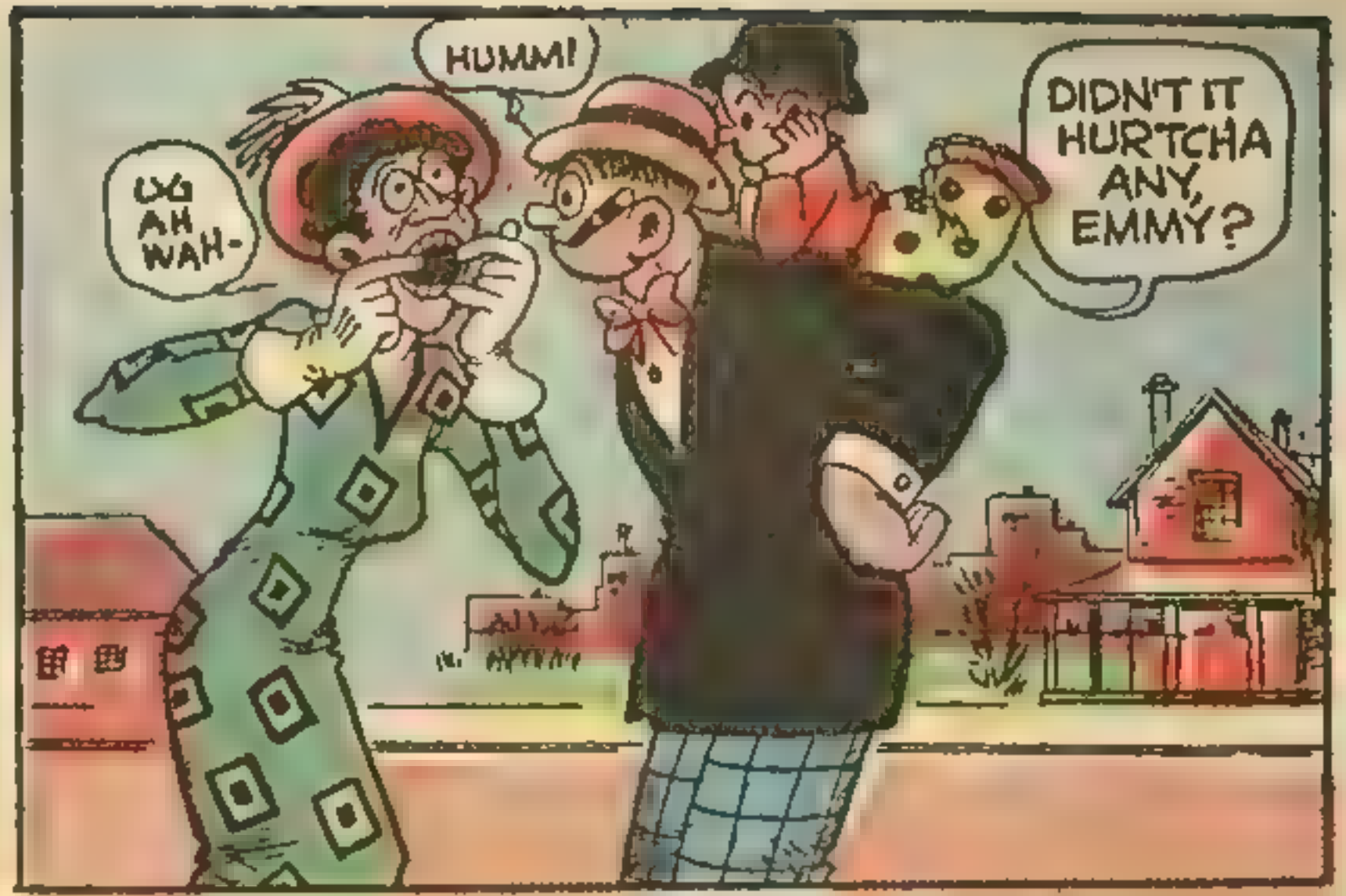
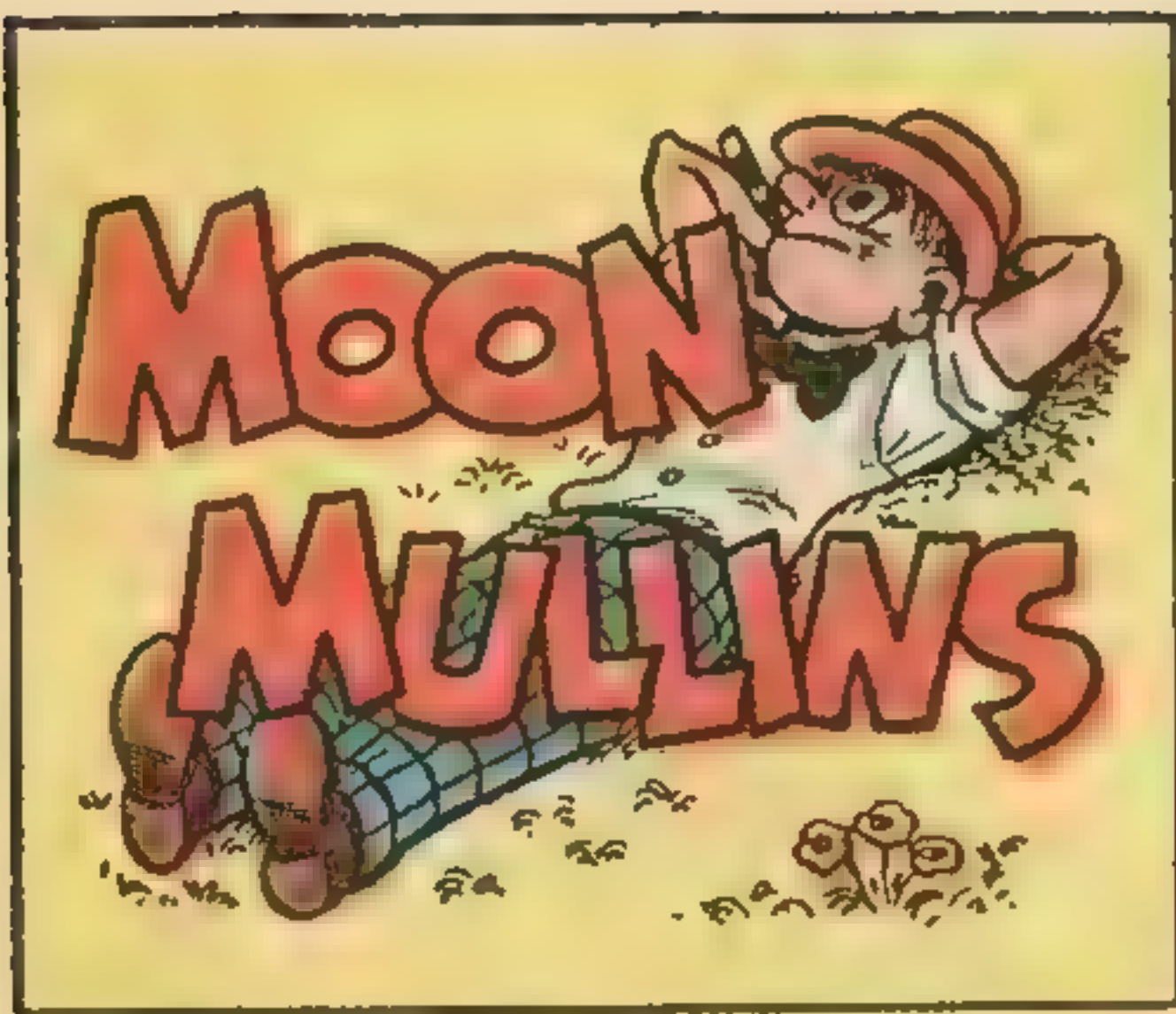


YOU SEE, MOTHER? SOME MEN ARE JUST EASY-GOING-- WELL-- MEANING! THEY STICK BY THEIR RATHER WORTHLESS FRIENDS-- BUT.

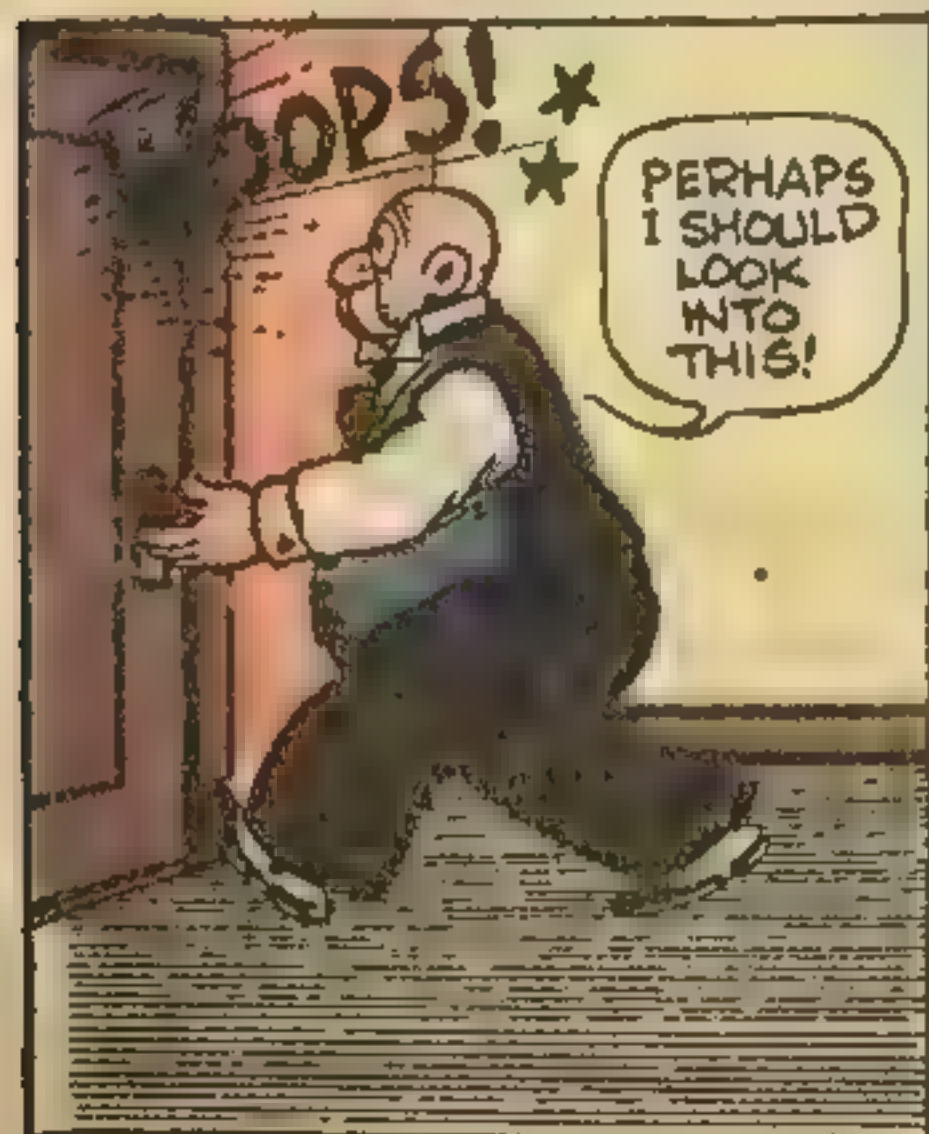
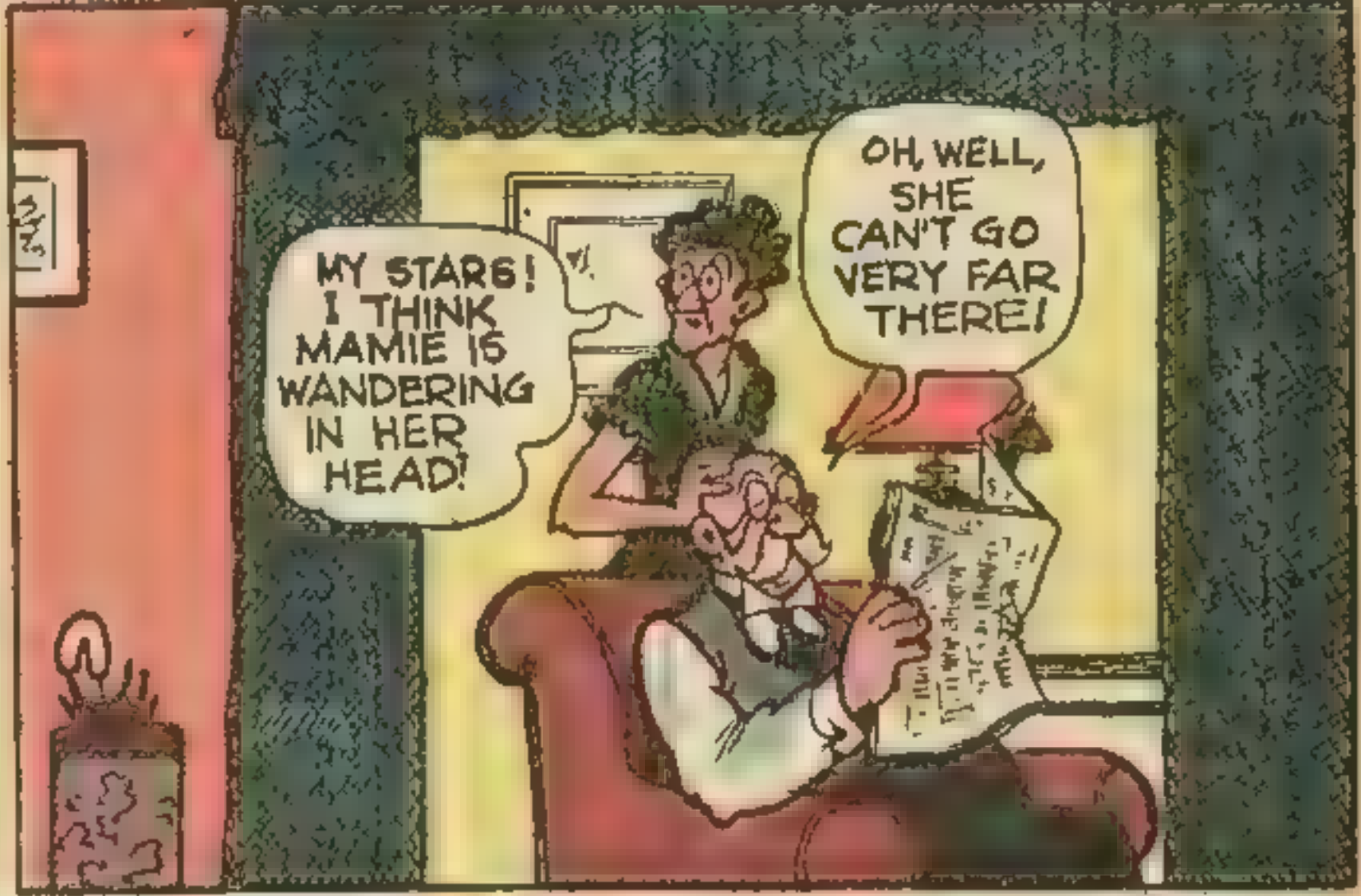
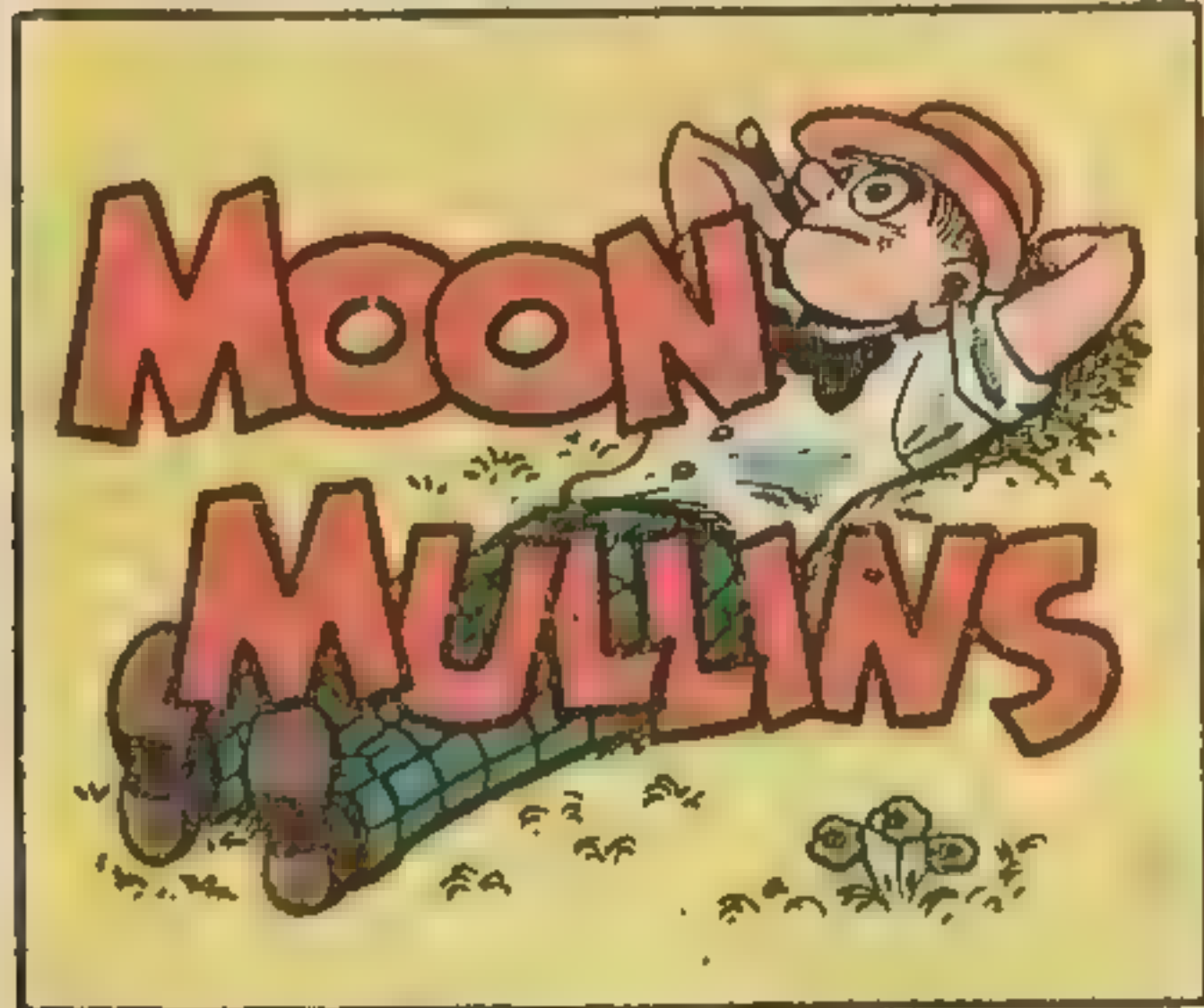
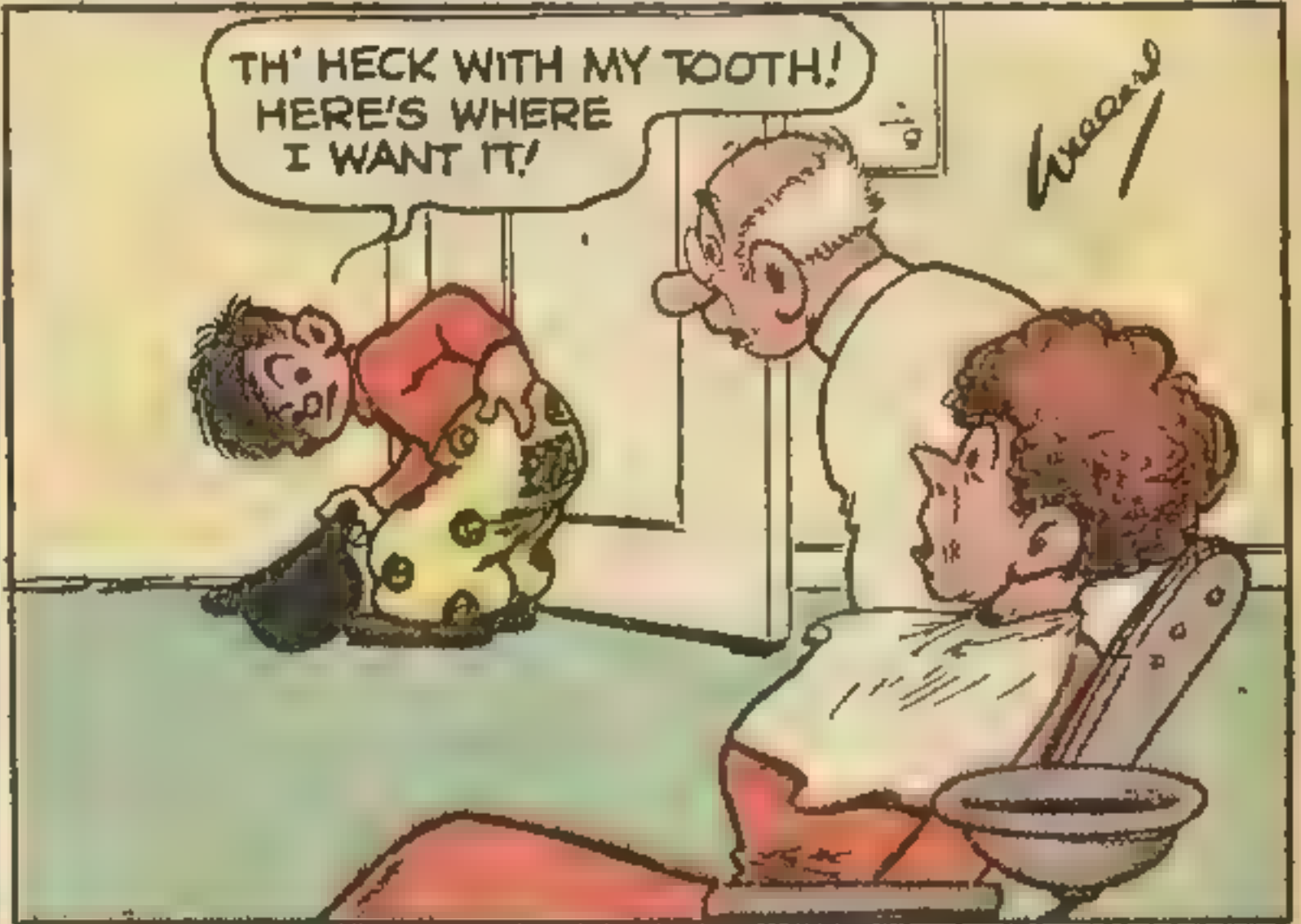
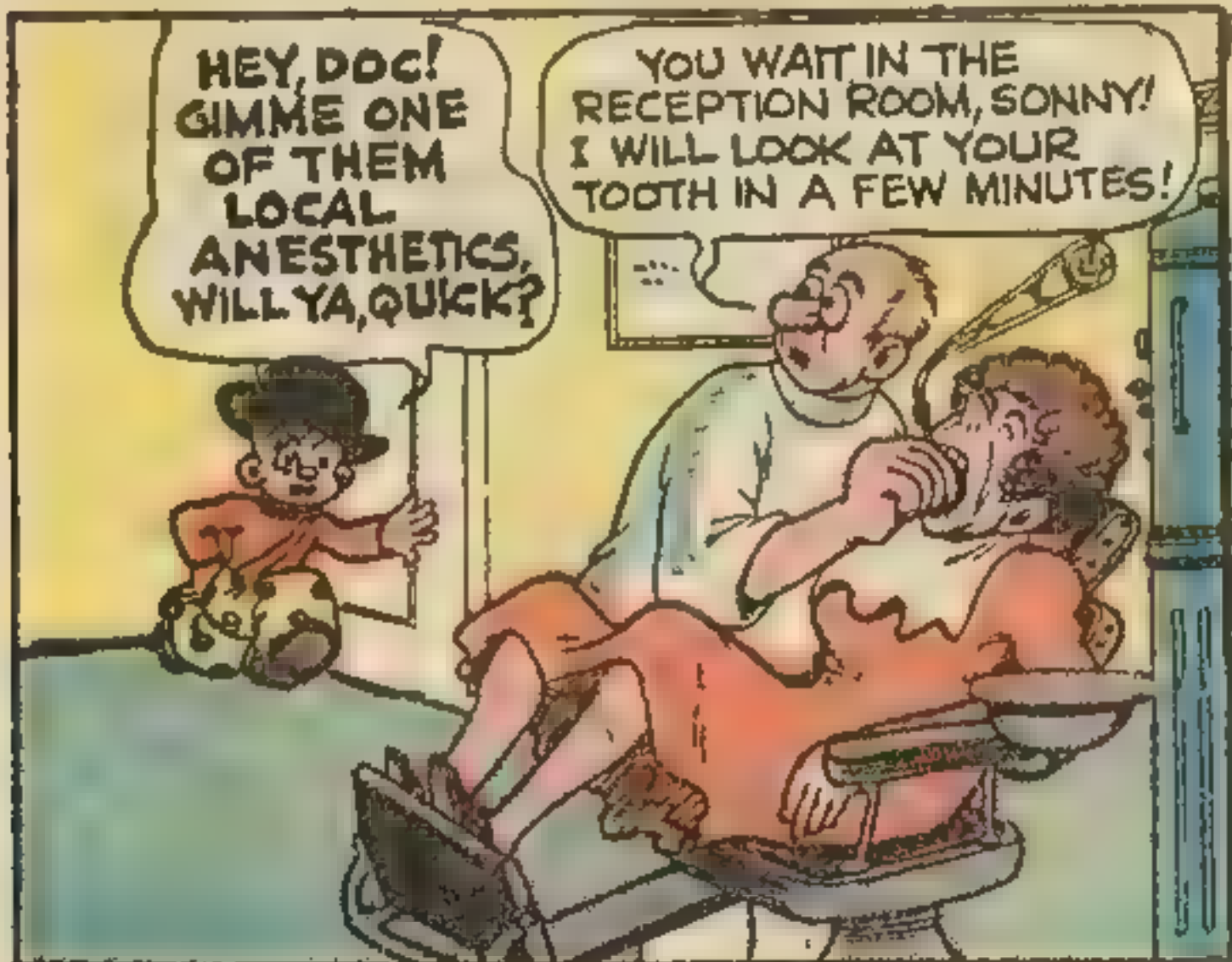
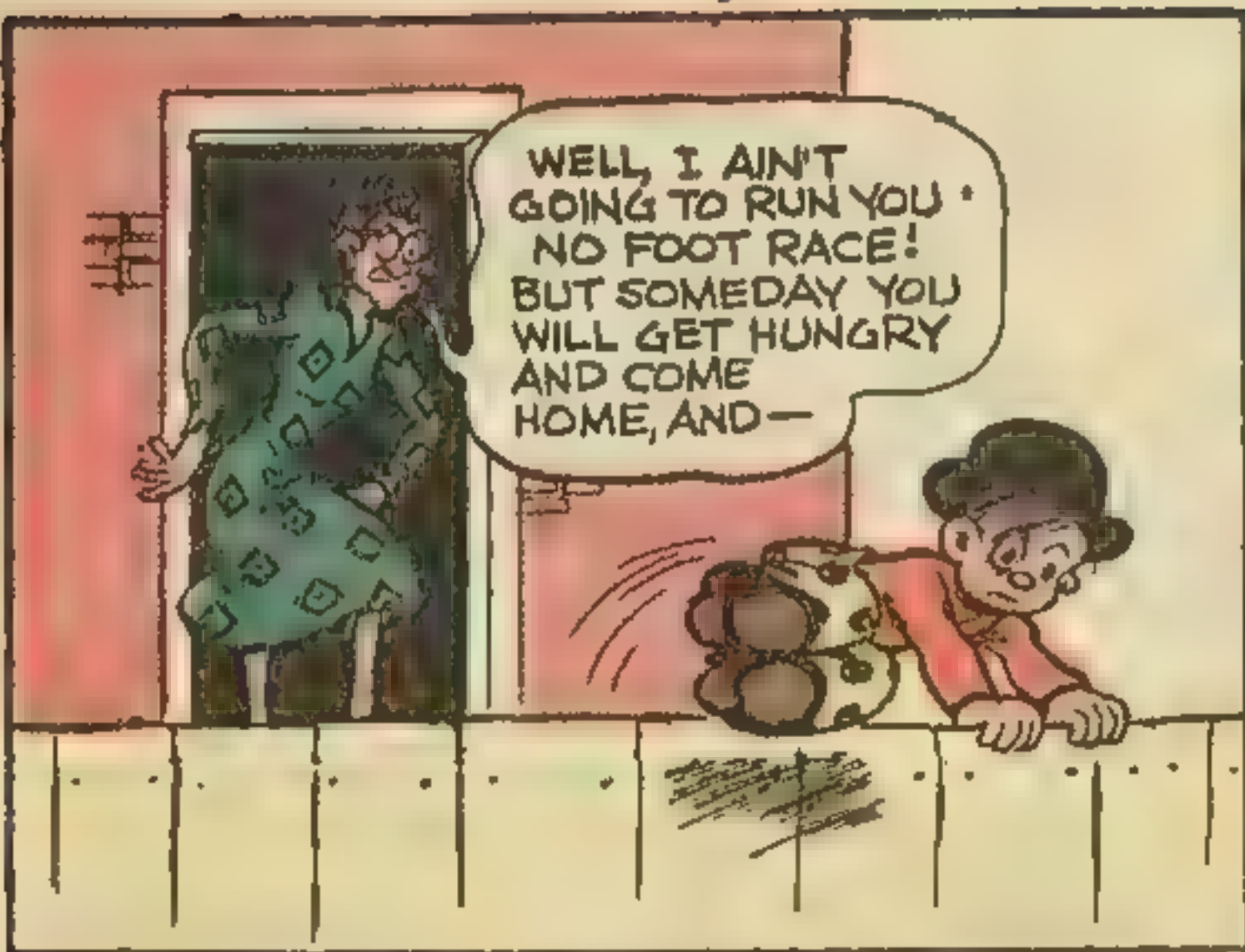
THAT'S MY POP!

AND FOR YOU, MY DEARS, PEANUT BRITTLE! I KNOW YOU BOTH LIKE PEANUT BRITTLE!

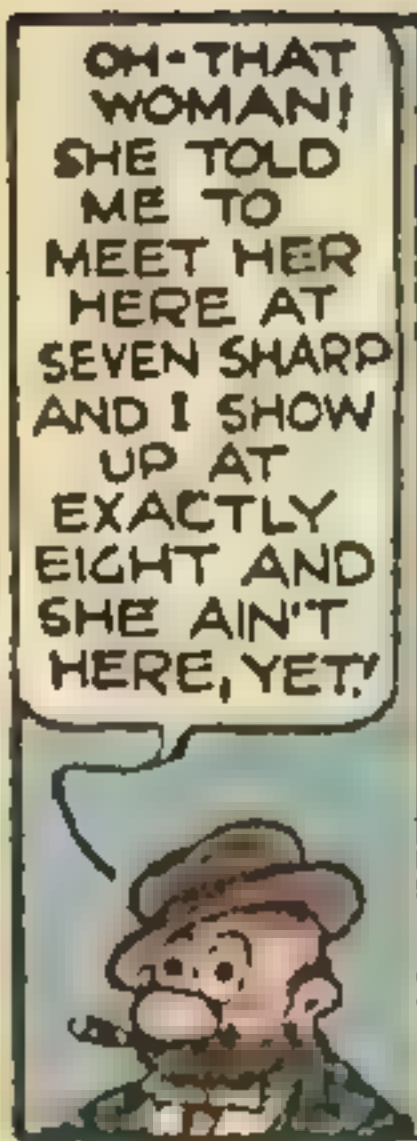
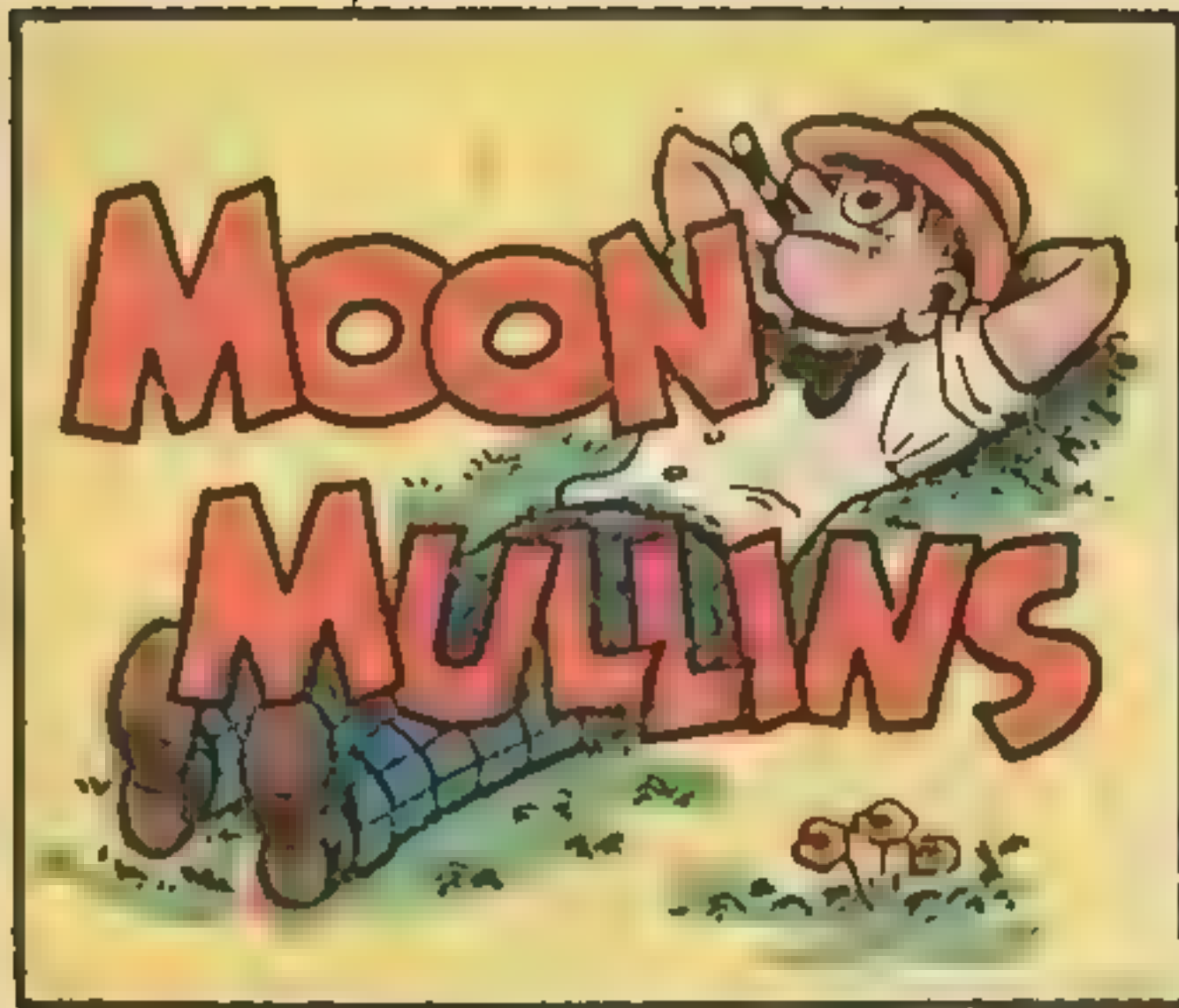




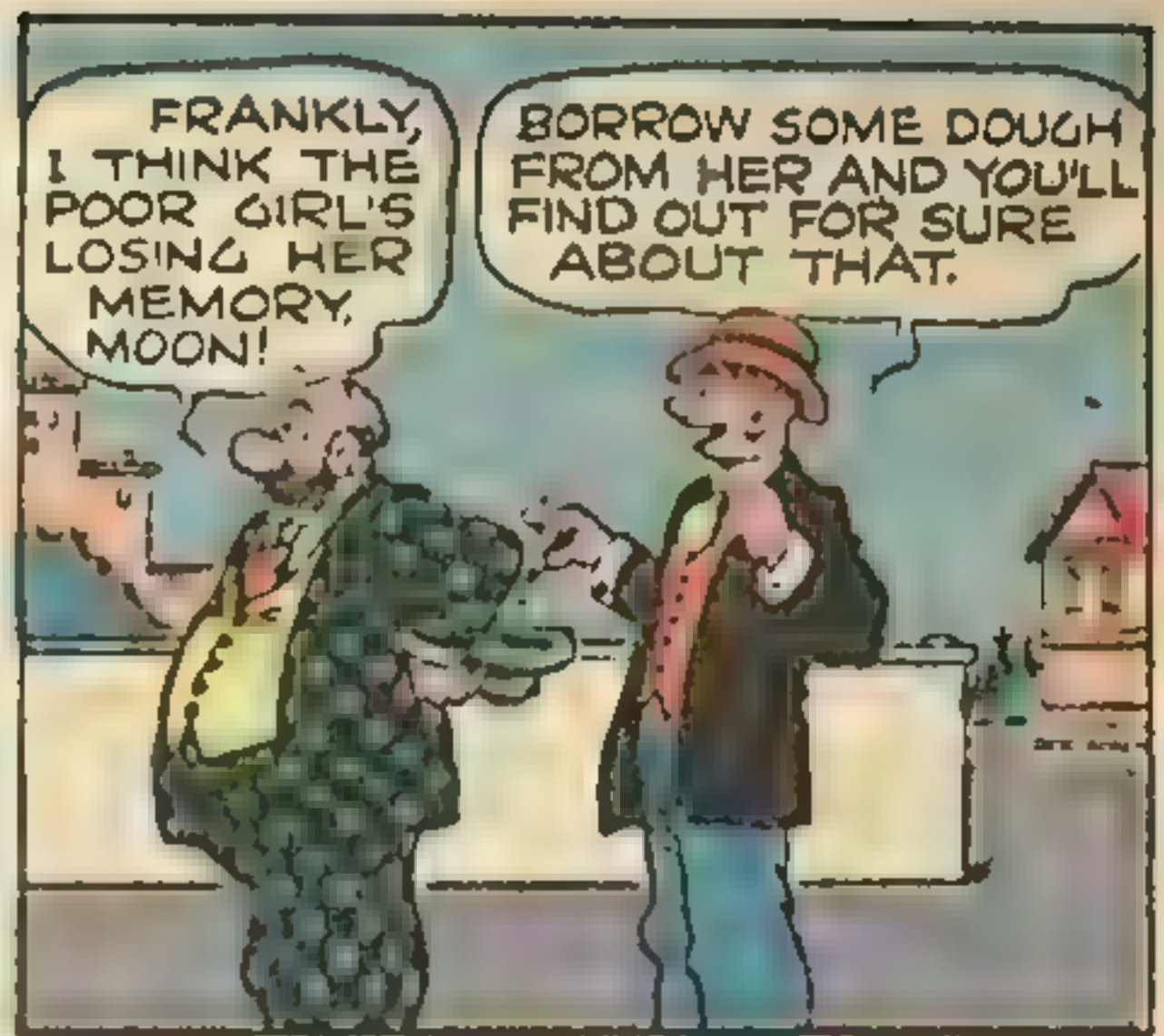






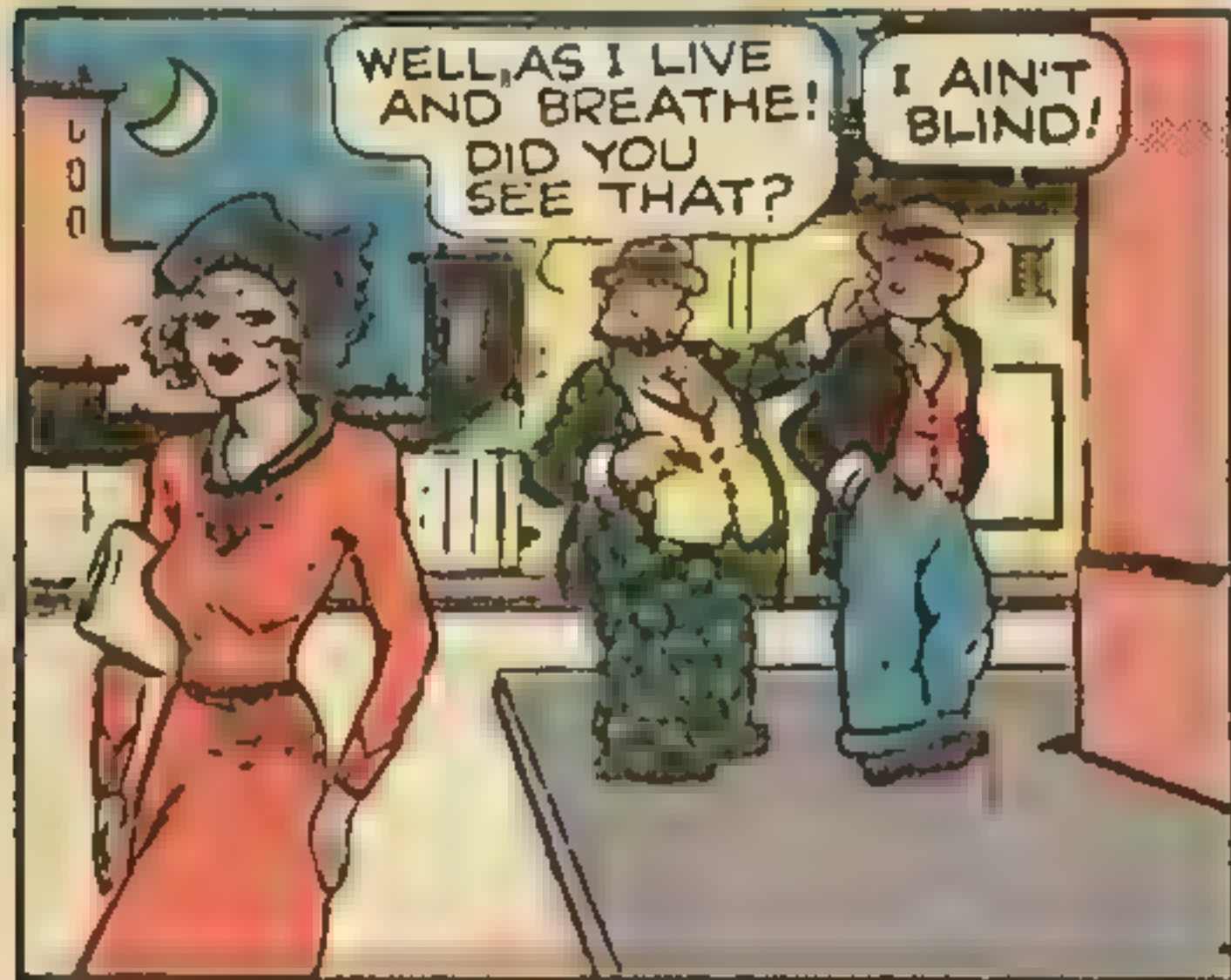


OH-THAT WOMAN! SHE TOLD ME TO MEET HER HERE AT SEVEN SHARP AND I SHOW UP AT EXACTLY EIGHT AND SHE AIN'T HERE, YET!



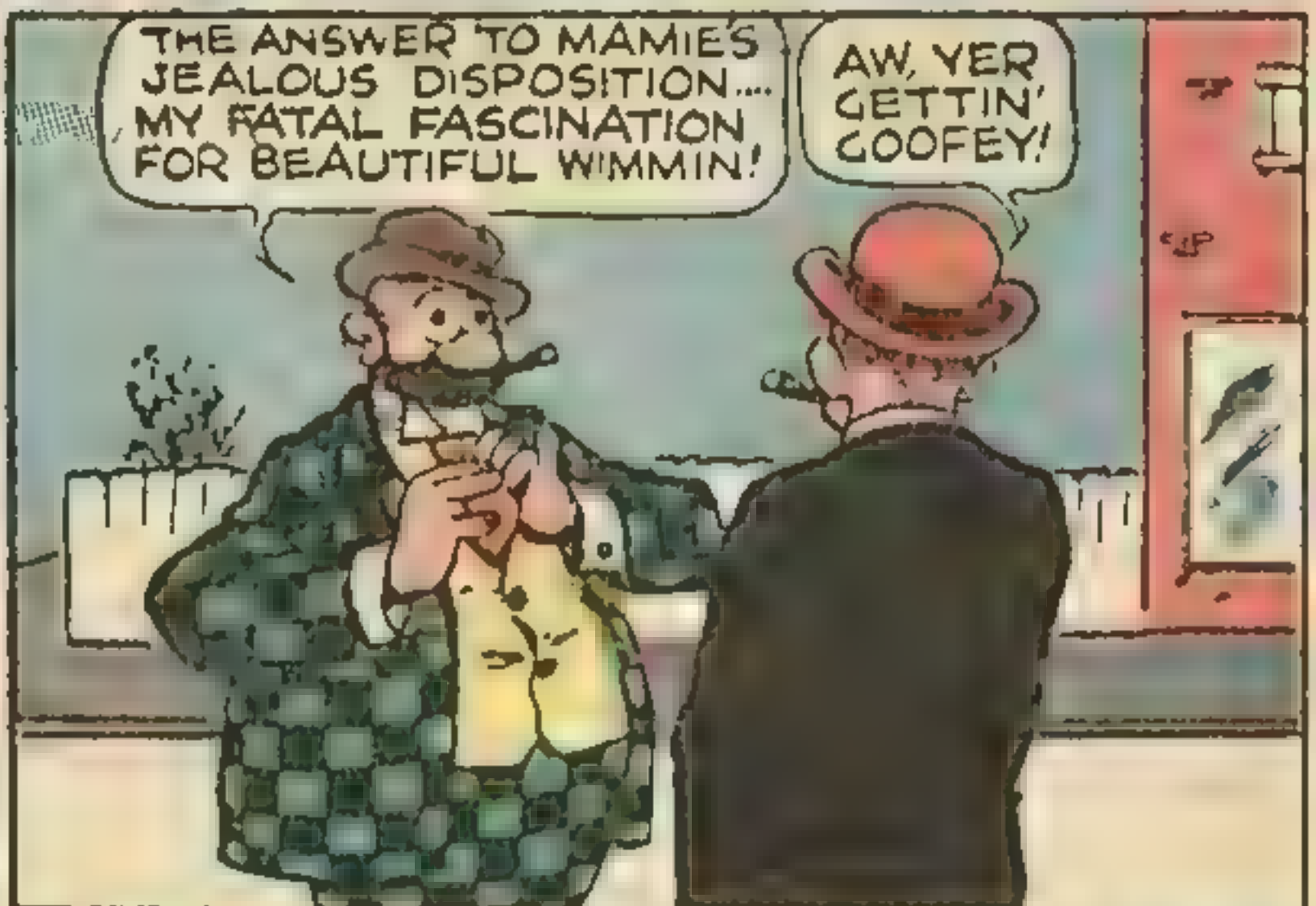
FRANKLY, I THINK THE POOR GIRL'S LOSING HER MEMORY, MOON!

BORROW SOME DOUGH FROM HER AND YOU'LL FIND OUT FOR SURE ABOUT THAT.



WELL, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE! DID YOU SEE THAT?

I AIN'T BLIND!



THE ANSWER TO MAMIE'S JEALOUS DISPOSITION... MY FATAL FASCINATION FOR BEAUTIFUL WIMMIN'!

AW, YER GETTIN' GOOFY!

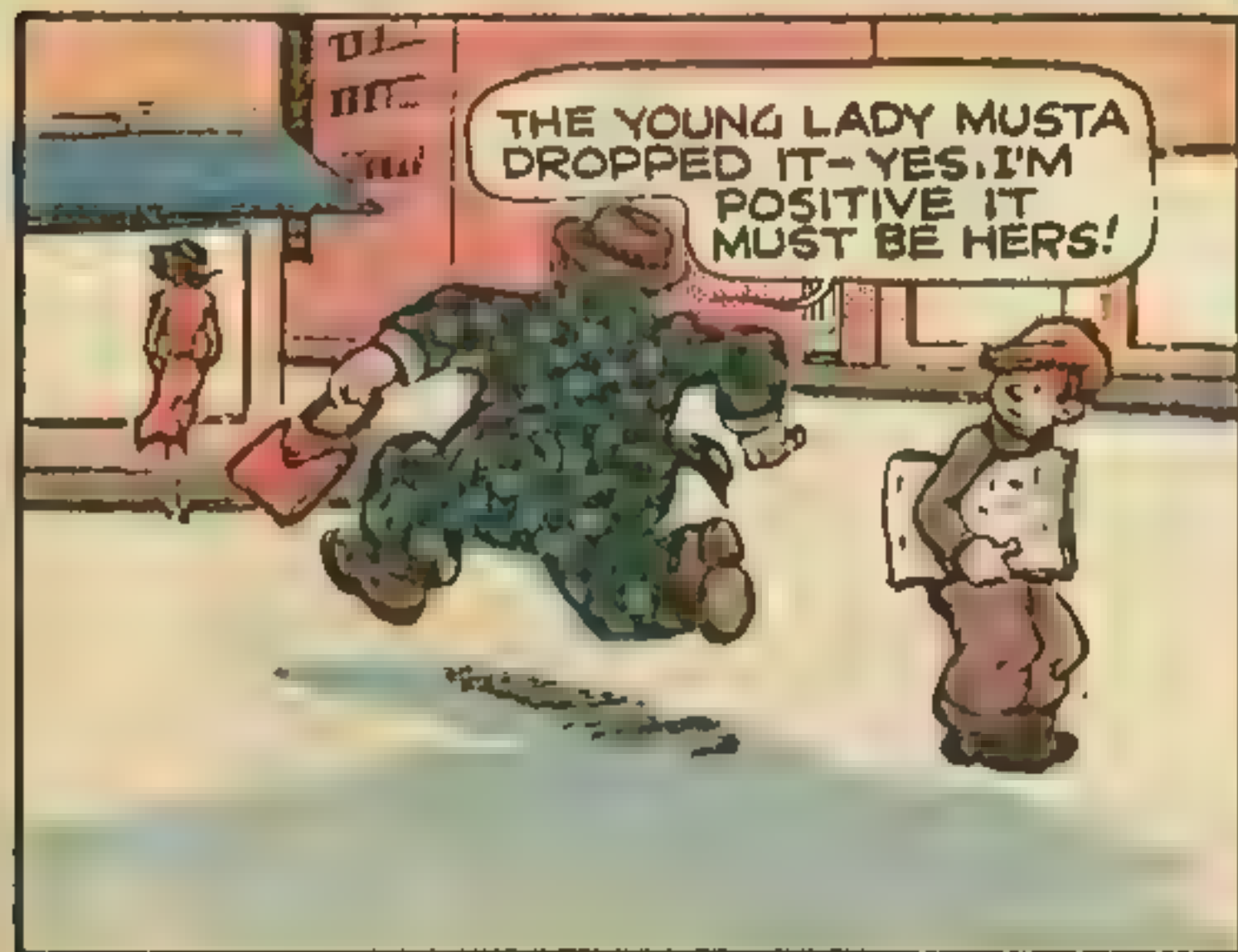


HA! IS THAT SO! THEN, WHY DID SHE SMILE AT ME INSTEAD OF YOU?

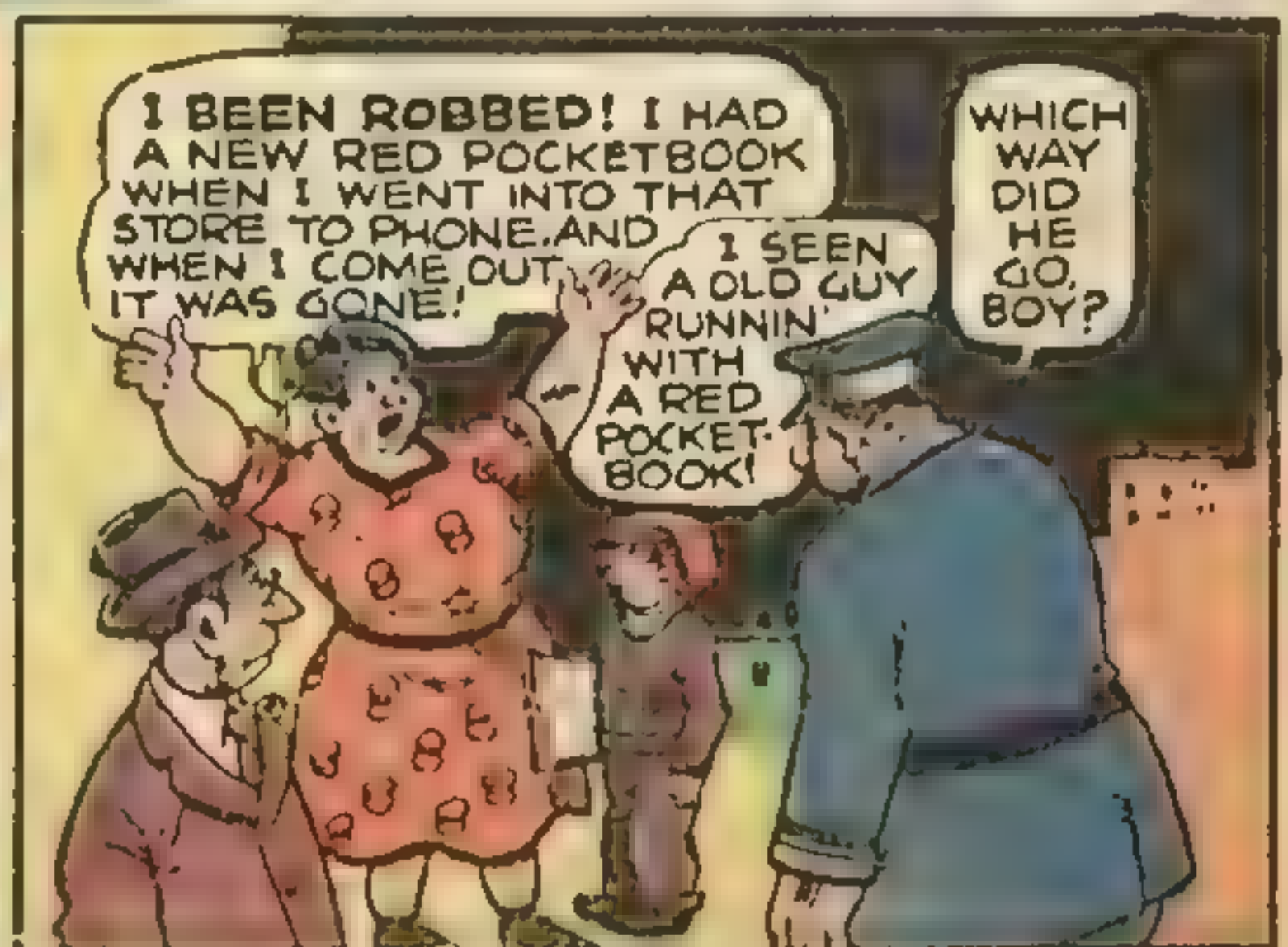
MOST PEOPLE BUST RIGHT OUT LAUGHIN' AT YOU!



IS THAT SO? HEL-LO! WHAT'S THIS?



THE YOUNG LADY MUSTA DROPPED IT-YES, I'M POSITIVE IT MUST BE HERS!

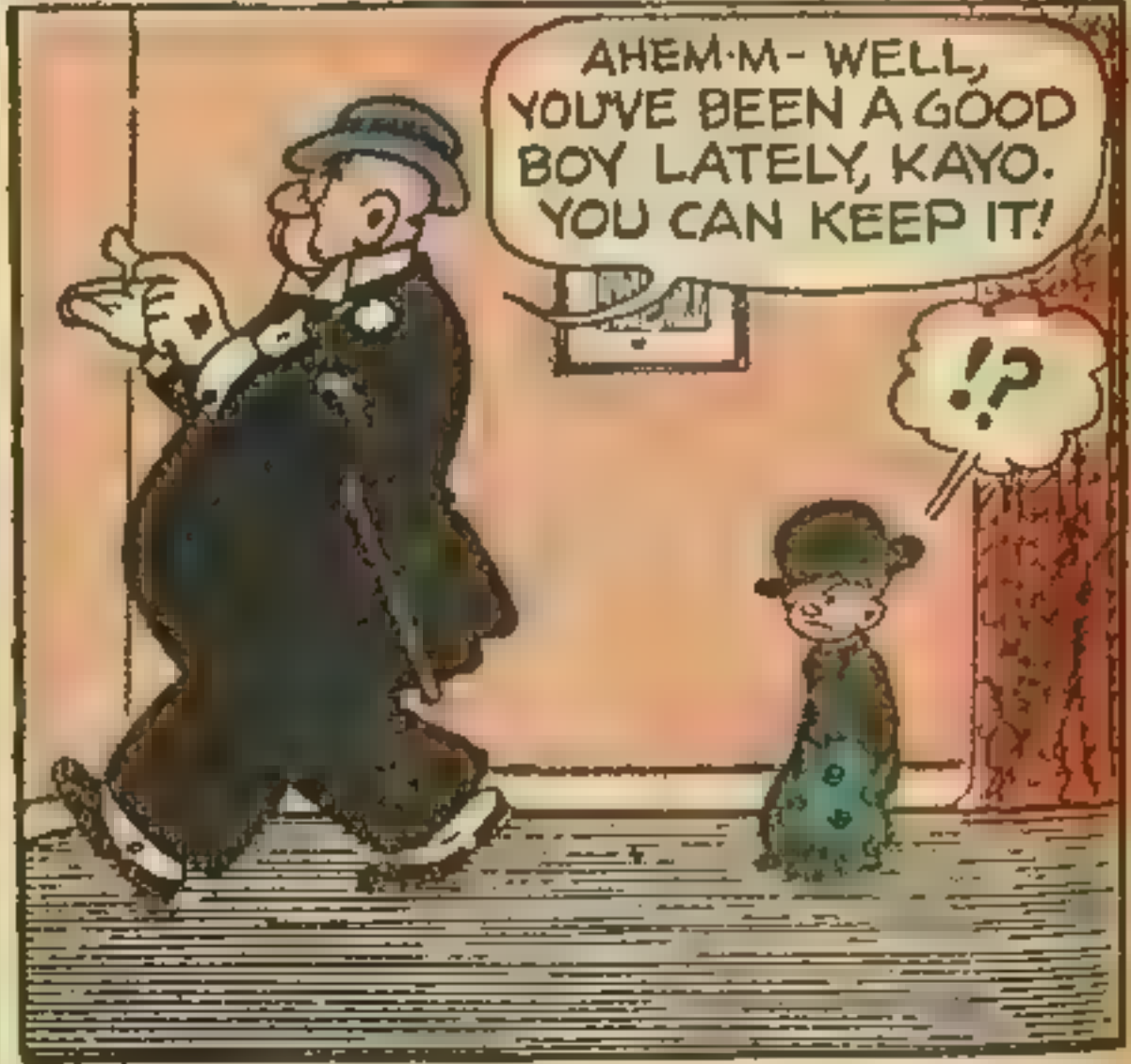
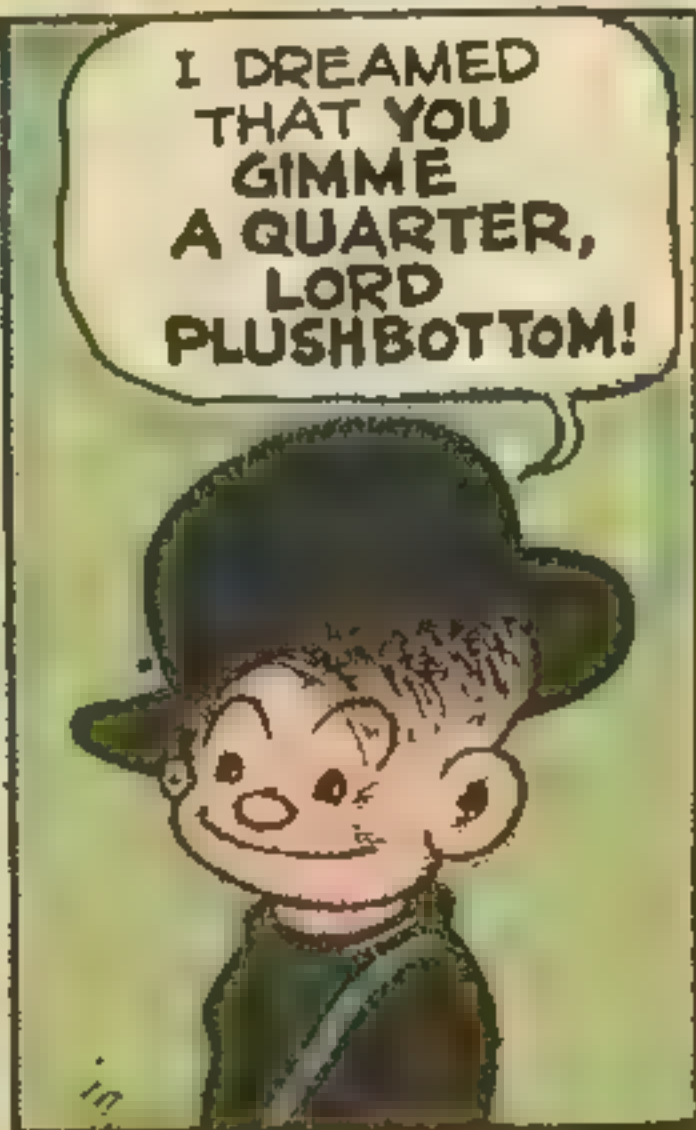
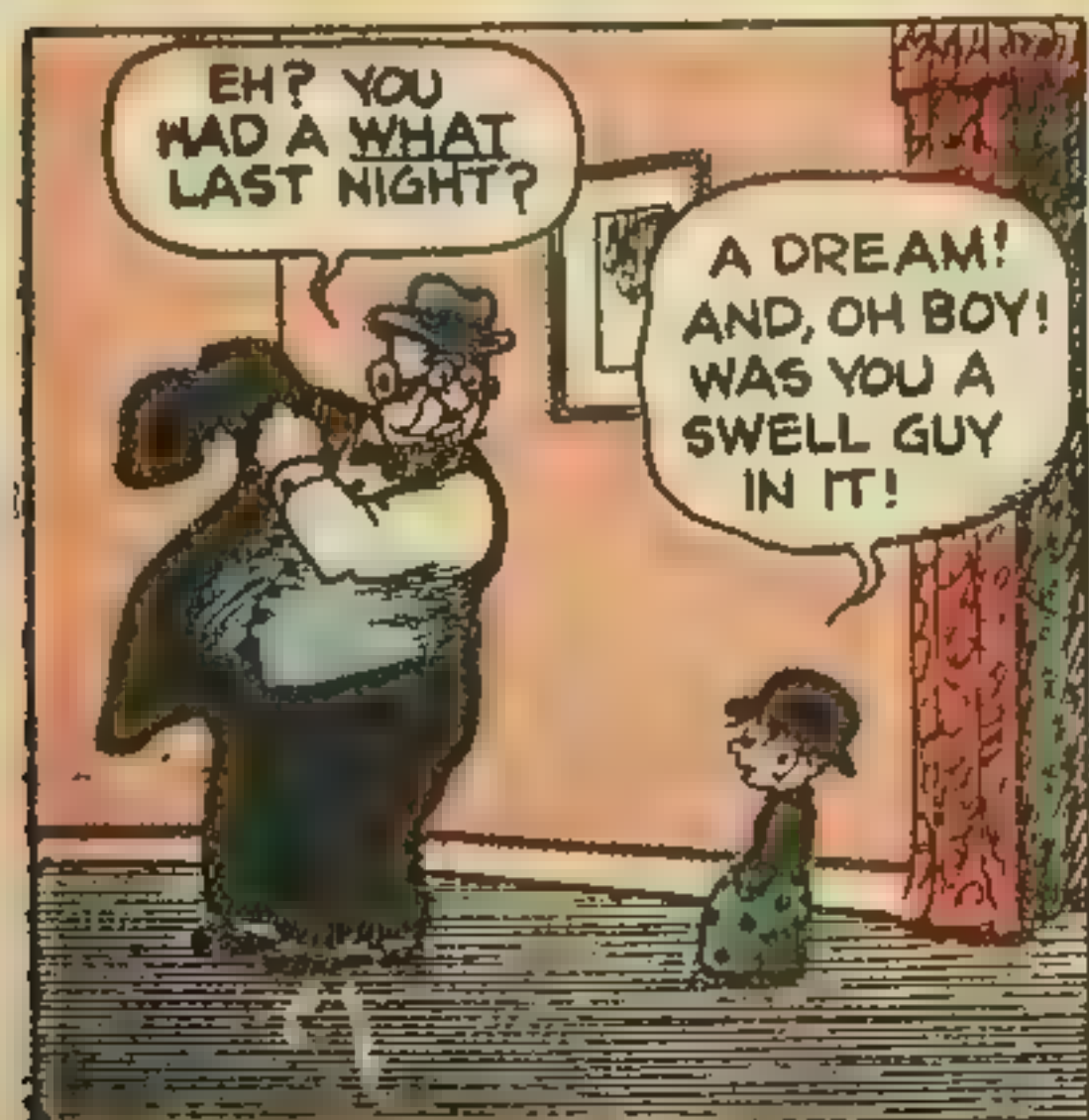
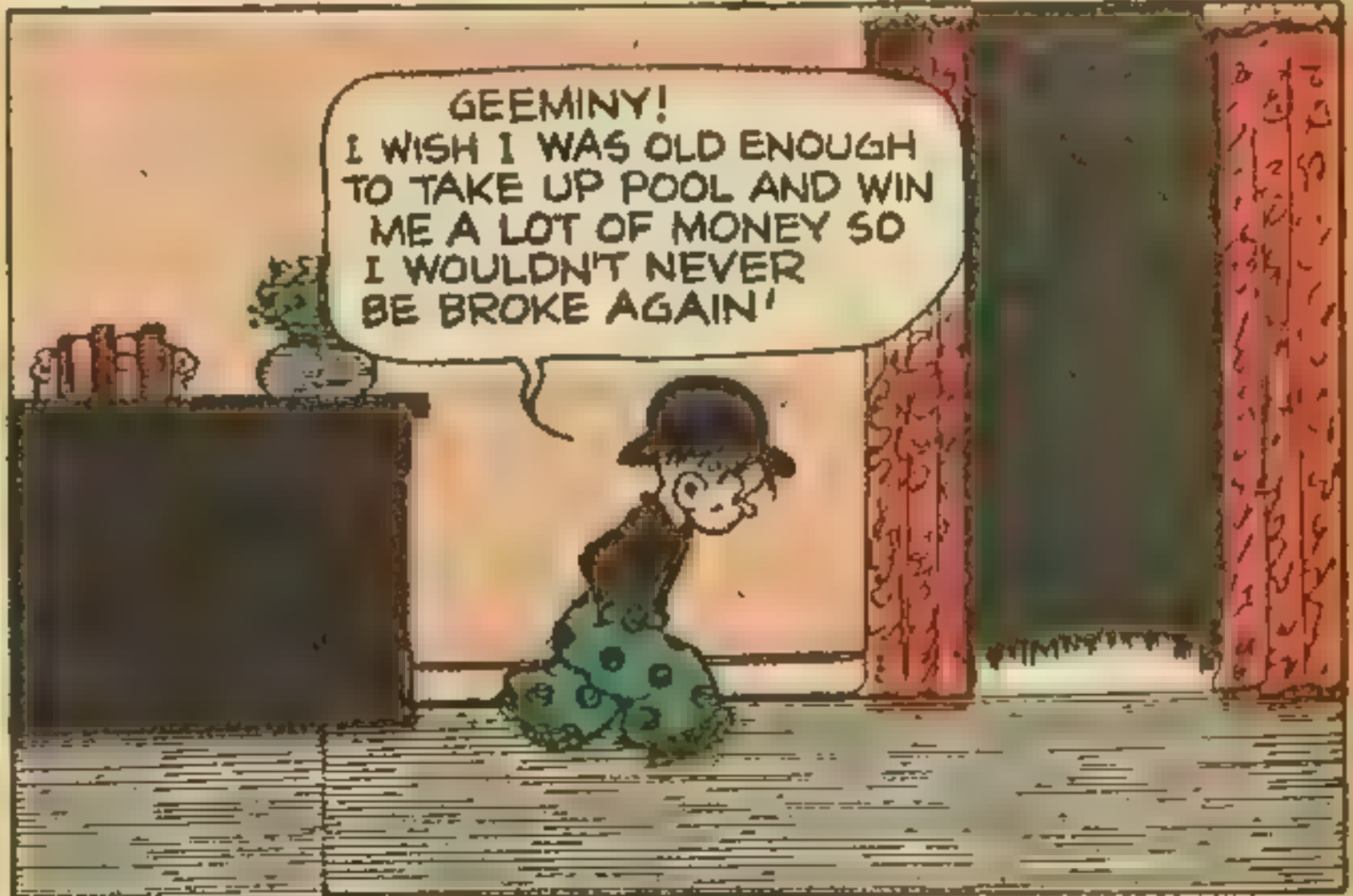
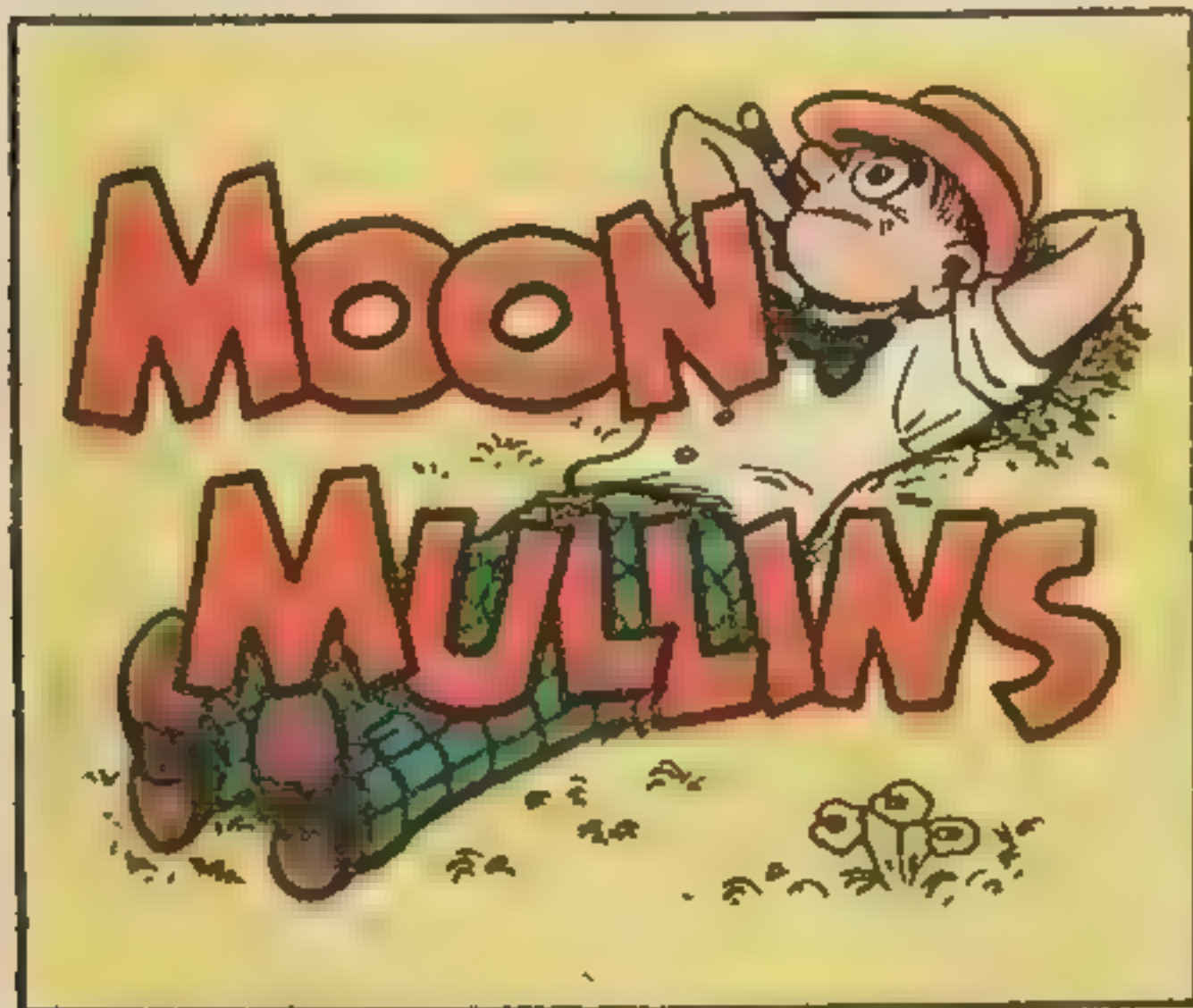
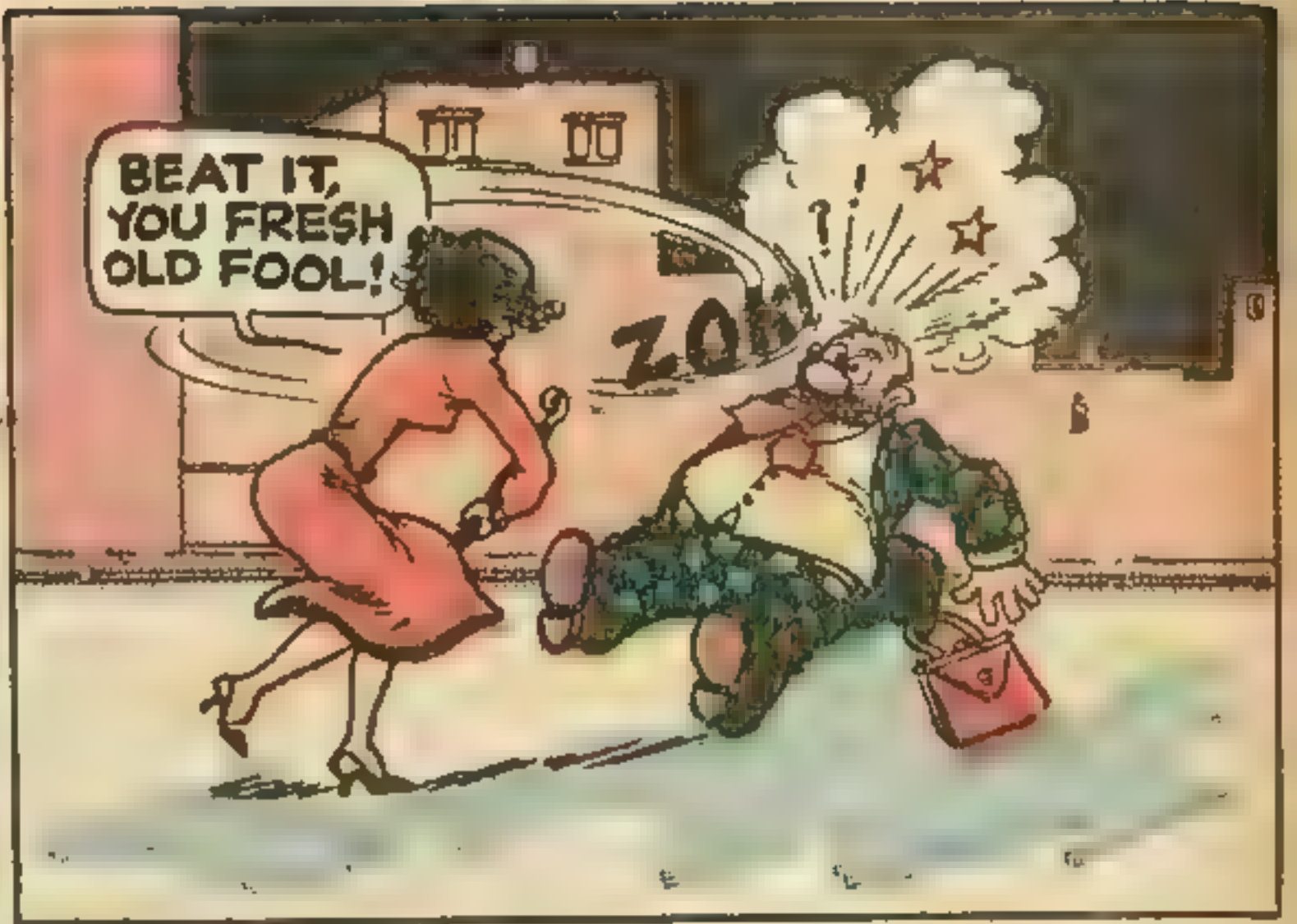
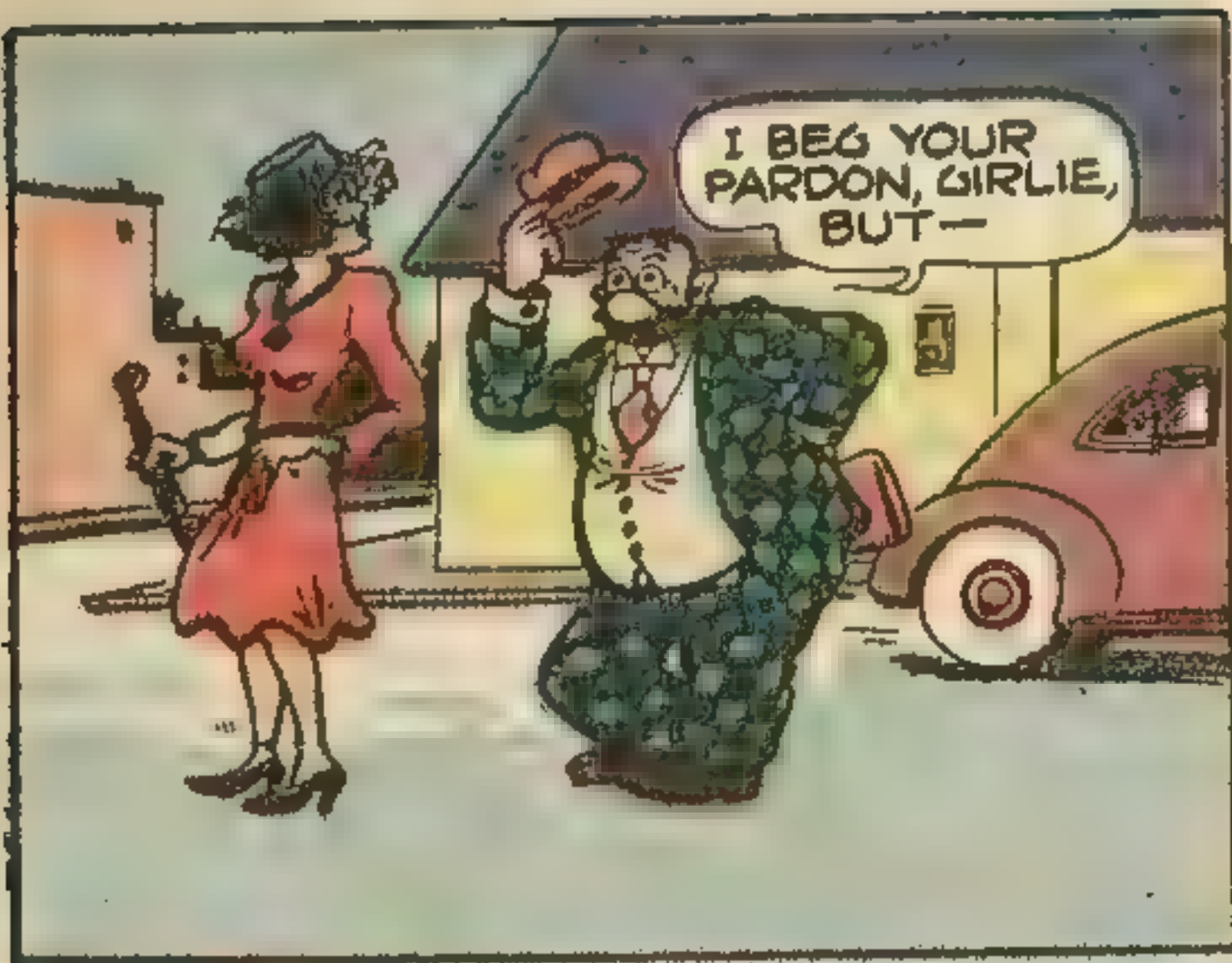


I BEEN ROBBED! I HAD A NEW RED POCKETBOOK WHEN I WENT INTO THAT STORE TO PHONE, AND WHEN I COME OUT, IT WAS GONE!

I SEEN A OLD GUY RUNNIN' WITH A RED POCKET-BOOK!

WHICH WAY DID HE GO, BOY?

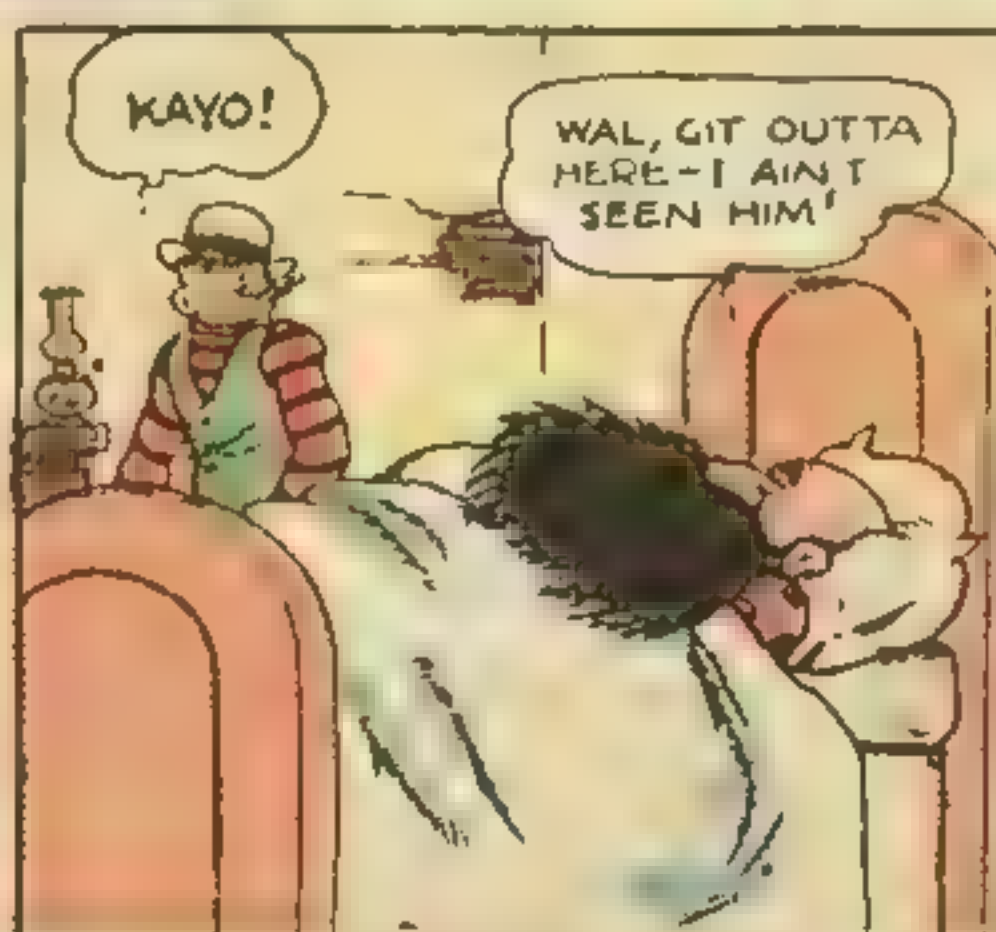
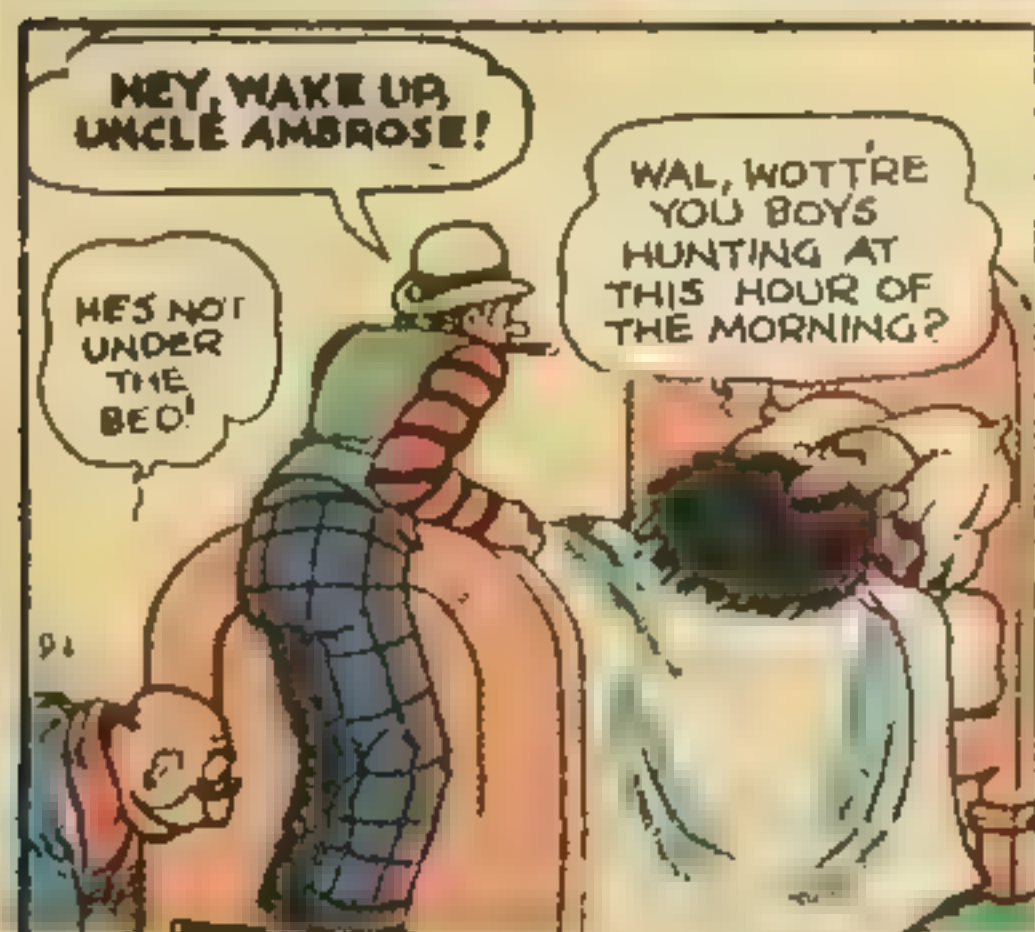
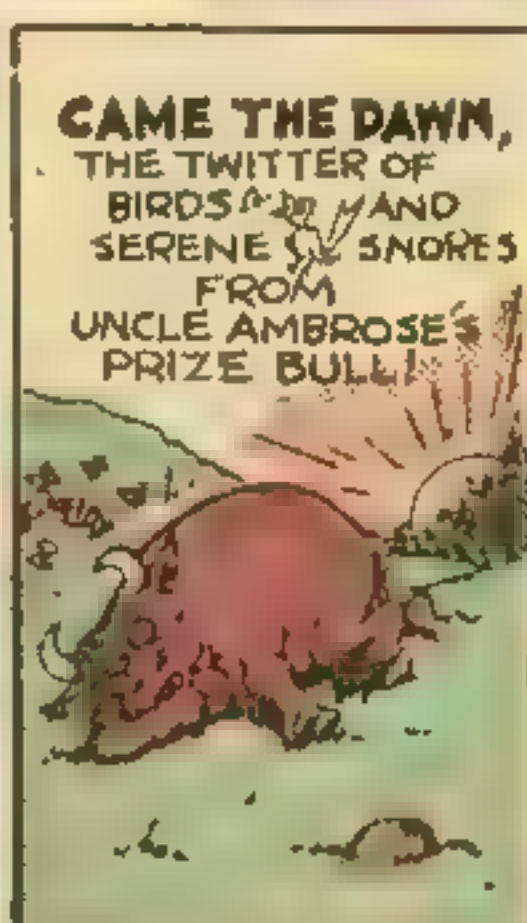
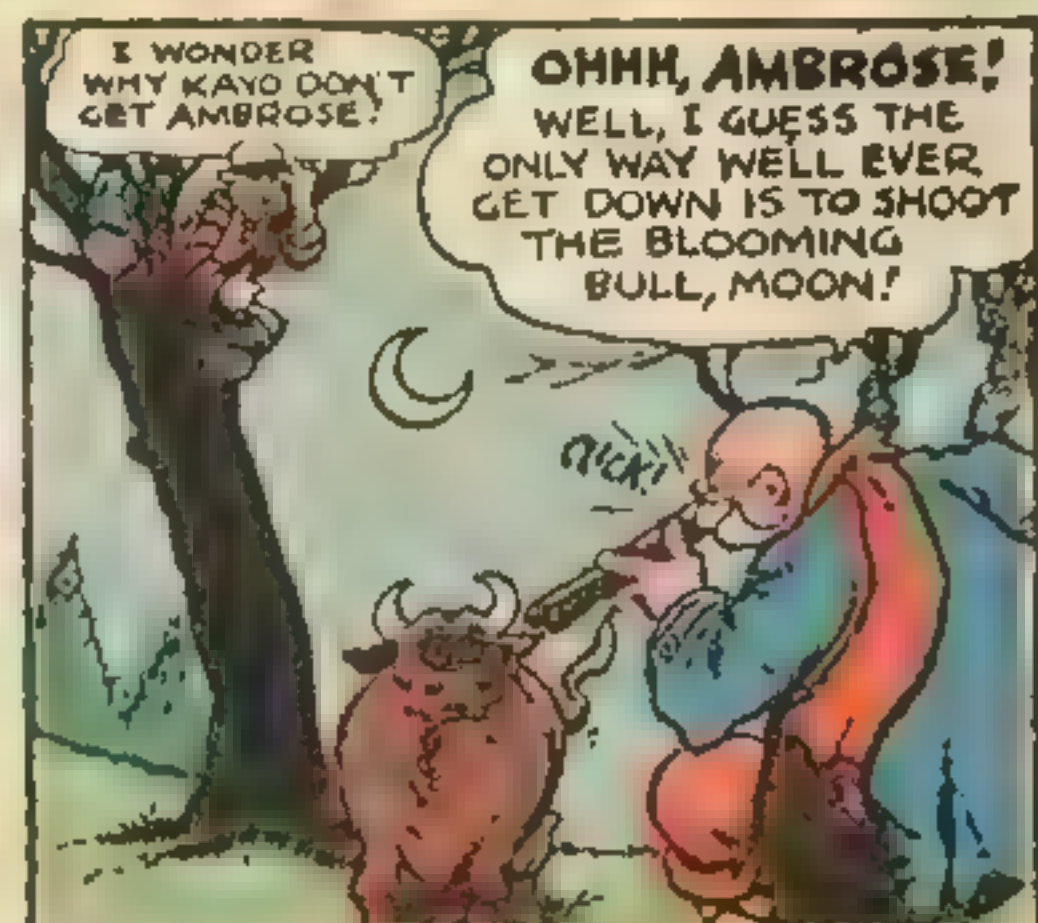
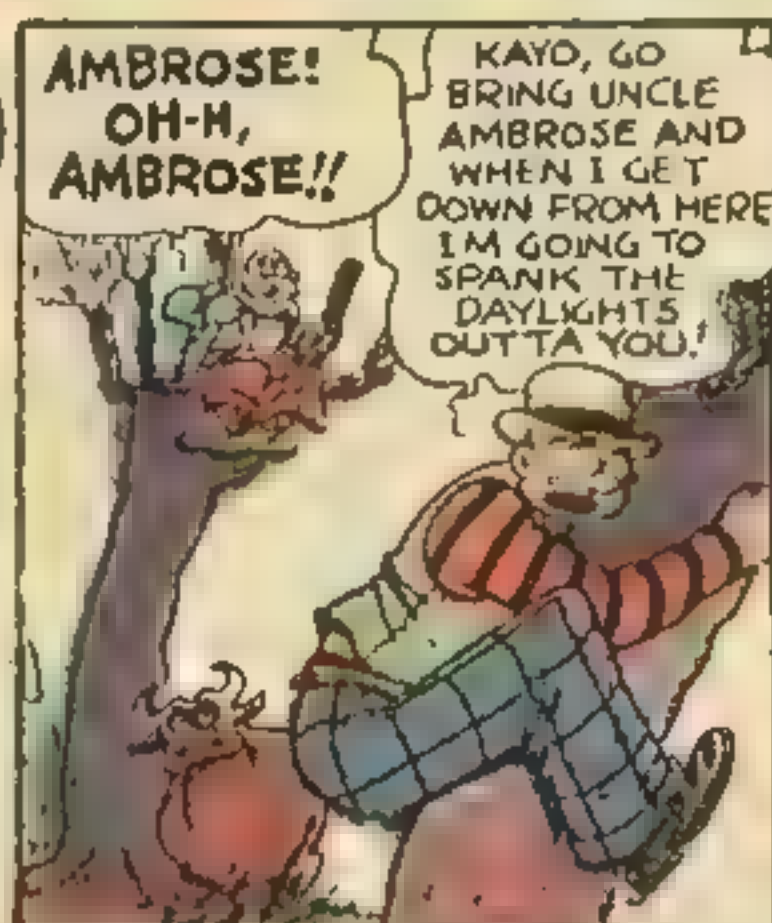
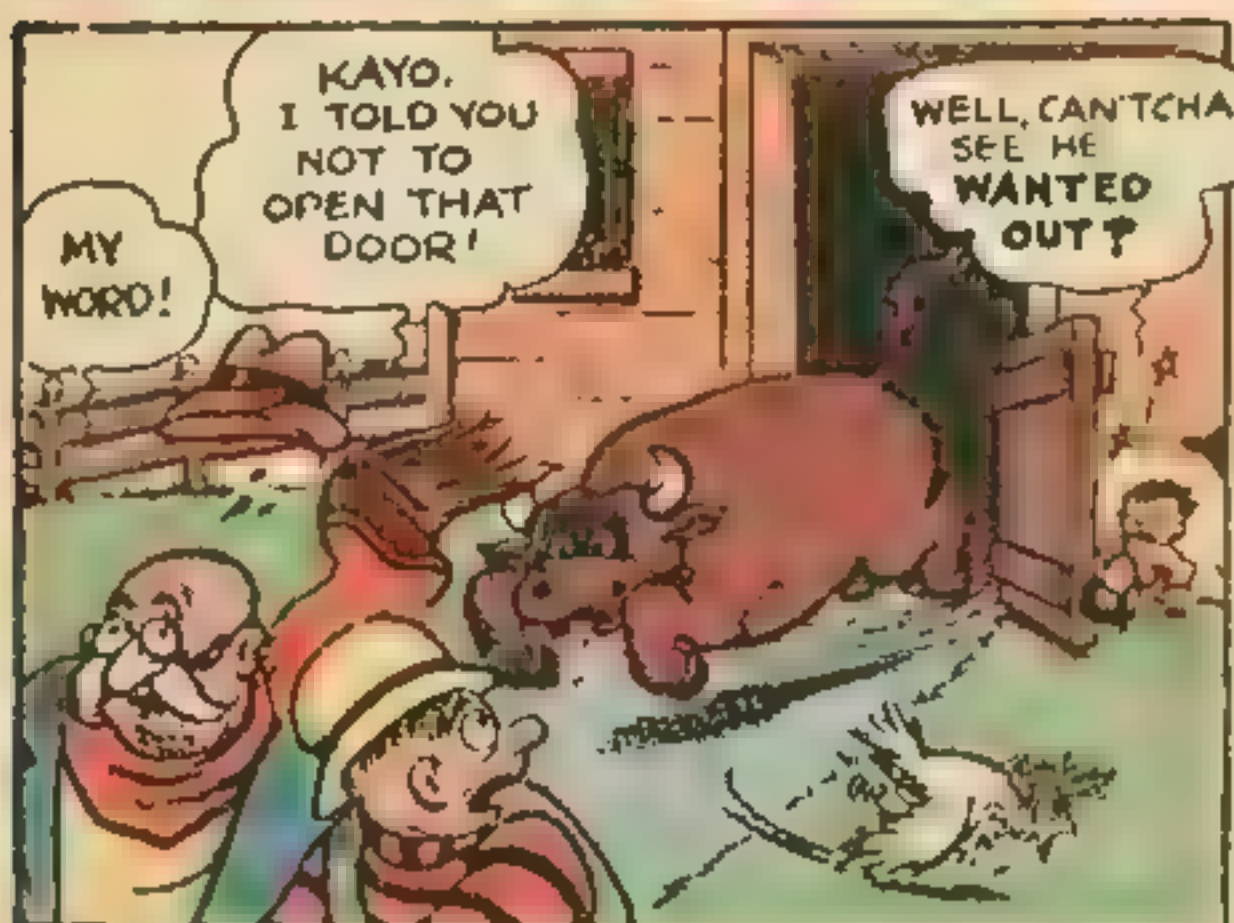
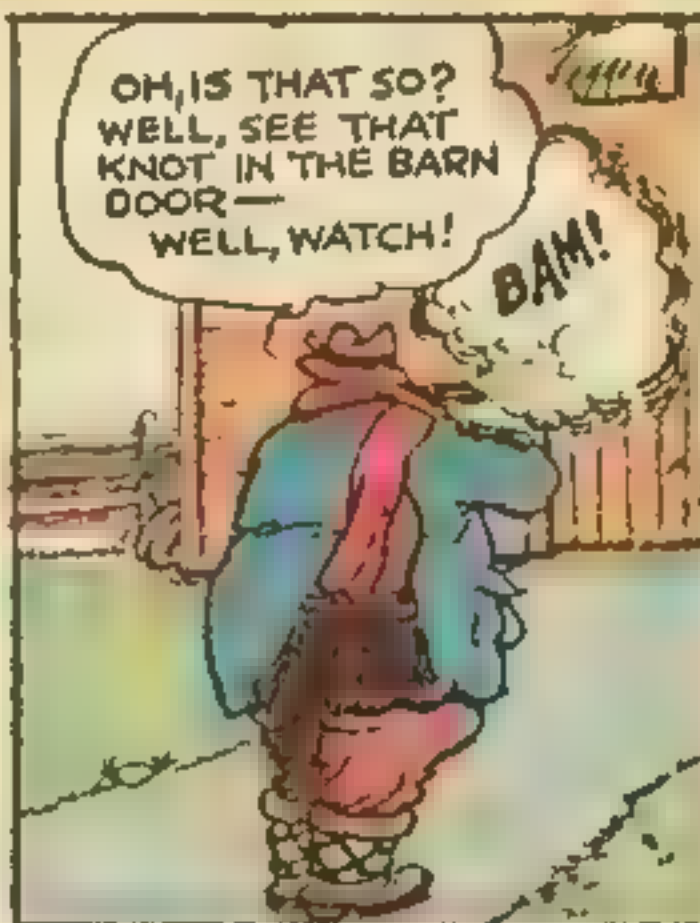
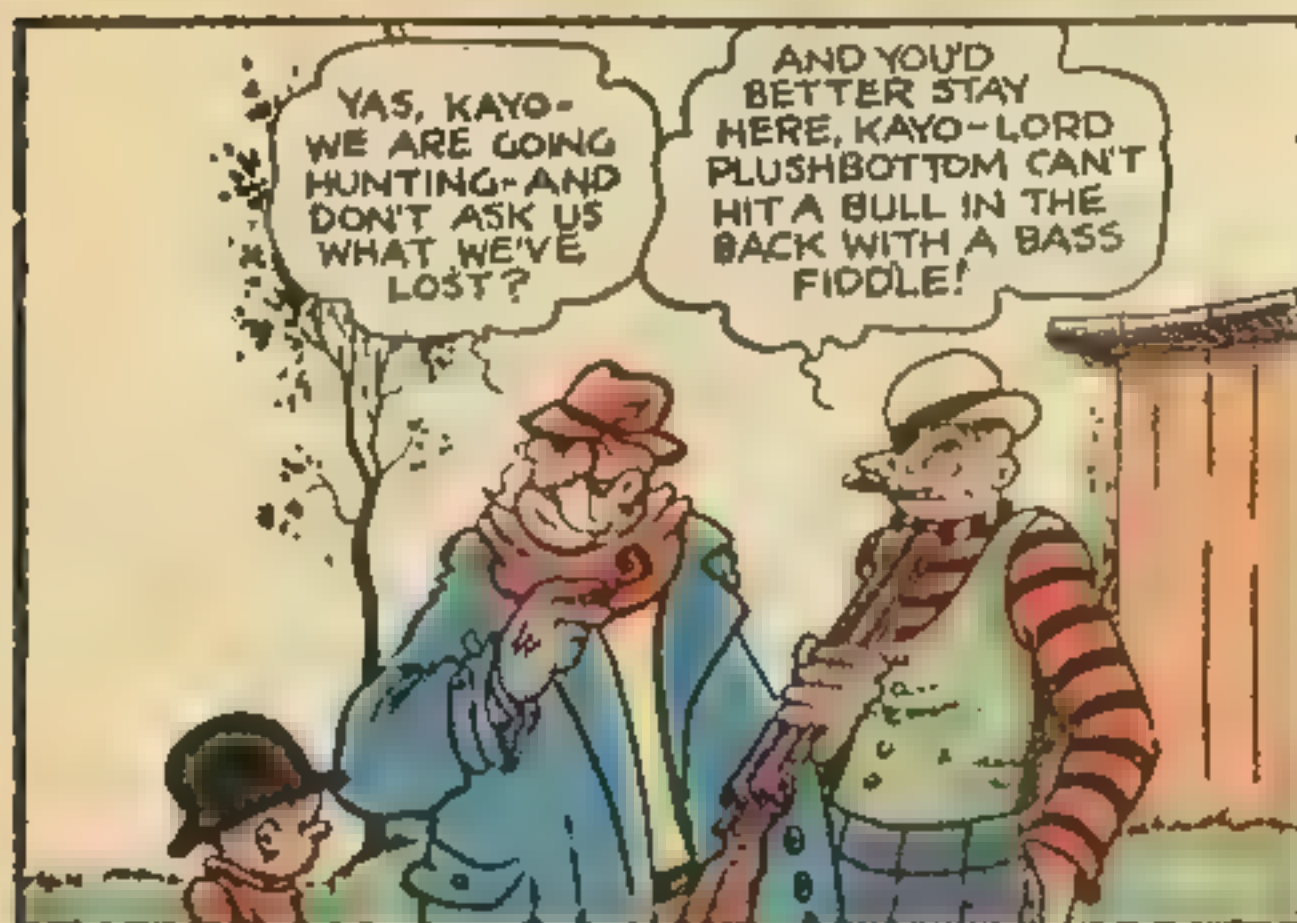
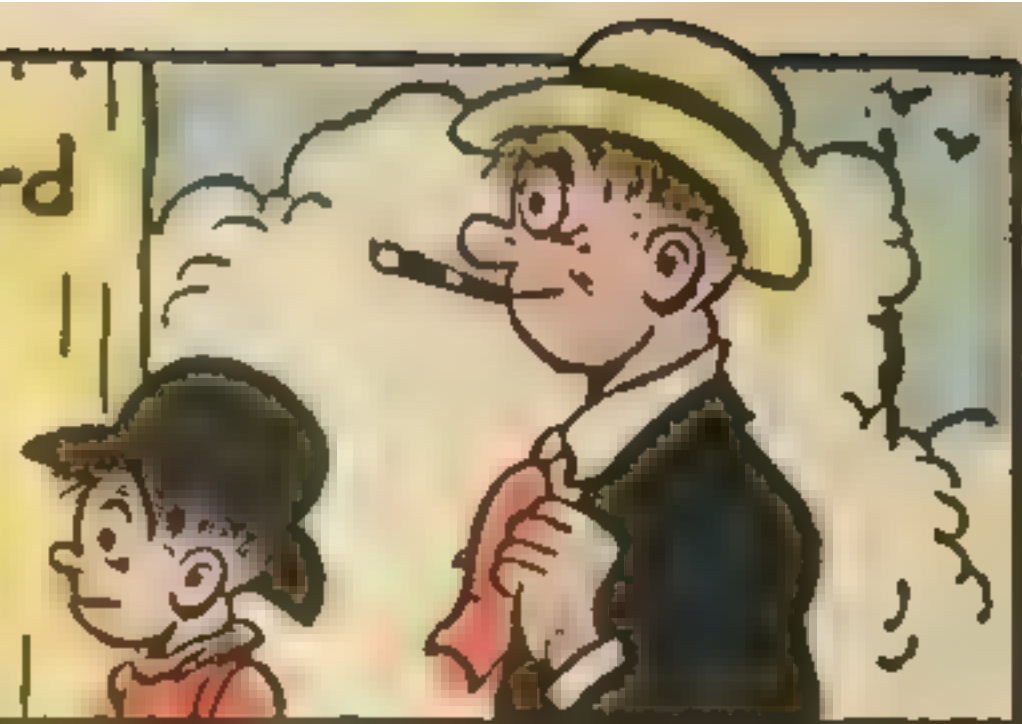






# MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard





# GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS

“AND how would modom like her hair done?” the beauty parlor operator asked, showing Lady Plushbottom to an enclosed booth in the salon.

Emmy leaned back in her chair. “Well, I’ll tell you, Marie,” she started to say, when a harsh, loud voice from the next enclosed booth interrupted.

“I don’t wanna mention no names, dearie,” it said, “but the initials is E. P. Honestly, when that old bag puts on the dog about bein’ Lady Plush . . . er, you know who I mean . . . the whole block laughs fit to bust!”

“Why, why, that’s me she’s talking about,” sputtered Emmy. “Whoever she is, I . . . I’ll . . .”

“An’ she’s pretty close to sixty,” the voice continued. “Imagine that scarecrow puttin’ on airs an’ actin’ so hoity-toity! You oughta see her in the mornin’ when she gets up!”

Emmy made a heroic effort to control herself. “Ha! Idle gossip!” she snorted through her facial masque. “I, personally, am not the type to stoop to such nasty, malicious talk!”

Her voice took on a sharp, shrill quality which carried it through every corner of the beauty salon. Even Mamie, whose head was at the moment disappearing under a hair dryer, could not help but hear her words.

“The things I have to stand for!” complained Lady Plushbottom. “That Mamie, for instance, I don’t know whether she’s

just fat, just lazy or both! And, my dear, such vulgarity! Such cheap, crude, loud—”

“Modom is finished now,” announced Marie, spraying lacquer on Emmy’s hair.

Lady Plushbottom threw a last, self-satisfied glance at her reflection, patted her curls, added an extra polish to her fingernails by buffing them, and left the booth.

At that very moment, the occupant of the next booth was leaving, too. The two ladies, fresh from the curlers, lotions and sprays, took one look at each other!

Lady Plushbottom shrieked, “Mamie! So it was you, you vicious, lying . . .”

Mamie snarled, “Hmph! Lady Plushbottom! I’ve got a mind to . . .”

The Elite Beauty Salon had never witnessed such a transformation . . . in reverse! Without waiting for the bell, Emmy and Mamie lunged at each other, kicking, scratching, tugging and slapping! It took fifteen minutes and eight women to separate them.

And when they were separated . . . oh, sister!

With their hair coming down in strings, their nails chipped and broken and all their make-up smeared and smudged, two dishevelled war horses staggered wearily back into adjoining booths.

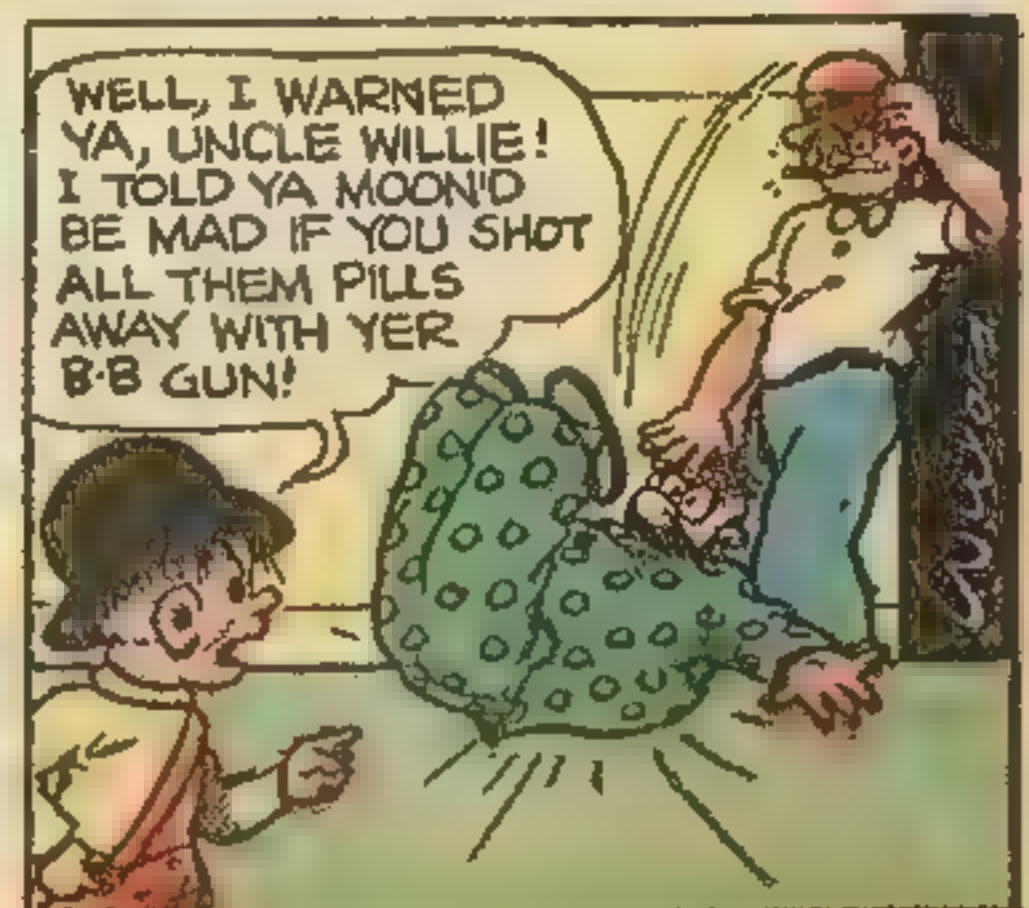
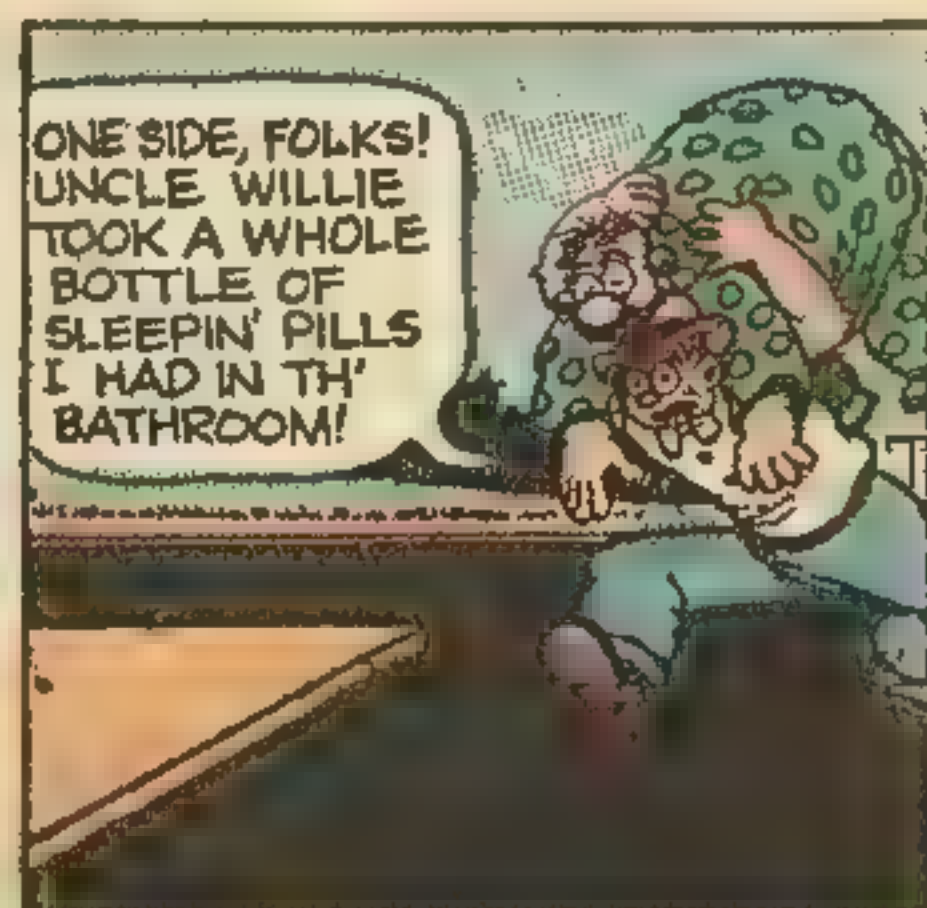
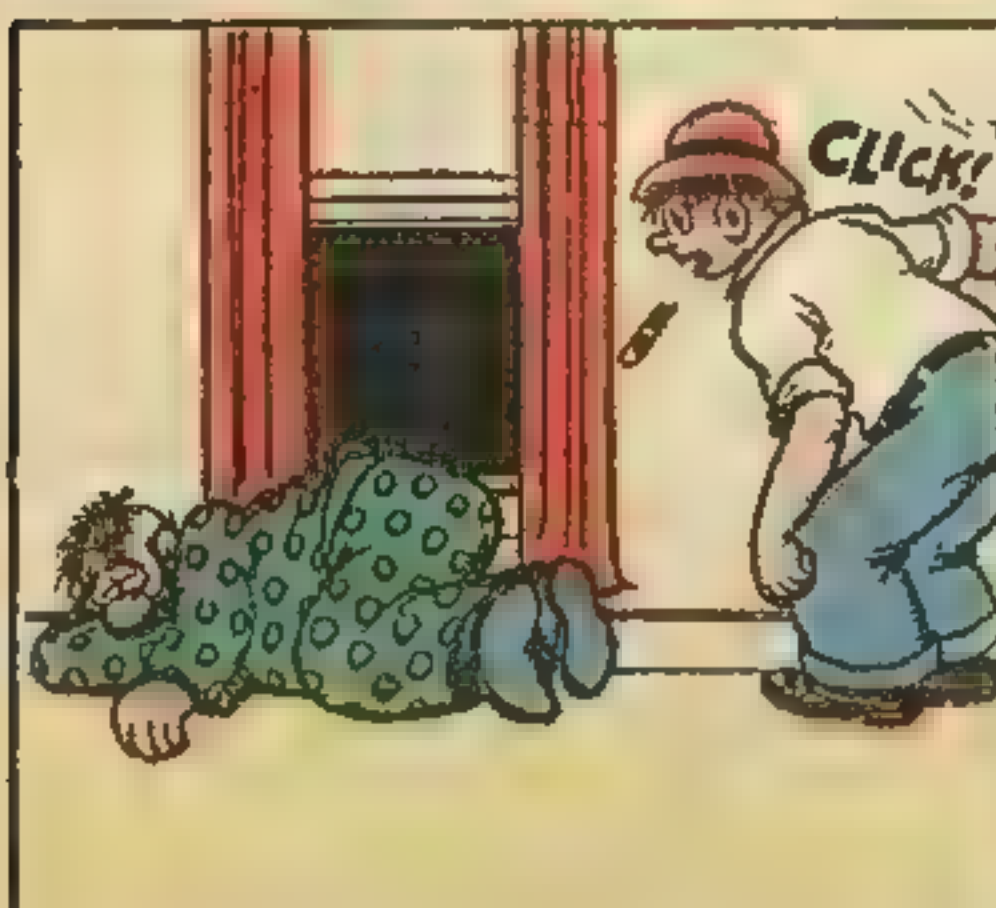
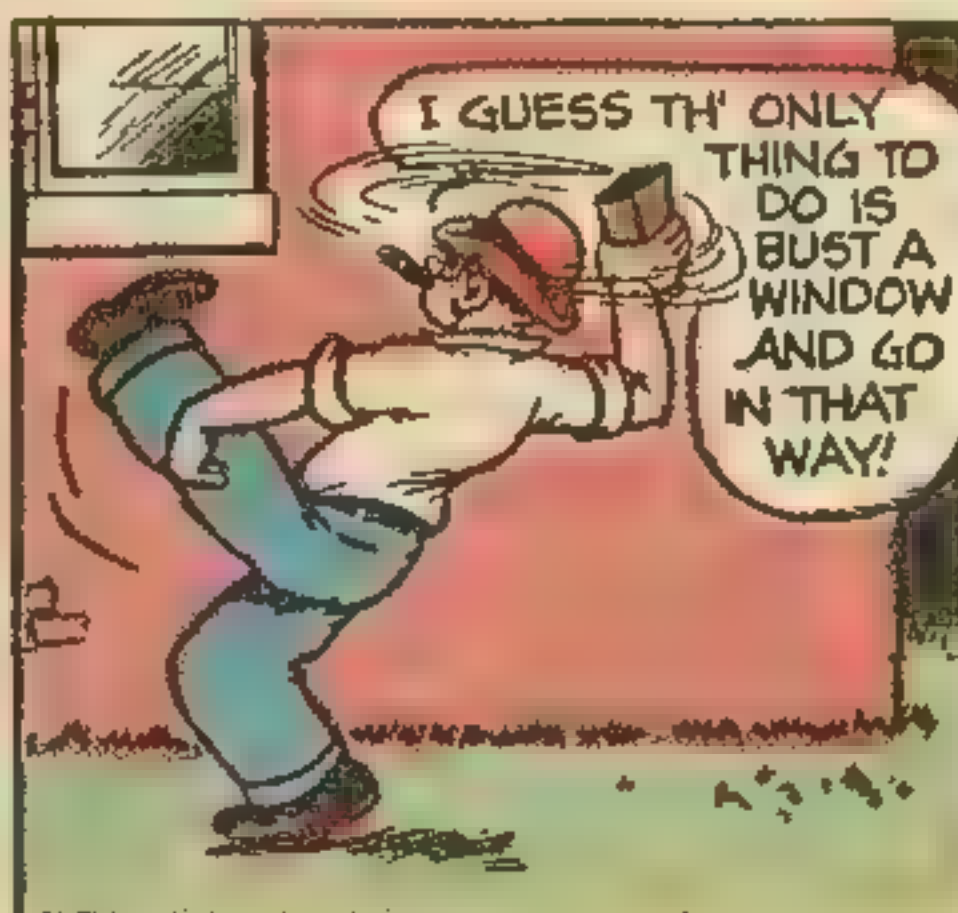
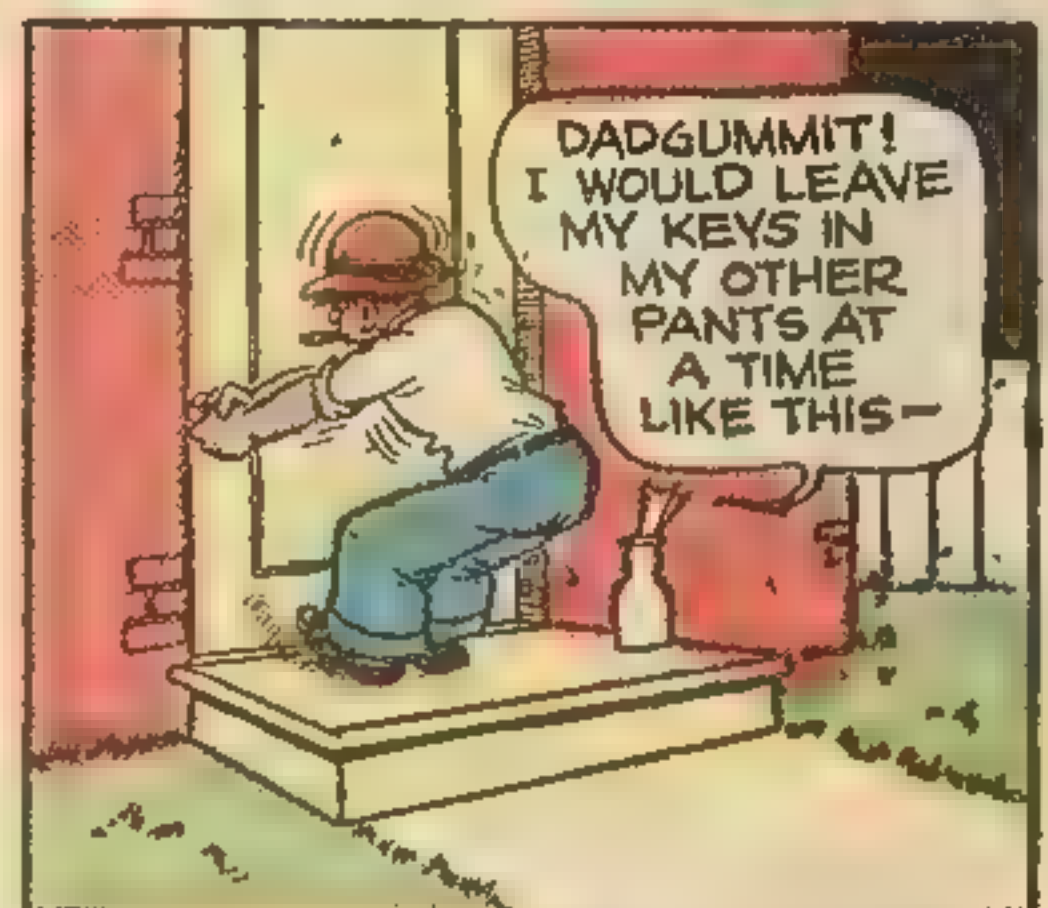
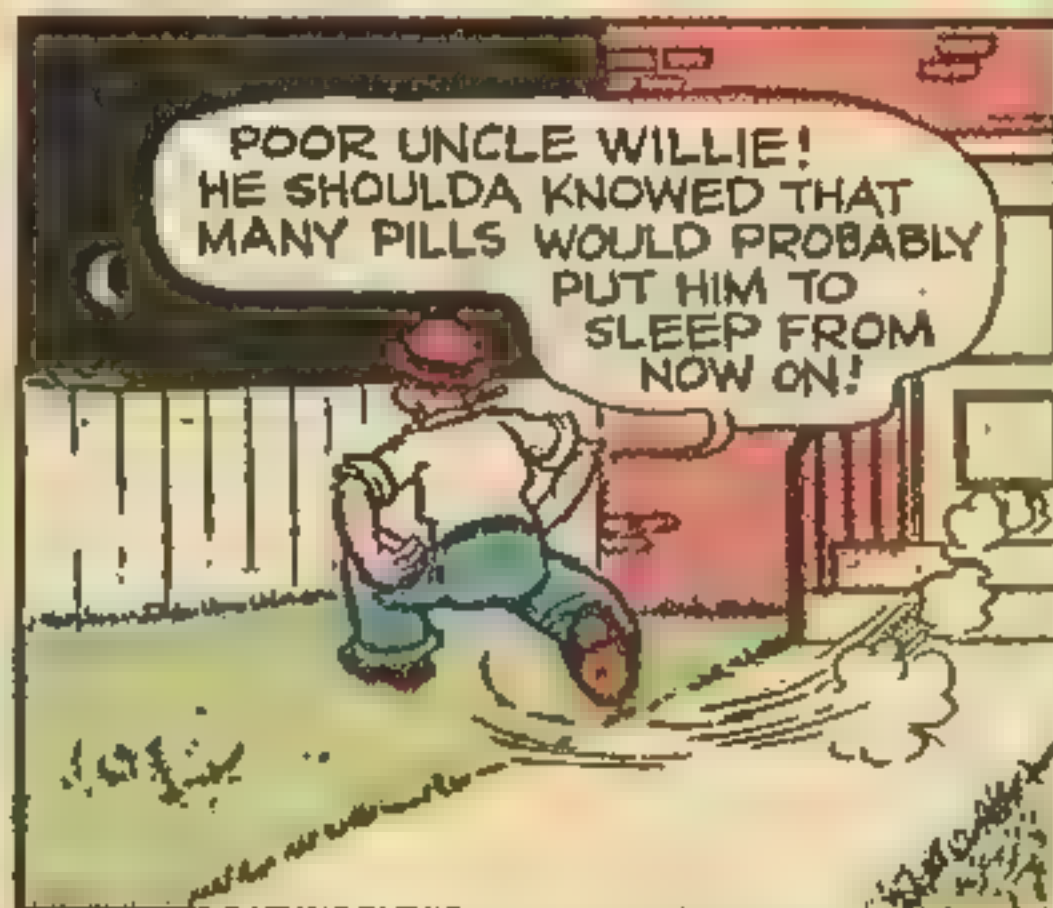
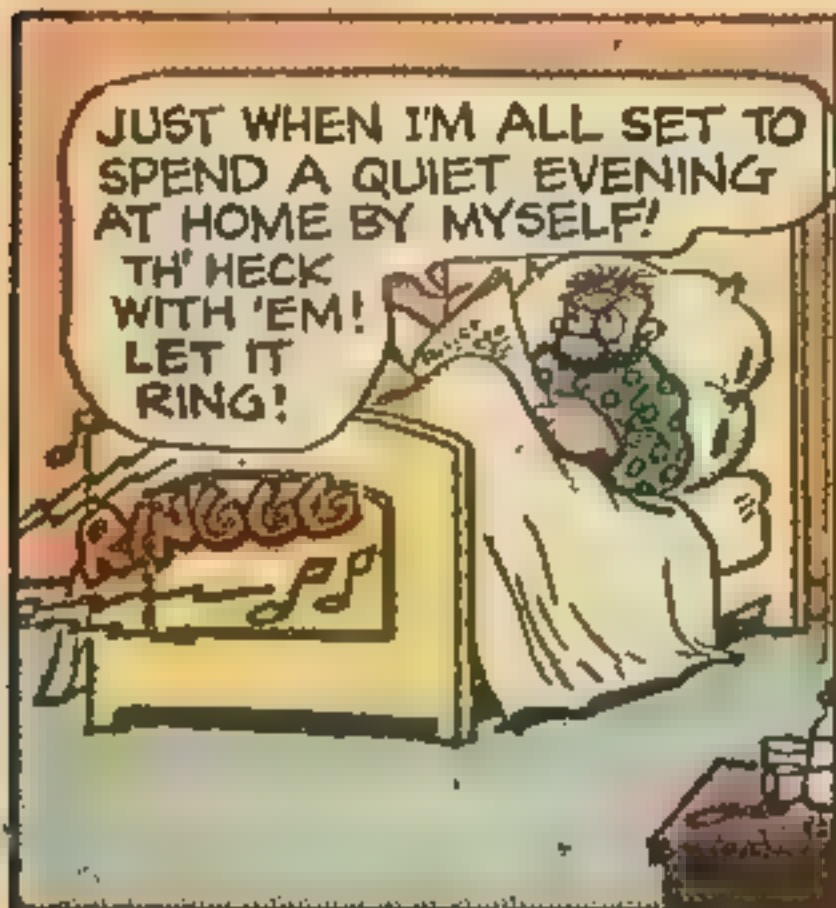
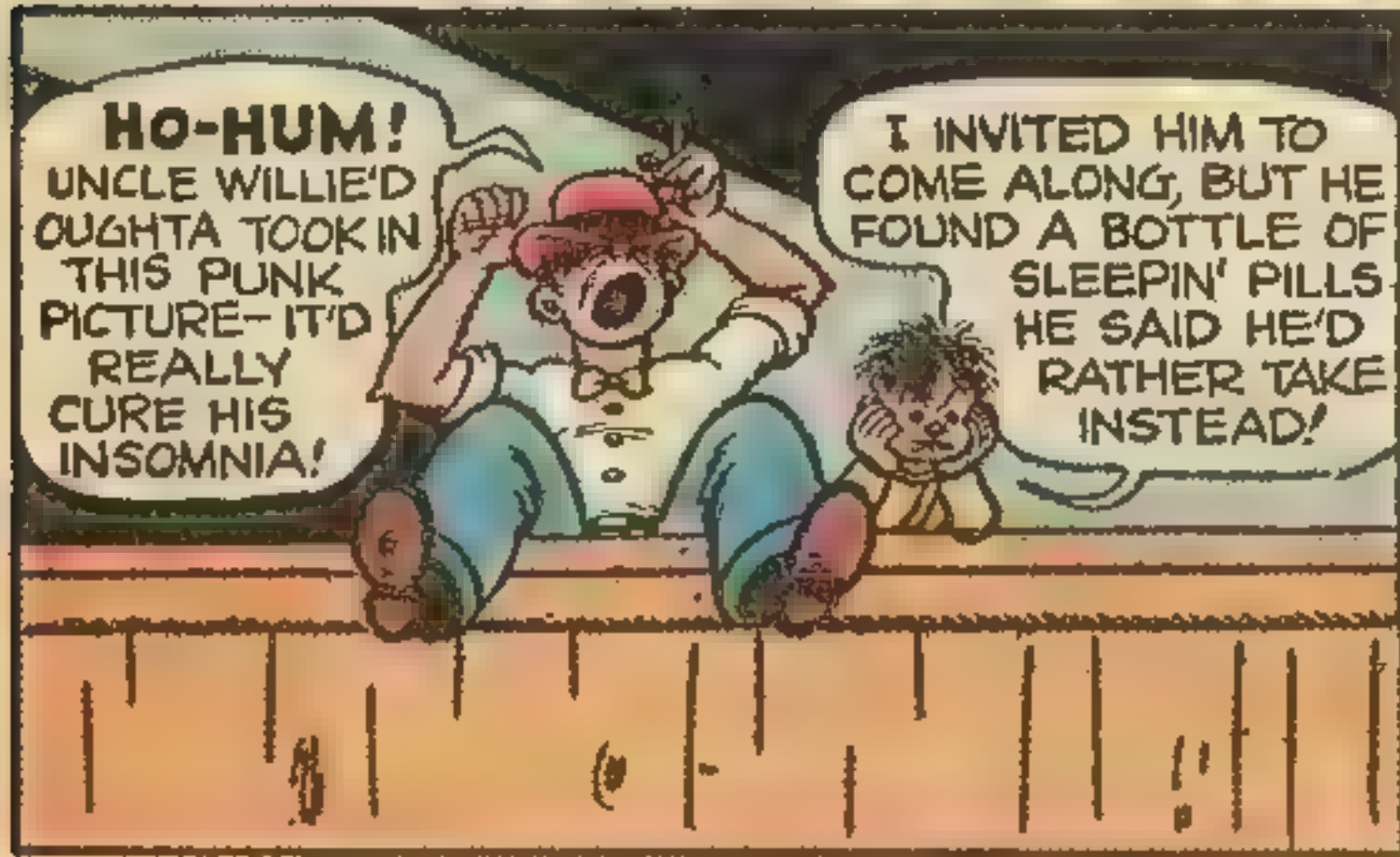
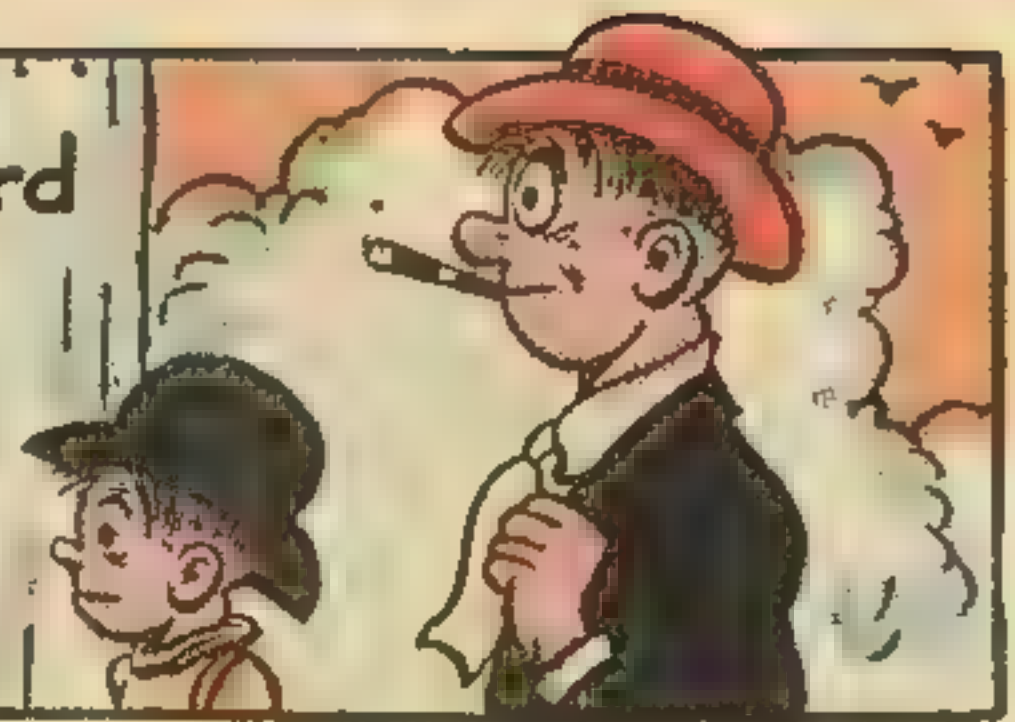
Marie took a good look at Lady Plushbottom. “Why, modom!” she screamed.

And from Mamie’s cubicle next door, came a similar scream. “Why, modom!”



# MOON MULLINS

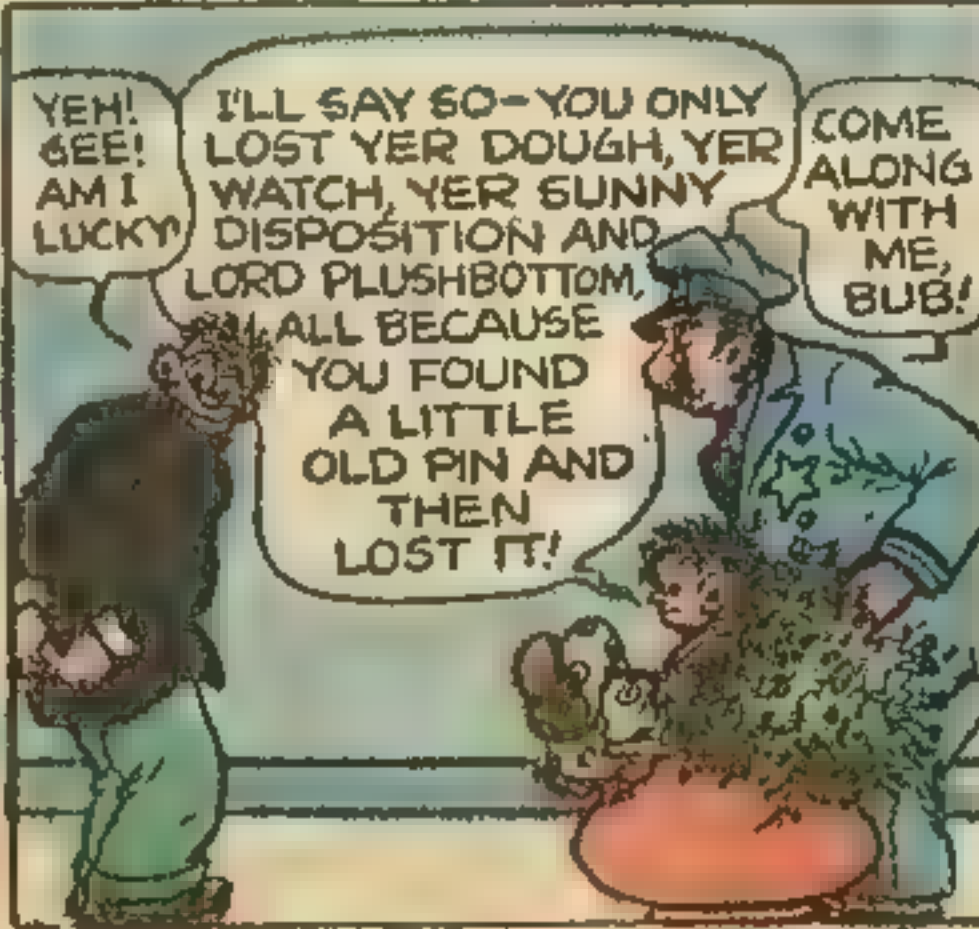
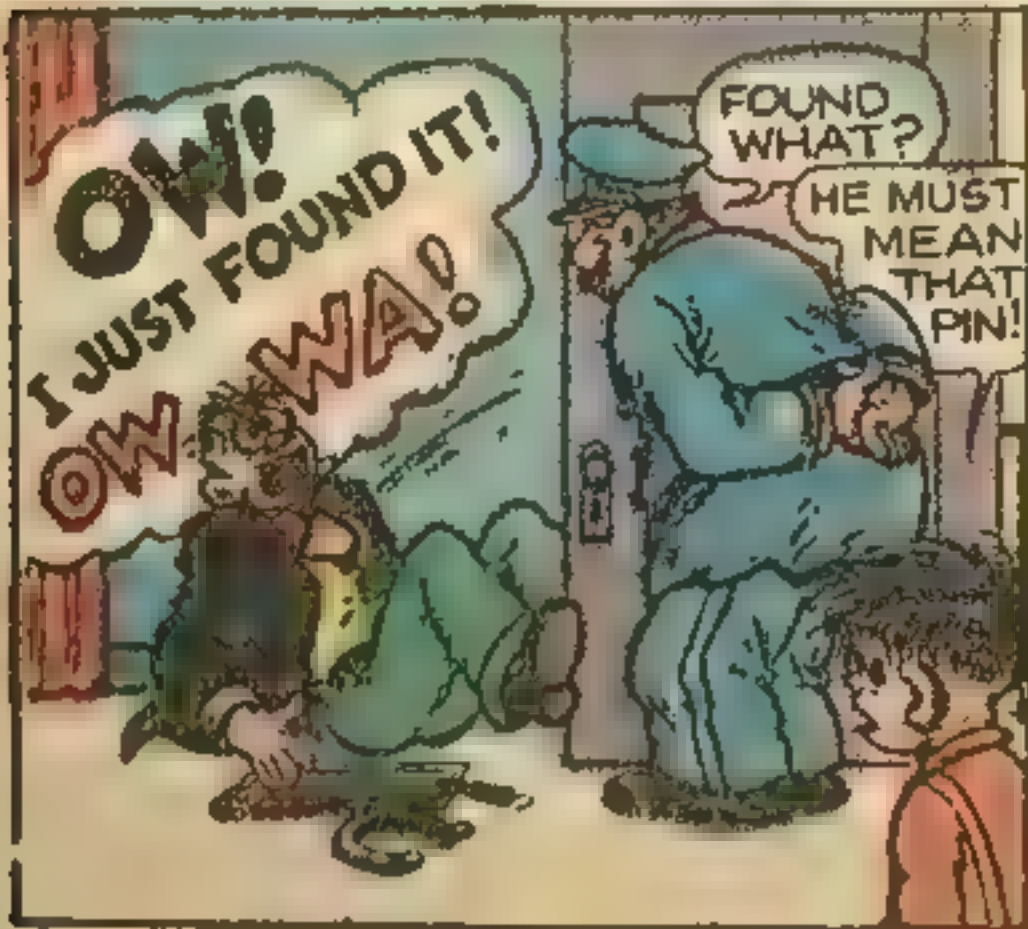
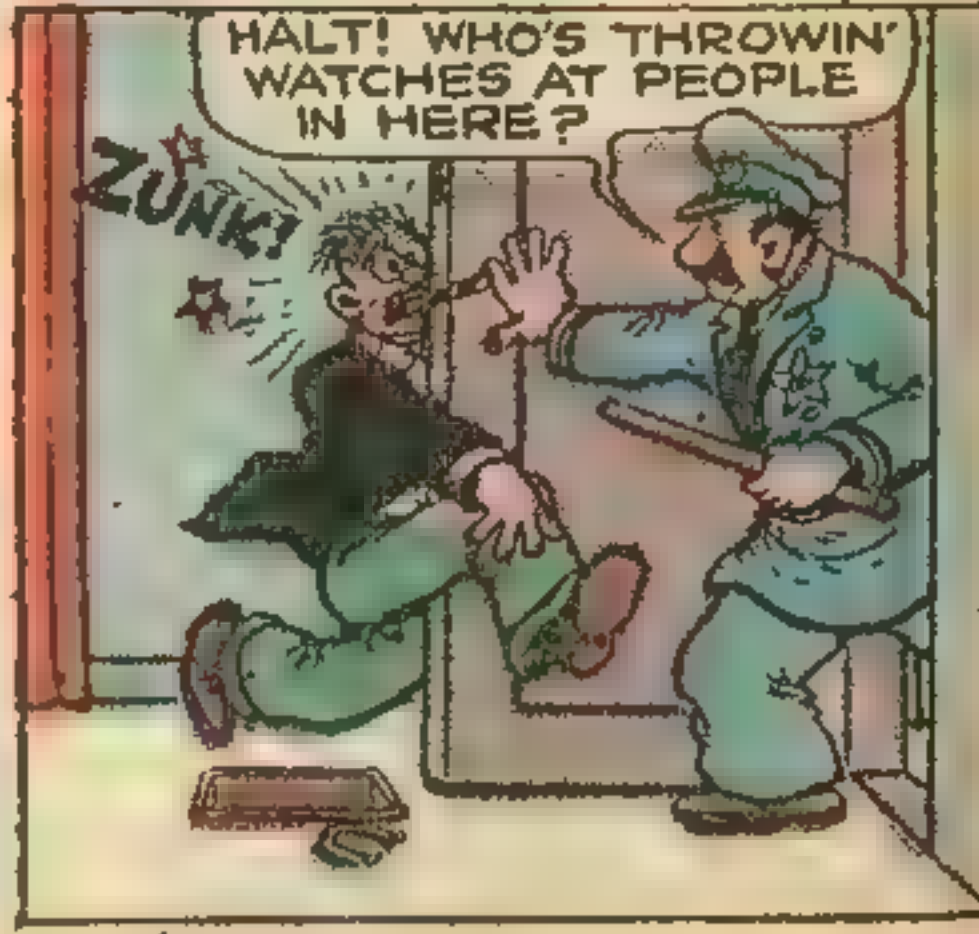
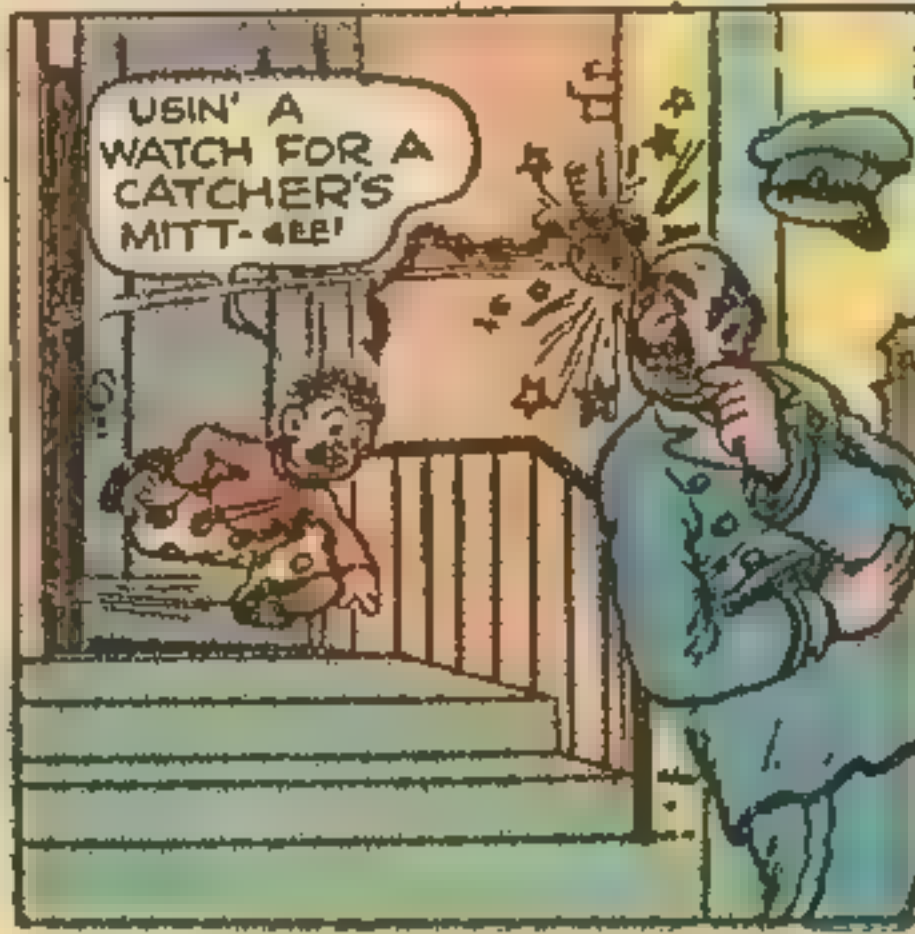
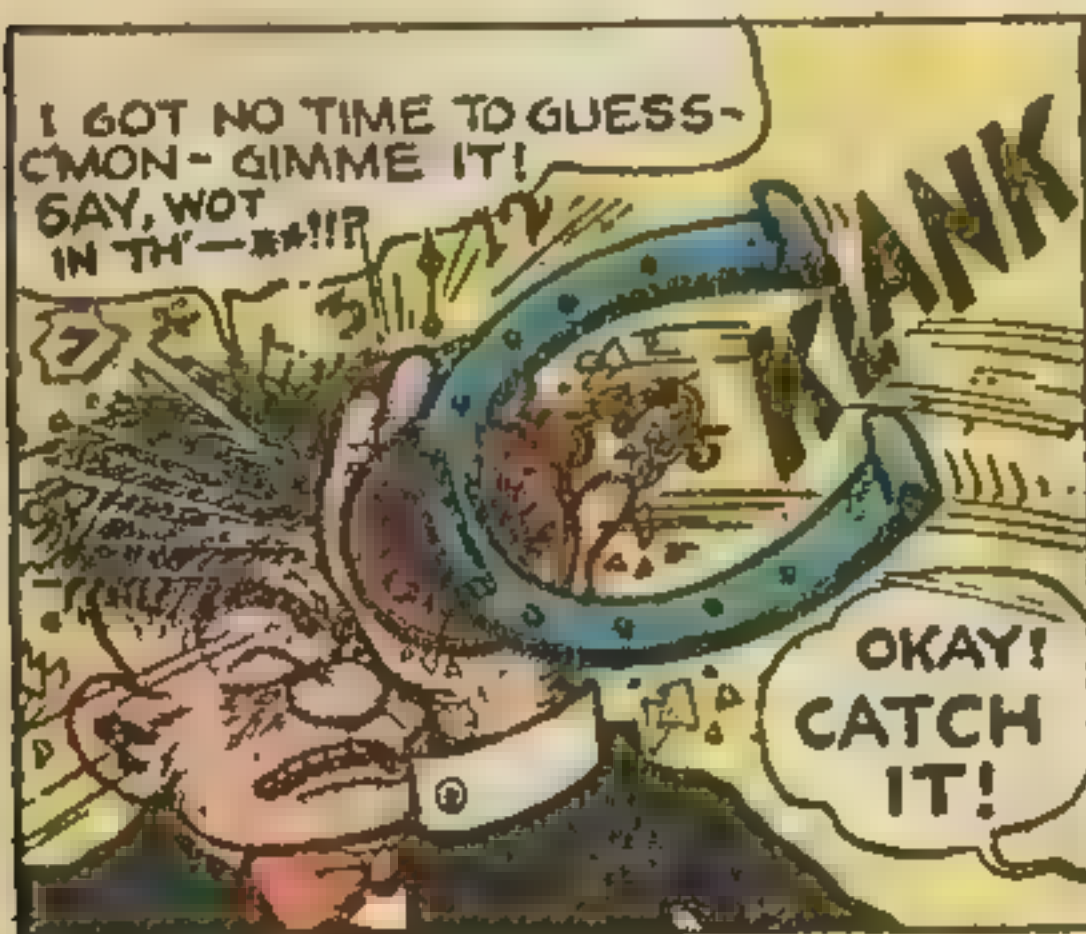
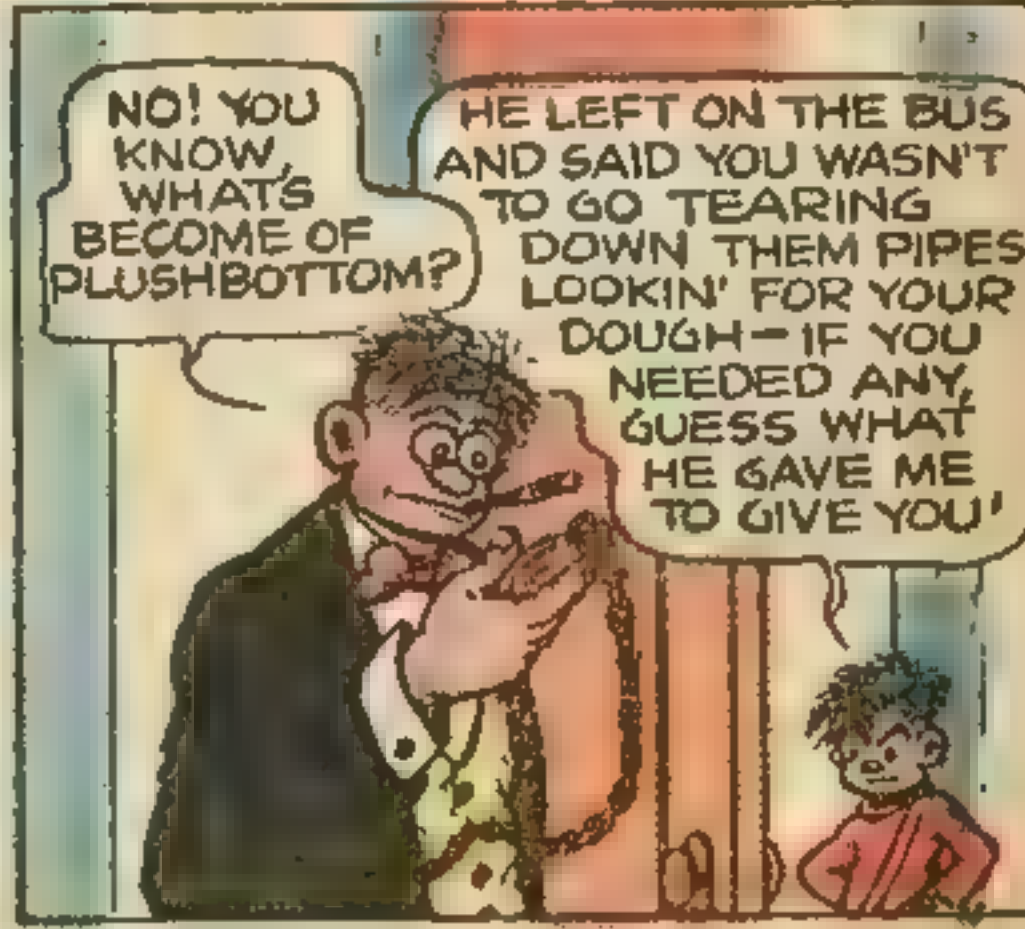
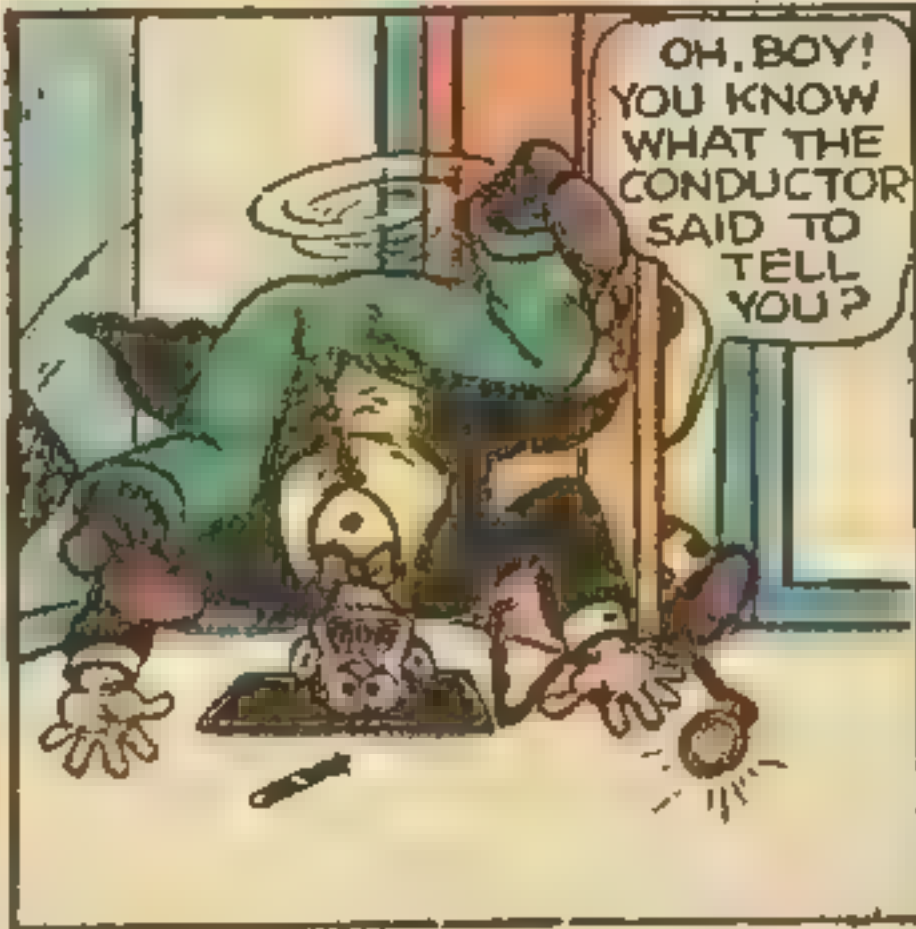
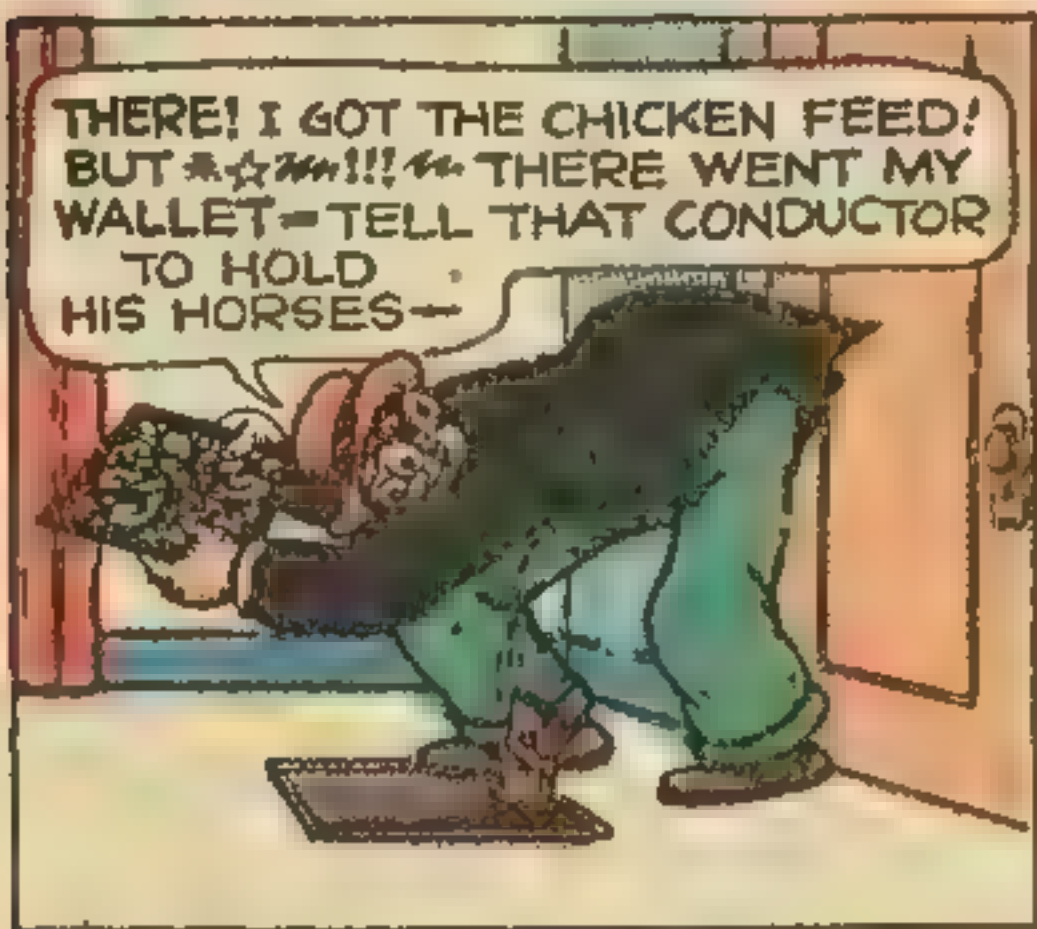
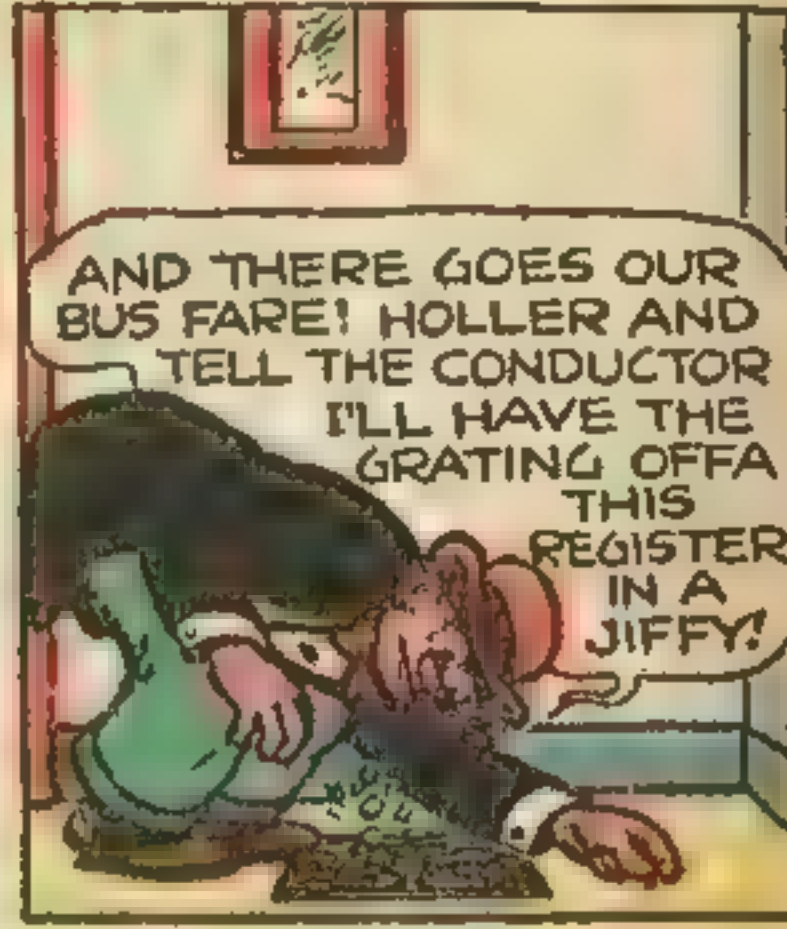
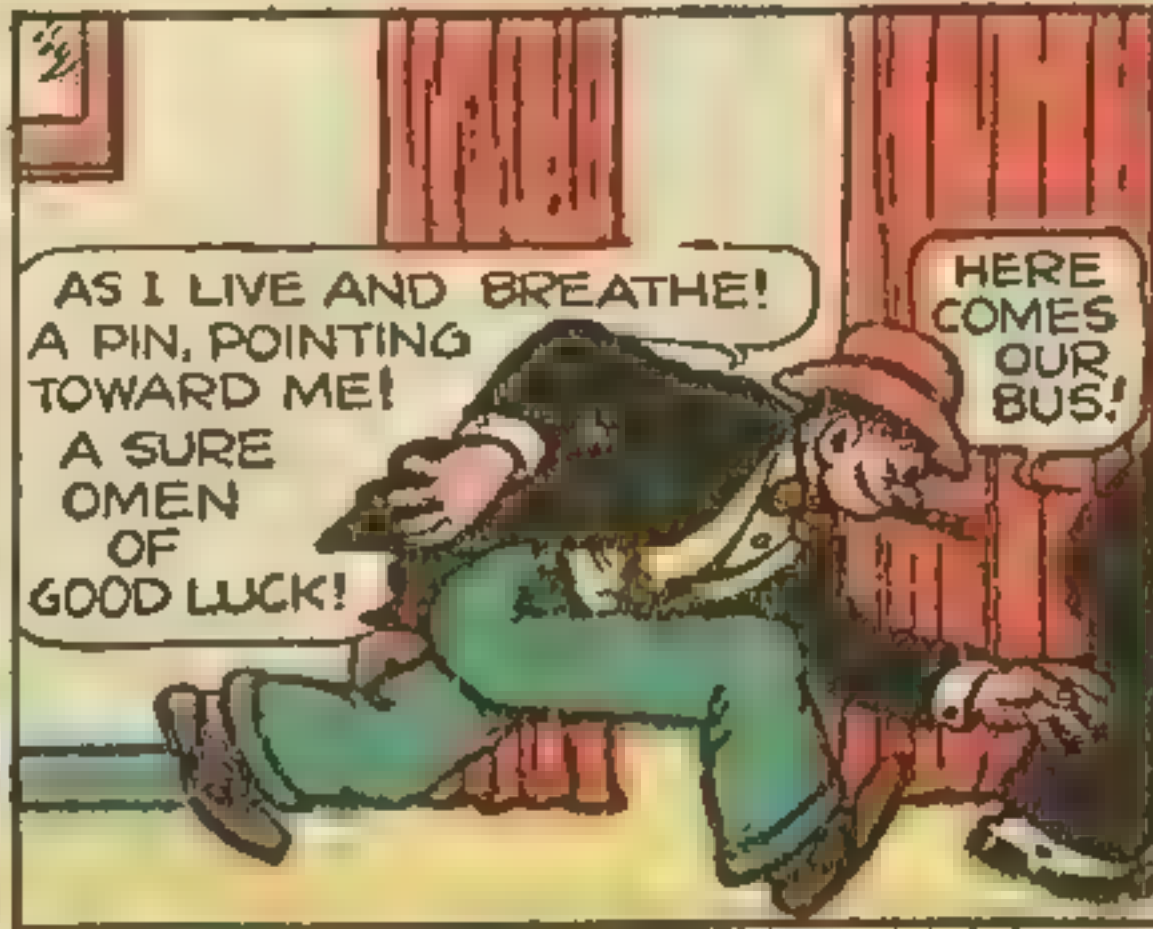
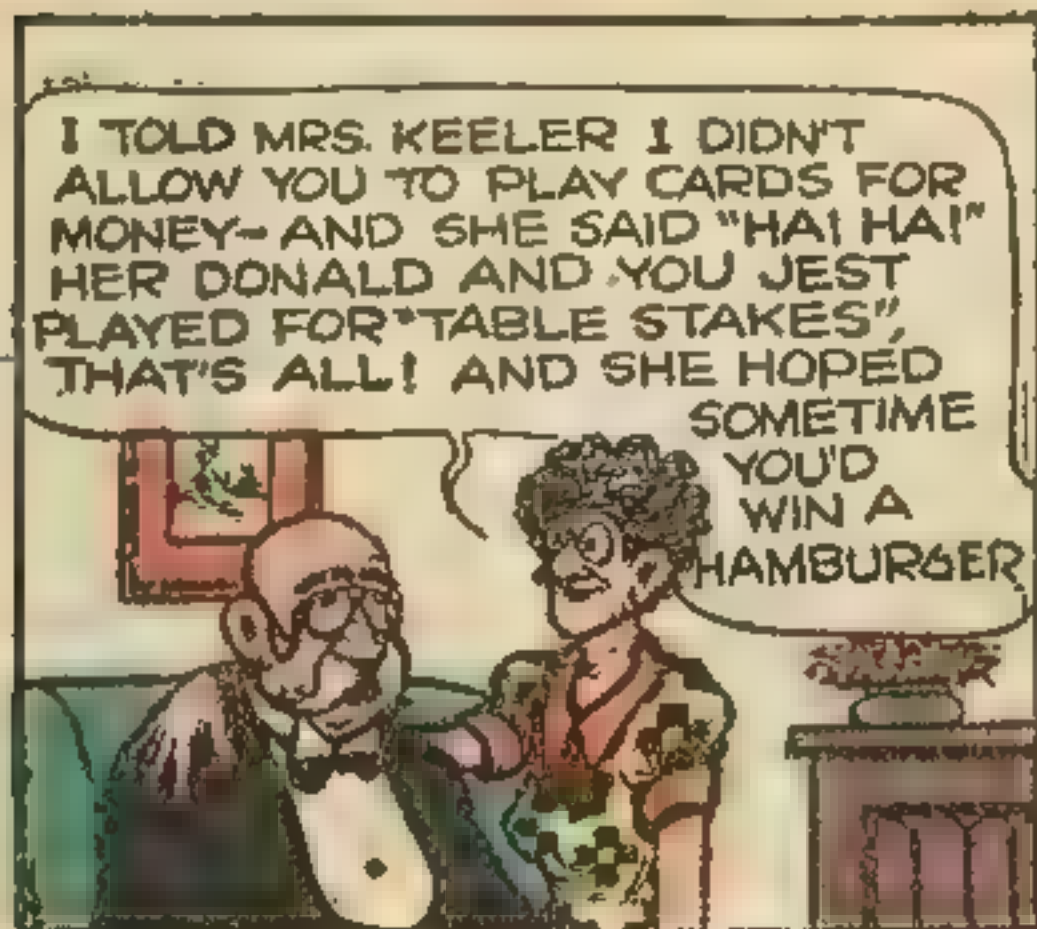
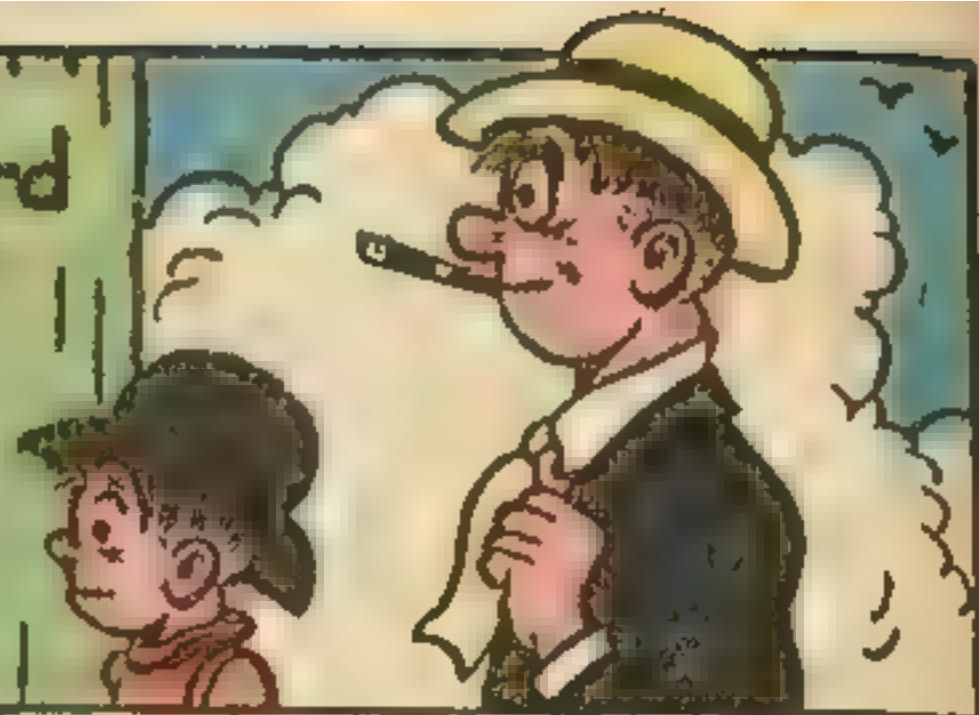
by Frank Willard





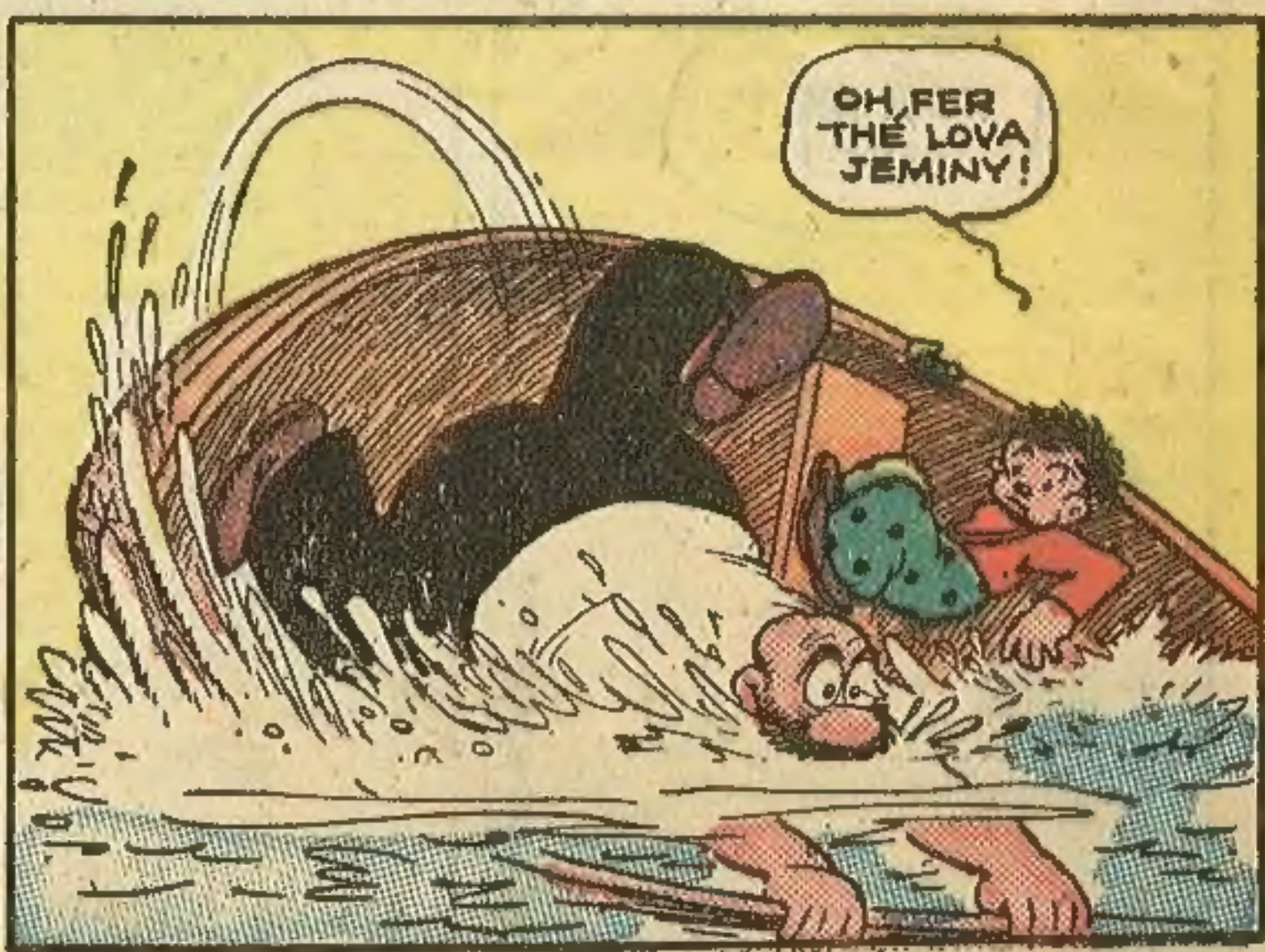
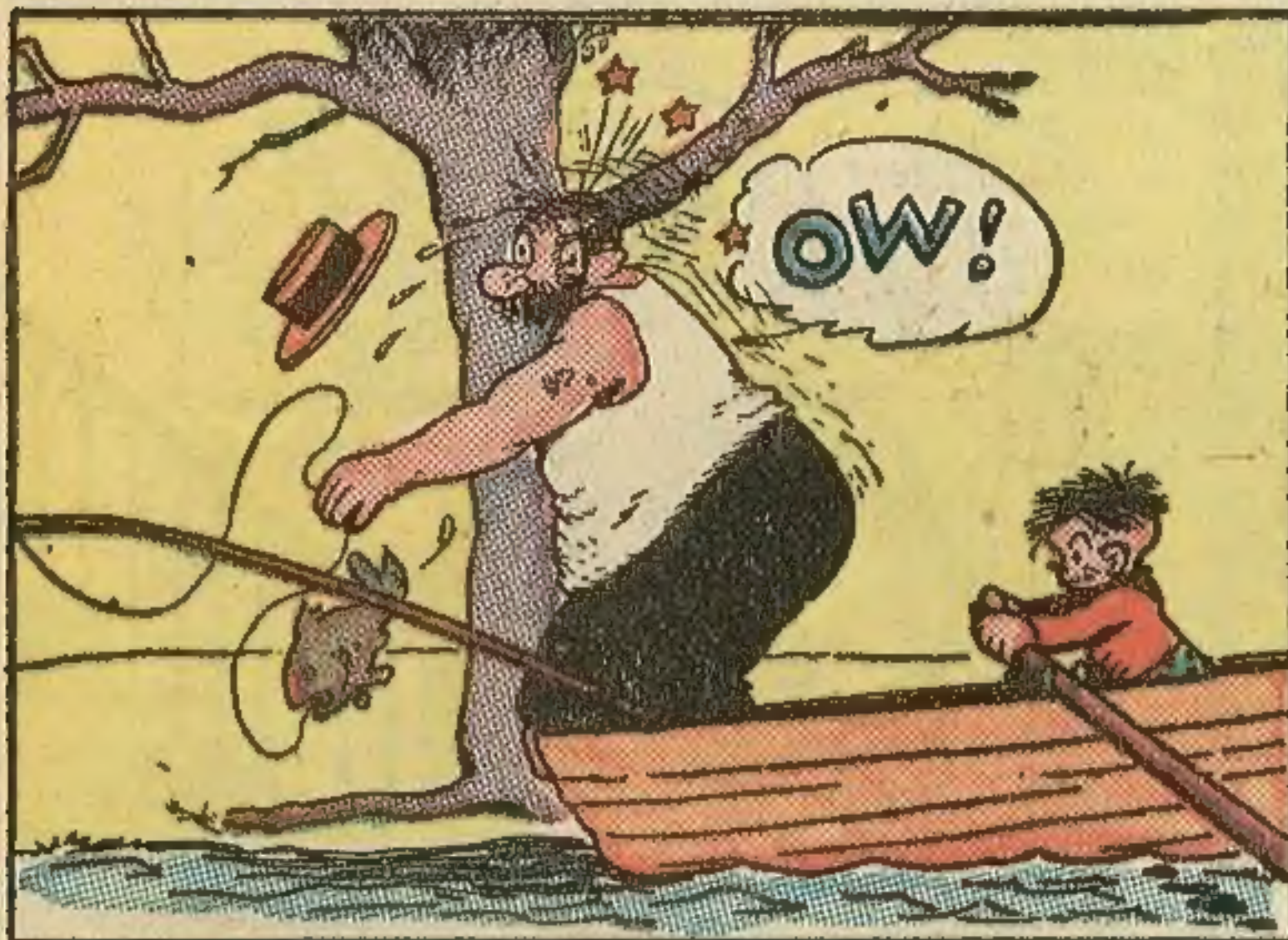
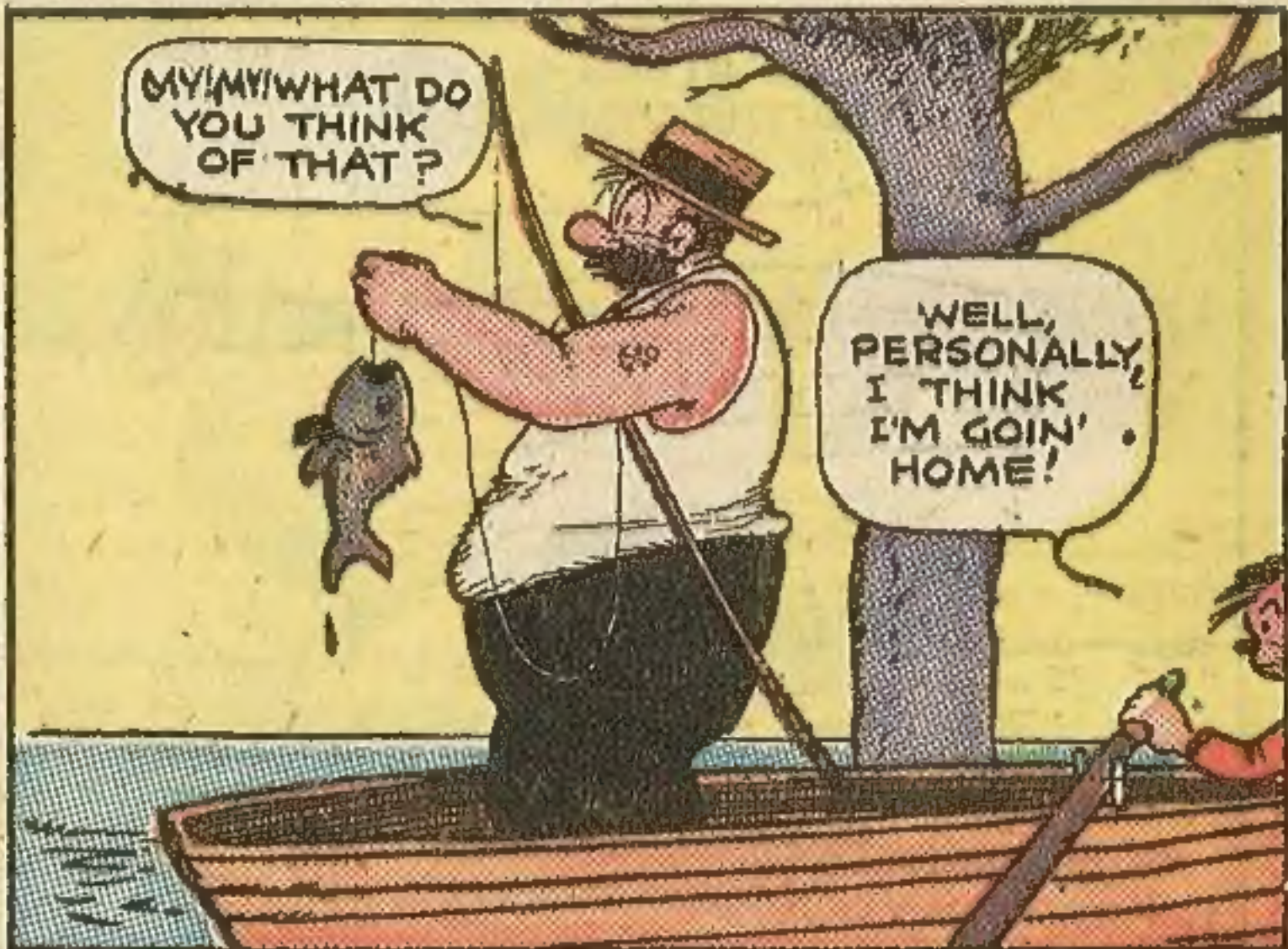
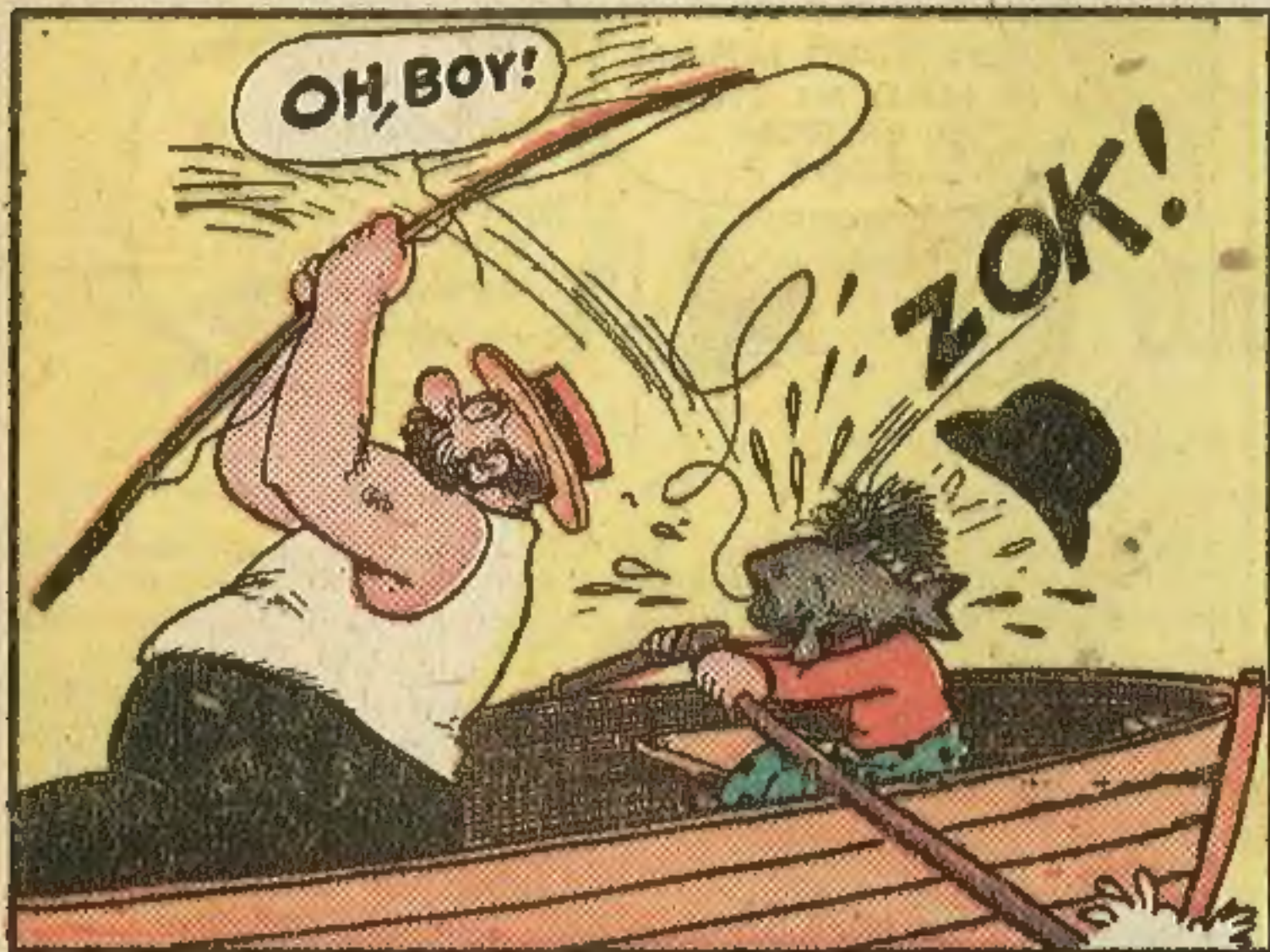
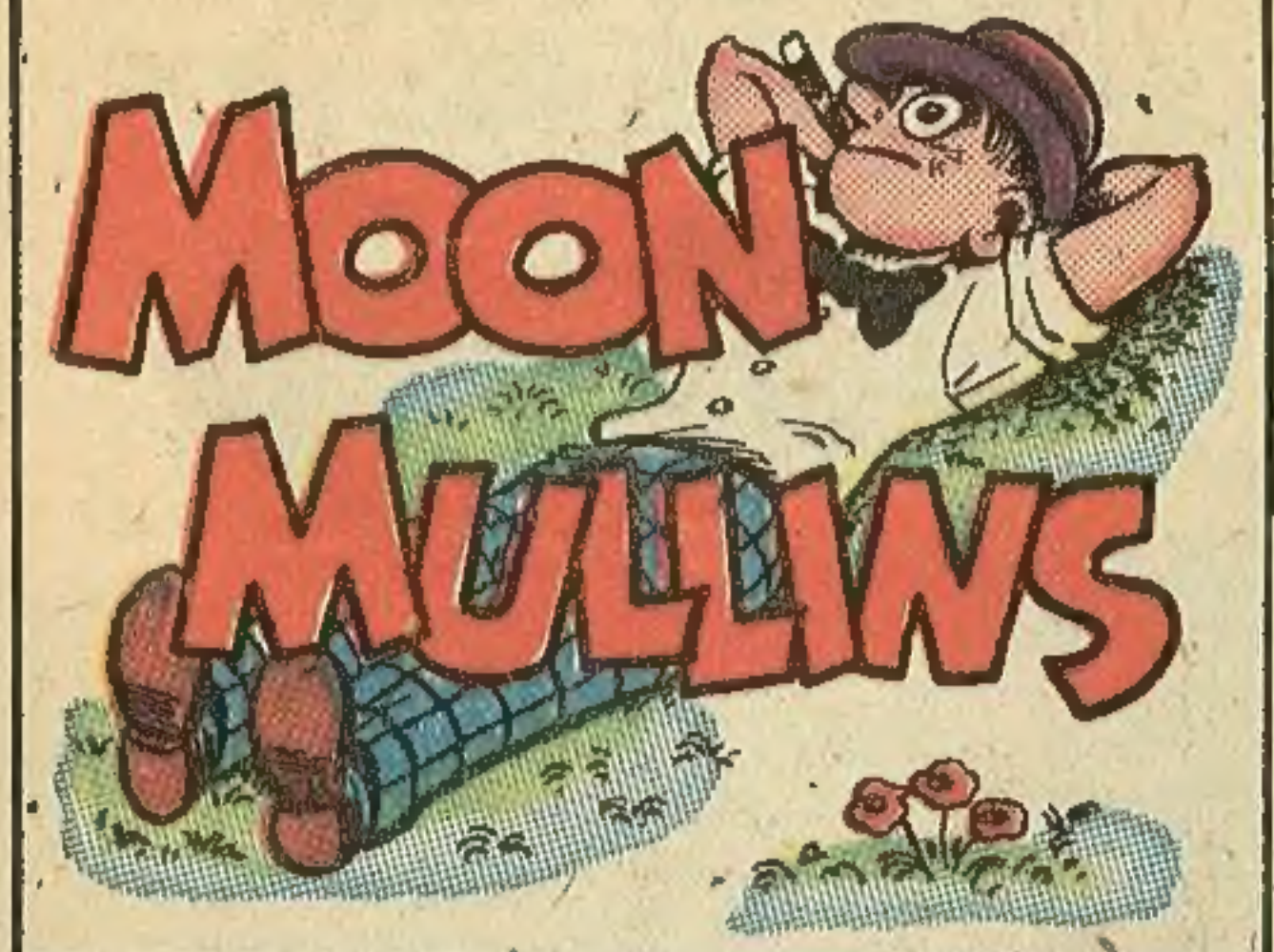
# MOON MULLINS

by Frank Willard

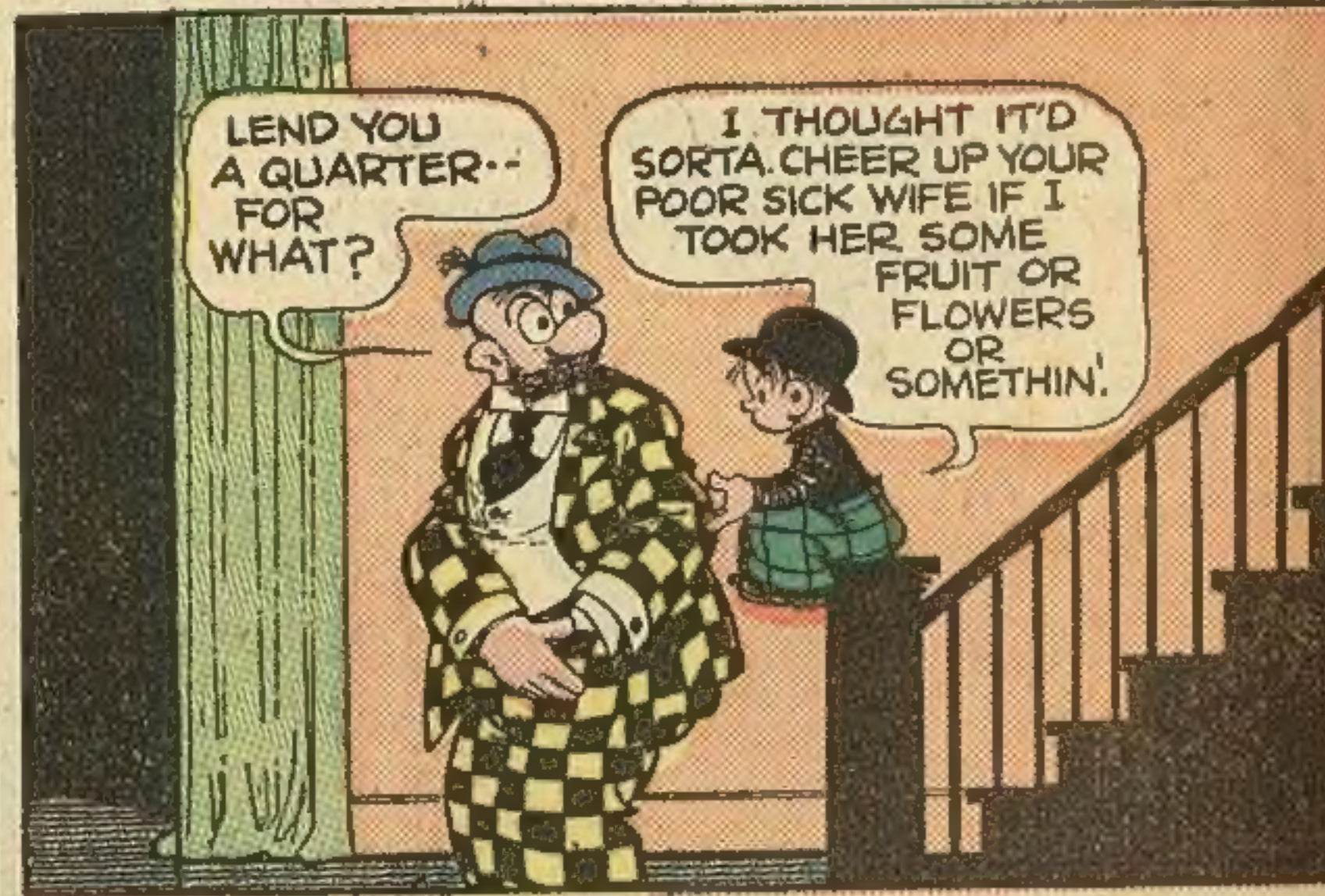
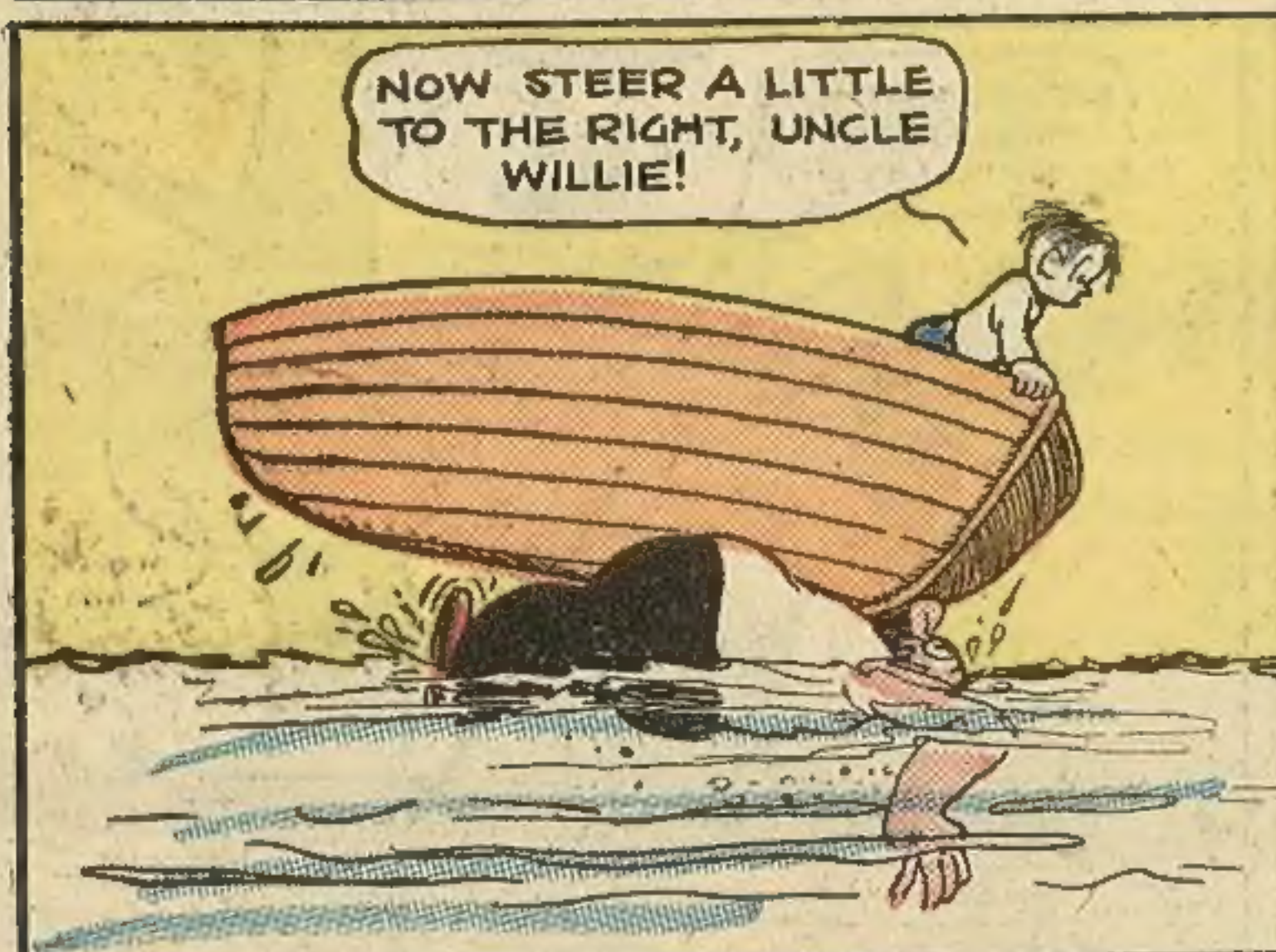
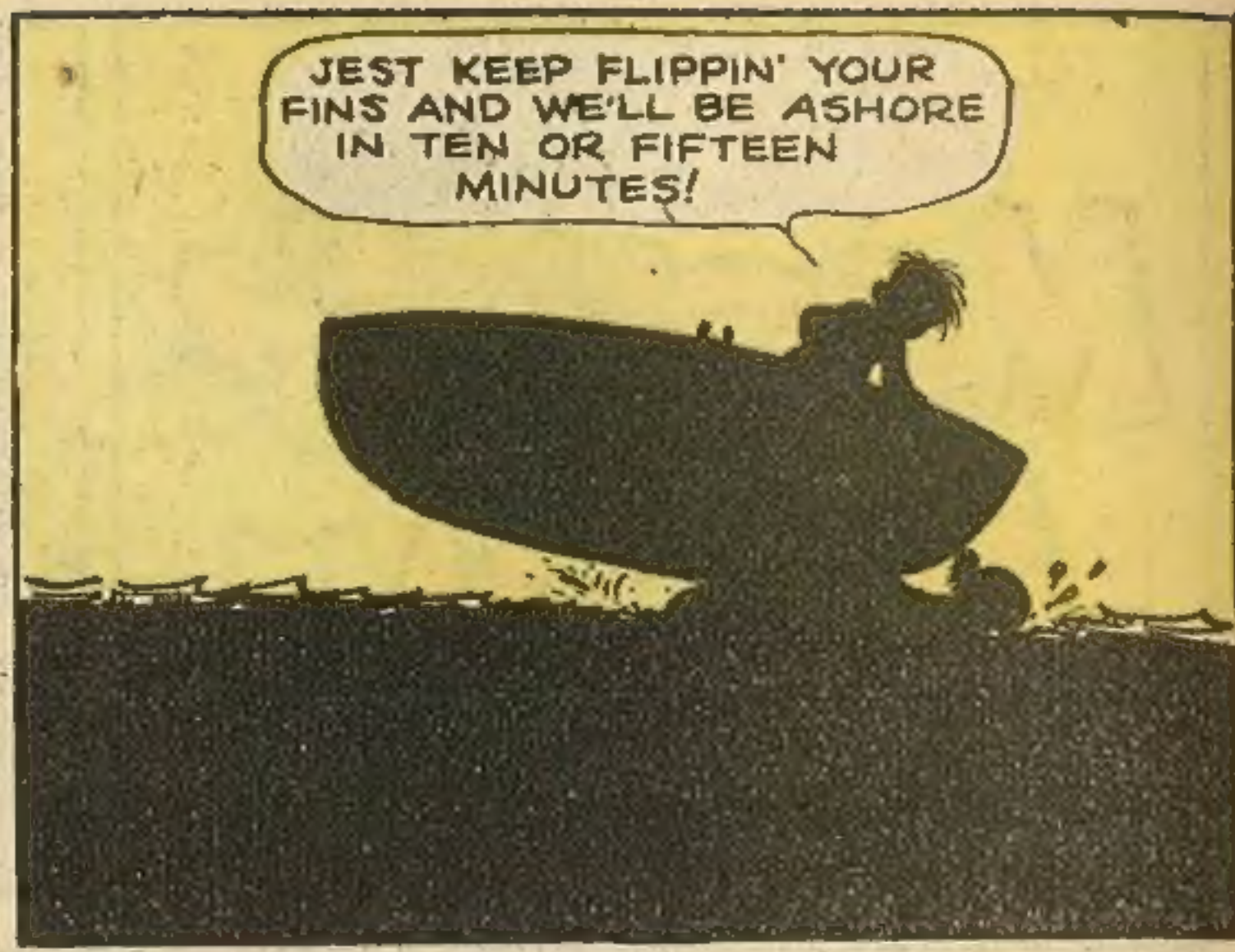




# MOON MULLINS







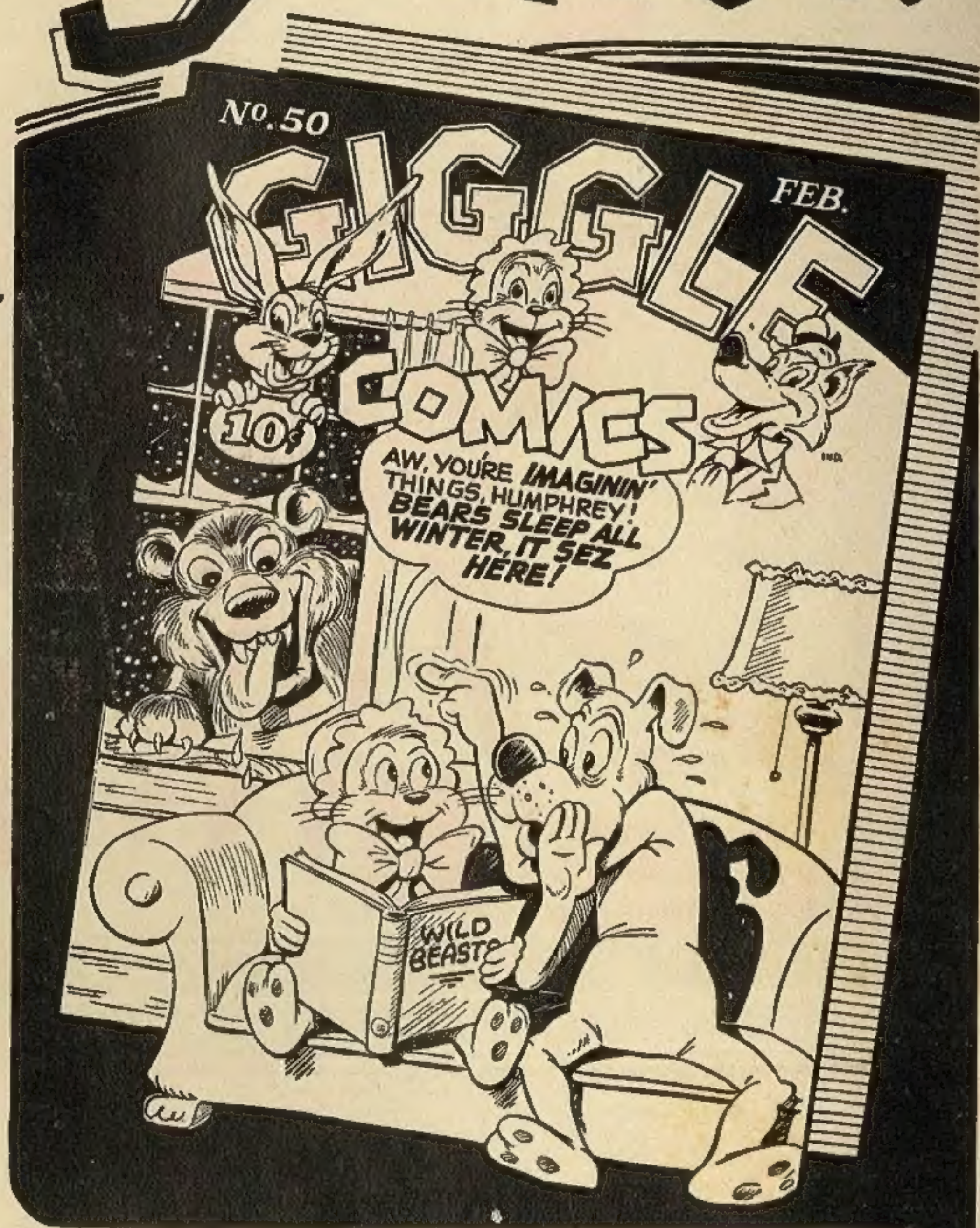


# Funny? IT'S A RIOT!

A TORNADO OF GIGGLES--AN EARTHQUAKE OF MIRTH! AND ALL IN THAT HEP, HOWL-PRODUCING MAGAZINE THAT'S GOT EVERYONE TALKING... AND LAUGHING!

IT'S STREAMLINED FOR SMILES!

So remember...  
YOURS FOR GIGGLES  
-- and  
RESERVE  
YOUR COPY  
NOW!



only

10¢

# GIGGLE COMICS

Featuring THE GREAT SUPERKATT!







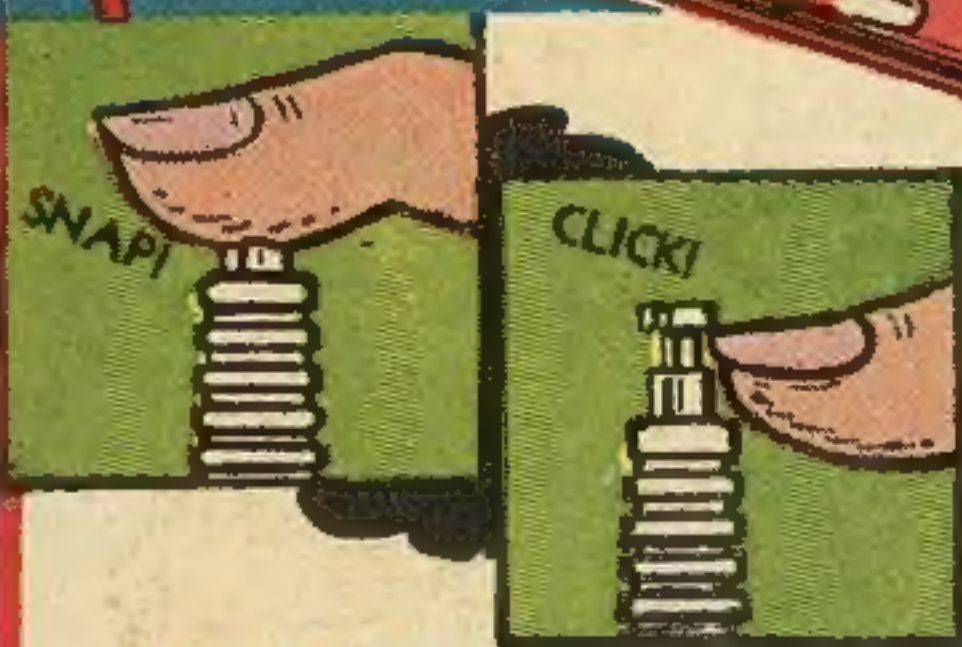
The Greatest **BALL-POINT PEN** and **BILLFOLD BARGAIN** in America!

You get them

**BOTH** for

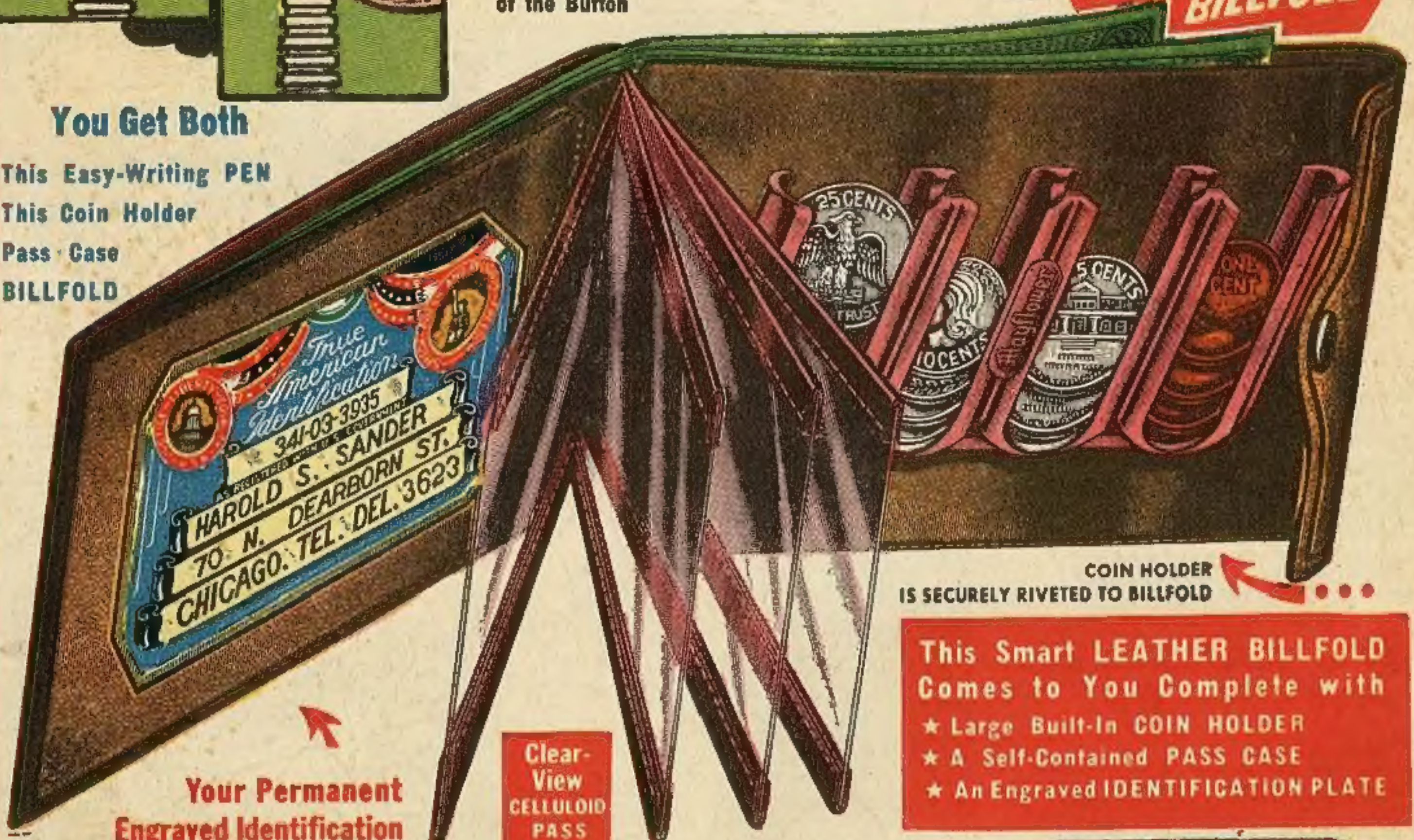
only **\$1.98**  
**PEN and BILLFOLD**

Retractable Point  
at a Flick  
of the Button



### You Get Both

This Easy-Writing **PEN**  
This Coin Holder  
Pass Case  
**BILLFOLD**



Your Permanent  
Engraved Identification  
and Social Security Tag

Clear-  
View  
CELLULOID  
PASS  
LEAVES

COIN HOLDER  
IS SECURELY RIVETED TO BILLFOLD

This Smart **LEATHER BILLFOLD**  
Comes to You Complete with  
★ Large Built-In **COIN HOLDER**  
★ A Self-Contained **PASS CASE**  
★ An Engraved **IDENTIFICATION PLATE**

You Also Receive This Three Color Social Security Plate  
ENGRAVED WITH YOUR NAME, ADDRESS and SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER



Here without a doubt is the greatest merchandise bargain you'll be likely to see for years to come. Only our tremendous purchasing power and large volume "direct-to-you" method of distribution make such a value possible. Shop around and see for yourself. Where else today can you get a Ball Point Pen with a retractable point plus a genuine Leather Pass Case Billfold with built-in Coin Holder and your engraved Social Security Plate—all for only \$1.98. The pen alone we believe, is worth more than we ask for the Pen AND the Billfold on this offer. When you see the pen and billfold and examine their many outstanding features as described here, you'll agree that we are giving you a value you won't be able to duplicate for a long time. Don't delay taking advantage of this big money-saving offer. These pens and billfolds are sure to sell out fast so it will be first come, first served. Rush your order today on our 10-day Examination Offer. Your satisfaction is positively guaranteed.

### SENSATIONAL FEATURES! THE PEN

- Feather touch button exposes ball point for instant, smooth writing.
- Release button retracts ball point inside chamber. Safe! Can't leak!
- Writes up to 2 years without re-filling. Re-load cartridges always available.
- Beautiful metal and plastic exterior. Streamlined from top to tip.
- Dries as it writes. No blotting, no smearing, no scratching.
- Makes 6 to 8 carbons. Writes on any paper or fabric surface.

### THE BILLFOLD

- Genuine Leather throughout with cleverly designed built-in plastic Coin Holder made to hold several dollars worth of change so can't fall out.
- It has 4 pocket built-in pass case, each pocket protected by celluloid to prevent soiling of your cards.
- Has spacious currency compartment which opens all the way for easier insertion or removal of bills.
- Has celluloid window with stitched pocket to permanently hold your Engraved Social Security Plate.
- Button Snap Fastener. Easy to open and close. Holds securely.

**NO DEPOSIT! NO MONEY!—To Receive This Marvelous Triple Value!**

**ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 2623**  
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush me the Retractable Ball Point Pen and Genuine Leather Coin Holder Billfold with my engraved three-color Social Security Plate as described. Upon arrival I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that if I am not 100% satisfied, I can return my purchase within ten days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print Clearly)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing \$2.18 (\$1.98 plus 20c Fed. Tax.) Please ship my order all postage charges prepaid.

SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_

**SEND NO MONEY!**  
**JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**